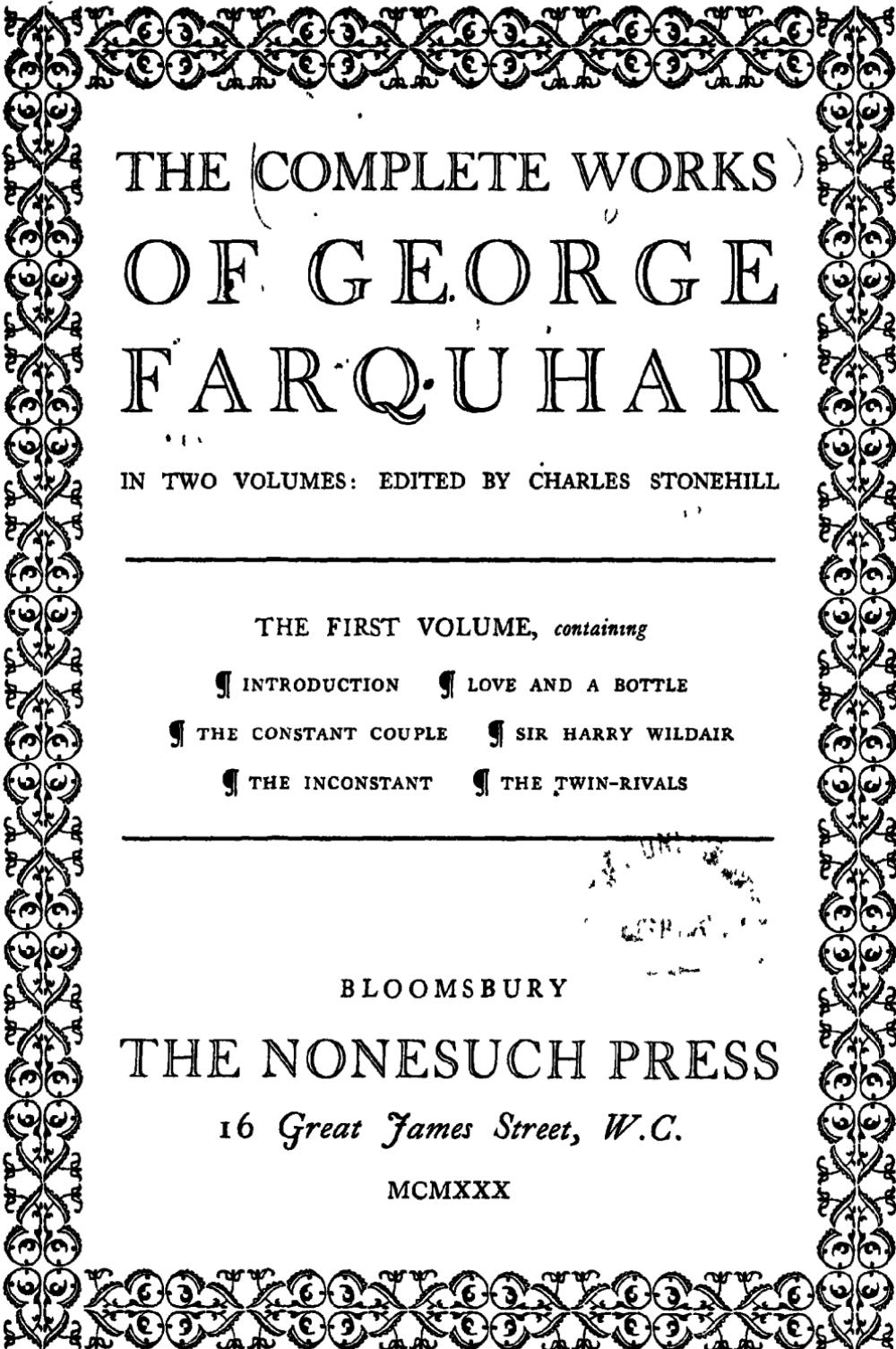


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THE WORKS OF
GEORGE FARQUHAR



THE (COMPLETE WORKS)
OF GEORGE
FARQUHAR

IN TWO VOLUMES: EDITED BY CHARLES STONEHILL

THE FIRST VOLUME, *containing*

¶ INTRODUCTION ¶ LOVE AND A BOTTLE
¶ THE CONSTANT COUPLE ¶ SIR HARRY WILDAIR
¶ THE INCONSTANT ¶ THE TWIN-RIVALS

BLOOMSBURY

THE NONESUCH PRESS

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The Text

THE text of all of the plays; excepting *The Stage-Coach*, is that of the first edition. The text of *The Stage-Coach* is that of the first English edition; variations in the earlier Dublin edition being given in the Textual Notes. The last act only of *The Constant Couple* is printed from the third edition, as the first scene of that act was much altered by the author. That scene is given in its original state in the Textual Notes. In *The Recruiting Officer*, some emendations from the third edition have been accepted. Variations in later editions of the other plays will be found in the Textual Notes.

Only one edition of *The Adventures of Covent Garden* was published—that of 1698, post-dated 1699.

The first and only edition of *Love and Business* and extracts from the only edition of *Cardinal Bentivoglio's Letters* are here printed. Of *The Letters by M. Voiture, &c.*, we have used the editions of 1700 and 1701. *Love's Catechism* is printed from the original edition.

The following have not hitherto been printed in any edition of Farquhar's works: *The Adventures of Covent Garden*; the letter to Mrs. Cockburn; the correspondence between Farquhar and Mrs. Carroll; between Farquhar and Mrs. C——; the 'seven Passionate Love Letters from Celadon'; the first two letters of the beginning of the correspondence; *Love's Catechism*; Farquhar's first poem; his last lines of poetry, and his last letter to Wilks; *The Inconstant, a Song*; *Love Undiscover'd*; the Prologue and Epilogue to *The Stage-Coach*; the Epilogue to Gildon's *The Patriot*; the Epilogue to Oldmixon's *The Grove*; the Prologue to Mrs. Centlivre's *Platonick Lady*; and the epic poem, *Barcellona*.

PREFATORY NOTE

THERE are many difficulties in writing a life or even a biographical sketch of George Farquhar. Pitfalls beset the biographer and he must make what he can of meagre contemporary accounts, which are few and scattered. No manuscript sources of his plays or letters appear to exist, while the later eighteenth-century biographers are characteristically inaccurate.

One of the earliest accounts of Farquhar is the story of his connection with Ann Oldfield, as detailed by the "unspeakable Curll." Here he appears with the rank of "Captain" and we first gather the tale of his early commission in the Army. Cibber, Jacob, Chetwood give descriptions of his life, varying only in degree of inaccuracy. A haze of sentiment grew up about Farquhar's memory. The most coherent account that we have of him is in Wilkes' Preface to the Dublin edition of the Works, 1775. Leigh Hunt wrapped Farquhar in a further blanket of sentiment, though his essay shows considerable penetration in certain regards. Ewald's edition of the *Dramatic Works* adds nothing to the subject. In 1880 Mr. Otto Halbauer published a dissertation on Farquhar, which unfortunately continued most of the former errors. In 1904 appeared Dr. D. Schmid's *George Farquhar, Sein Leben und Seine Original-Dramen*, a thesis of nearly four hundred pages. Dr. Schmid's industry is to be admired, but he was handicapped by not having access to certain books and by the barrier of a foreign idiom. By far the best account that we have of Farquhar is William Archer's brief introduction to the Mermaid Series selection of Farquhar's plays. It is to be regretted that this excellent scholar could not, for a short introduction, have devoted sufficient time to the subject to clear up all the errors and misstatements that have crept into the Farquhar tradition.

My thanks are due to Helen Winthrop Stonehill for her material assistance; to the Rev. Montague Summers and Mr. W. J. Lawrence; to Professor Allardyce Nicoll for many helpful suggestions, for permission to use extracts from his stage history of the early eighteenth century and for putting at my disposal the material for a history of the drama collected by the Seminar under his direction at the East London College. Thanks are also due to Mr. Francis J. Payne for generously presenting me with a copy of Cardinal Bentivoglio's *Letters*; to Messrs. Pickering and Chatto for the loan of several valuable books; and to Mr. Ernest Maggs, who kindly endeavoured to trace for me some record of Farquhar's manuscripts.

INTRODUCTION

GEORGE FARQUHAR was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in the year 1677, some time between the months of May and July. Very little is known of his extraction beyond the fact that his father, William Farquhar, was a clergyman in the North of Ireland, supporting seven children on a living of £150 per annum. His contemporaries refer to the family as one of "no mean rank," but produce no pedigree. It is, however, possible that the dramatist's mother may have been a distant relative of Dr. Capel Wiseman, Protestant Bishop of Dromore, who took a friendly interest in the young man's career.

Farquhar may have been taught for a time by his father, but quite early he was sent to a country teacher by the name of Walker, from whom he received the rudiments of education and was prepared for the University examinations.

Poetry, not his strongest point in later years, appears to have been the boy's first claim to distinction. At about the age of ten he produced the following moral verses:

The pliant Soul of erring Youth
Is, like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all heav'nly Truth,
Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.
Shun Evil in your early Years,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise,
But he who, in his Youth, appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.

It was probably such sentiments as these which won Farquhar the patronage of Dr. Capel Wiseman. Himself the son of a baronet, and a fellow of All Souls, Oxford, Dr. Wiseman became chaplain to Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. For a man of Dr. Wiseman's position, armed with young Farquhar's saintly verses and an elegy "On the Death of General Schomberg," written when George was thirteen, it was an easy matter to secure his protégé a sizarship at Trinity College, Dublin. Here Farquhar was entered on July 17th, 1694, at the age of seventeen.

Town and the University were a change from the narrow life of the son of an indigent Irish country clergyman. Farquhar's brother, who had already come to Dublin and was apprenticed to a bookseller, introduced him to the Town, which compared favourably in George's eyes with the University. In the company of his brother and his brother's friends he frequented the taverns and quarrelled with his fellow-students. As a result it was not long before he had made himself thoroughly unpopular both with the University authorities and with his fellow-students.

Chetwood tells the following story of Farquhar. He sent, one day, to a neighbour to borrow Burnet's *History of the Reformation*; "but the Gentleman sent him Word, *he never lent any Book out of his Chamber, but if he would come there he should make use of it as long as he pleased.* A little while after the Owner of the Book sent to borrow Mr. Farquhar's Bellows, he returned him the Compliment, 'I never lend my

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Bellows out of my Chamber, but if he be pleas'd to come there, he should make use of them as long as he would.'"

There were doubtless plenty of incidents which served to quicken Farquhar's dislike of the institution. As soon as he set pen to paper, in *Love and a Bottle*, he gave out his impressions of University life, thought and training. A few quotations will suffice to illustrate what they were.

Act II. Scene ii.

Bullfinch. But I thought all you that were bred at the University should be wits naturally.

Mockmode. The quite contrary, madam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have wit there, for fear of being counted rakes

Act III.* Scene ii.

Mockmode. My father was a parliament man, sir; and I was bred at the college, sir.

Roebuck. Oh then I know your genealogy; your father was a senior fellow, and your mother was an air-pump. You were suckled by Platonic ideas, and you have some of your mother's milk in your nose yet.

Mockmode. Form the proposition by mode and figure, sir.

Roebuck. I told you so. Blow your nose, child; and have a care of dirtying your philosophical slabbering bib.

Mackmode. What d'ye mean, sir?

Roebuck. Your starched band, set by mode and figure, sir.

Throw off childishness and folly with your hanging sleeves. Now you have left the University, learn, learn!

Mockmode. This fellow's an atheist!

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, Dr. Wiseman died in 1695. Shortly afterwards Farquhar commented upon Christ walking upon the waters by a reference to men born to be hanged. His patron dead, his father unable to give him financial assistance, and a favourable opportunity occurring, Farquhar left the University, branded a rake and an atheist, after a career of about sixteen months

Through the agency of his brother, Farquhar secured work as corrector for the press. This employment, however, he soon found confining and irksome, and it was not long before he abandoned it and became an actor at the Smock Alley Theatre at a salary of twenty shillings a week. Sir Edmund Gosse has pointed out that Farquhar had "friends in the poetical family of Dr. Ezekiel Hopkins, Bishop of Londonderry," but I cannot find that this matured into a connection of any importance.

The appointment to Smock Alley Theatre came through the influence of Farquhar's new friend, Robert Wilks, the friend who only twelve years later paid the expenses of his funeral. As some aspersions have been cast on Wilks for not appearing in *Love and a Bottle*, the statement being made that he was in London at the time of its production there, it will be useful to make a brief summary of his career.

Robert Wilks was descended from a Worcestershire family whose fortunes had been impaired during the Civil War. His father, Edward Wilks, had taken refuge in Dublin, and it was at Rathfarnham, near that city, that Robert was born in 1665 or 1670. As quite a young man he was appointed under-secretary to Sir Robert Southwell, and with that knight removed to England and stayed for some time at King's Weston.

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When William III left for Ireland, on the 4th of June, 1690, he was accompanied by Southwell. Wilks attended them; but, unwilling to fight against the Irish yet not wishing to offend his patron, he joined William's army as clerk to the camp and took no part in the active campaign. After the fall of Drogheda William entered Dublin, where he left Southwell as principal Secretary of State for Ireland. Here Wilks met Richards, the comedian, for whom he developed a warm friendship. In his leisure hours he would listen to Richard's recital of his parts and read to him the intervening speeches; which he did so well that Richards induced Joseph Ashbury to give him the part of the Colonel (Lorenzo) in Dryden's *The Spanish Friar* when a private performance of that play was given in Dublin. Ashbury for his part was so pleased with the new recruit that when he produced a jubilee performance of *Othello*, in celebration of the Stuarts' defeat, Wilks was among the actors, most of whom were officers of the garrison, who were asked to take part. In September, 1691, he made his first public appearance on the stage in this performance, playing the part of Othello, and, as he told Chetwood, was received with the utmost applause, and pleased everybody but himself. On this occasion Ashbury was the only professional in the cast.

After the Irish disturbances had settled, Ashbury reopened the Smock Alley, or Orange Street, Theatre on March 23rd, 1692, with another performance of *Othello*, in which Wilks again took the leading part. His success continued for another two years until, in 1694, his old friend Richards advised him that the time had come to try his fortune on the London stage. He was accordingly given a letter of introduction to Betterton, who received him kindly, and engaged him at the modest salary of fifteen shillings a week. His first part on the London stage was that of Lysippus in *The Maid's Tragedy*. Wilks did not enjoy being cast in this minor part, and for some reason the pit did not favour him. His name does not appear in the dramatis personæ of any of the new plays published while he was in England, and when he was ordered to take dancing lessons, at two-and-sixpence a week, he was not better pleased. Yet, little as were his means, it was at this period that he married Elizabeth Knapton, whose father, Ferdinand Knapton, was Town Clerk of Southampton and Steward of the New Forest. By her he had a son, Robert, born in London, and left there in the care of William Bohun when, at Ashbury's invitation, Wilks returned to Dublin at the handsome stipend of sixty pounds per annum and a clear benefit, which in Ireland in that day was more than any other actor received. The lapse of some considerable time is certainly indicated by these incidents. The year 1698 found him still under Ashbury's wing, playing sir Frederick Frolic in *The Comical Revenge*, Courtall in *She Wou'd if she Cou'd*, and Dorimand in *The Man of Mode*.

Wilks met Farquhar directly upon his return from London. At that time the former was the favourite of Dublin; Farquhar, an unknown gentleman, late of the University, reading proofs for a bookseller. Wilks's patronage secured him the salary of twenty shillings a week.

Farquhar was never a successful actor. In the tactful language of the period, it has been said that he "never met with the least repulse from the audience in any of his performances." The bald truth of the matter is that Farquhar suffered from stage fright, his voice was weak and his stage presence unsuitable. Nevertheless he made his debut in the character of Othello and was cordially enough received. He subsequently played the parts of Lenox in *Macbeth*, Rochford in Banks's *Virtue Betrayed*, young Bellair in Etherege's *The Man of Mode*, Careless in Howard's *The Committee*, Loveless in

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Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady* and Lord Dion in their *Philaster*, and Guyomar in Dryden's *The Indian Emperor*. It was while performing this latter part that Farquhar, forgetting to change his sword for a foil, severely wounded Price, who was playing opposite him. The anxiety which this caused him determined Farquhar to quit the stage for ever.

During this period Farquhar was probably experimenting with dramatic composition. Upon his quitting the stage Wilks advised him to go to London and produce a comedy, gave him ten guineas and induced Ashbury to give him a Benefit.

Farquhar left Ireland in 1697. It is most likely that he stayed for a short time with his sister in Chelsea before removing to chambers of his own in Jermyn Street. He must have started to work on *Love and a Bottle* almost immediately, for it was produced at the end of the following year. But what he did, or whom he knew, we can only judge by internal evidence. Critics agree that Roebuck to some extent portrays Farquhar's own conception of himself; they also agree that Farquhar was not followed from Ireland by any woman. I am not so sure on this latter question. The theme of Trudge is too well known to require comment and may well be fictitious, but the same *motif* occurs in *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, which tale I am inclined to believe is not entirely so. I have tried in vain to identify Peregrine Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen, to whom *Love and a Bottle* is dedicated, with Lord C——, Peregrine's rival in the *Adventures*; but beyond a similarity of the initial letter, and the fact that Lord Carmarthen fought a duel with a mysterious Captain Nash, I can establish nothing. At the conclusion of the *Adventures* the author threatens to publish certain letters. Abel Boyer, in a letter written in 1700, says "Mr. — has not publish'd the book he intended: Neither do I think he will ever any on that Subject." This might well refer to the threat in the *Adventures*.

From the references in both *Love and a Bottle* and *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, we may be certain that Farquhar soon became acquainted with the theatres, the taverns, and the wenches. In the Prologue to *Love and a Bottle* occur the lines;

" Come on then ; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet "

" Commission " has always been interpreted as meaning an *army* commission, but it is more likely a reference to Farquhar's commission to produce the play. Certainly, there is no mention of Farquhar in the *English Army List and Commission Register* until 1704, when he was appointed to be Second Lieutenant in Lord Orrery's Regiment of Foot. On the other hand, Farquhar is referred to as " Captain " in a letter dated 25th Nov., 1730, quoted in *The Faithful Memoirs of Anne Oldfield* by " William Egerton "; but as " William Egerton " was probably Edmund Curll, and the letter itself purports to come from still another source, very little reliance can be placed on it.

Dr. Schmid believes that Farquhar left Ireland before 1697, and that he came to London with *Love and a Bottle* in his pocket. To sustain this hypothesis he has elaborated an ingenious chain of reasoning for the play's not being acted until, as he believes, 1699. The popularity of *The Relapse*, and the moral influence of Jeremy Collier are among the arguments which Dr. Schmid uses. It is quite obvious that 1697 was the date of Farquhar's leaving Ireland. It is equally certain from the intimate knowledge of the town and the character of its various resorts and amusements that *Love and a*

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Bottle could only have been written by one already familiar with London, and finally, the play was produced in 1698, not 1699.

The following advertisement appeared in *The Post Man* for December 27/29, 1698: "This day is publisht The last new Comedy called Love and a Bottle wrote by Mr. George Fargnhar [*sic*]. The Epilogue made and spoke by Jo. Haynes. Printed for Fran. Coggan in the Inner Temple Lane, and Rich. Standfast next door to the Three Nun Tavern near Temple Bar. By whom is lately publisht the Adventures of Covent Garden in Imitation of Scarrons City Romance."* The usual interval between the production of a play and its publication may be taken as a fortnight, so that the date of the first production of *Love and a Bottle* may be safely stated as early in December, 1698. It was on the whole well received, running for nine nights in its first season.

Farquhar took the occasion of introducing himself to Mrs. Cockburn, whom he had for some time secretly admired. He sent her a copy of *Love and a Bottle*, adding that "as an argument of its innocence I send it to stand its tryal before one of the fairest of the sex and the best judge. Besides, madam, it is an offering due to the favours and honour shew'd in your appearance on my third night; and a stranger cannot be denied the privilege of showing his gratitude. But humbly to confess the greatest motive, my passions were wrought so high by the representation of the Fatal Friendship and since raised so high by the sight of the beautiful author, that I gladly caught this opportunity of owning myself, your most faithful and humble servant."

It must be admitted that *Love and a Bottle* is in most respects a bad play. Farquhar has not only made use of stale traditions and a plot confused rather than picaresque, but he has no stable feeling for the characters in the play. Lovewell is supposed to be the moral, or at least sanctimonious and self-righteous young man; yet, in the first act when Roebuck says, with reference to Trudge, "Your old acquaintance, and for aught I know, you might have clubbed together about getting the brats," Lovewell replies without hesitation, "'Tis but reasonable then that I should share in the reckoning." Nothing can be more out of character. Lucinda, Act v, likewise contradicts herself when one moment she says, "Thy love is the corrupter and debaser of mankind," and the next, "My fool, that I dreamt of I find a very pretty gentleman." This failing is also apparent in *Sir Harry Wildair*, where Lady Lurewell appears a mercenary strumpet; where Colonel Standard, a man of sterling qualities in the first part, degenerates into rather a cad; and the hero and heroine, the latter a woman whose virtue had been a departure from all precedent, reappear totally loose and unprincipled.

For these very reasons *Love and a Bottle* is the most interesting play from the point of view of Farquhar's development. It is his first piece, constructed only of the most conventional materials, replete with the standardised sentiments of the Restoration Drama. All his stage tools are well-worn. The idea of Leante disguised as a page is hackneyed. Shakespeare used it repeatedly; Wycherley adopted it for *Fidelia* in *The Plain Dealer*, Aphra Behn in *The Younger Brother*, and so on. The dancing and fencing scene is distinctly copied from Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Farquhar's later work is free from most of these plagiarisms, particularly in sentiment.

Lyrick tells us (Act iv, sc. 2) that "the hero in comedy is always the poet's character—a compound of practical rake and speculative gentleman, who always bears

* Although published in English as by Scarron, this is actually the *Roman Bourgeoise* (1666) by Antoine Furetière (1619–1688).

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off the great fortune in the play and shams the beau or squire with a whore or chamber-maid." This is doubtless true to a large extent of Roebuck in *Love and a Bottle*, and of Sir Harry Wildair in *The Constant Couple*. Farquhar was indeed a compound of these characters and of the picture of himself which he gives in his correspondence. "Wild as winds, and unconfined as air," Leante says of Roebuck. "Yet," she adds—for Farquhar had his full share of self-love which found continual expression in apologies for, or rather, explanations of himself—"yet I may reclaim him. His follies are weakly founded, upon the principles of honour, where the very foundation helps to undermine the structure." "I am easily deceiv'd," Farquhar says in the sentimental 'Picture,' "but then I never fail at last to find out the Cheat. . . . I am often melancholy," a sure bid for the sympathy of the female sex. "I have many Acquaintance, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick way." We may take Roebuck's as synonymous with Farquhar's discretion. "I have seen some few principles, on which my courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a lady rely upon my modesty, but to depend myself altogether on my impudence; to use a mistress like a deity in public, but like a woman in private; to be as cautious then of asking an impertinent question, as afterwards of telling a story; remembering that the tongue is the only member that can hurt a lady's honour." (Act ii, sc. 1.) But in 'The Picture' occurs the touching, and at that time, uncommon expression, that "the greatest Proof of my Affection, that a Lady must expect, is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both happy, but wou'd not for any transitory Pleasure make either of us Miserable." This last is the mature, sophisticated Farquhar at his best, but is unfortunately belied by everything that we know of his actions as depicted in all his published correspondence. Such is the best picture of our author that we can reconstruct, dashing and gay, lonely and lovesick, amorous and sad, and sentimental to a degree.

In the interval between the production and the publication of *Love and a Bottle*, Standfast, Farquhar's publisher, brought out a little book entitled *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, in imitation of Scarron's *City Romance*. It was announced with *Love and a Bottle*, and though published anonymously there is every reason to attribute this work to Farquhar's hand. I shall begin by describing the copy of the work in my possession.

The book is dated 1699, printed in eights but of duodecimo size. My copy has the following note by its former owner, "Isaac Reed, 1795. From this piece it is evident Farquhar the next year borrowed a good deal of his *Constant Couple*" In mentioning this work, the *Biographia Dramatica* says "The early writers of the English drama appear to have made free, without scruple, with any materials for their dramas which fell in their way. The present is a remarkable instance. In the preceding year, 1699 [before *The Constant Couple*], was published a small volume, entitled *The Adventures of Covent Garden, in Imitation of Scarron's City Romance*, 12mo, a piece without the slightest degree of merit; yet from thence our author took the characters of Lady Lurewell and Colonel Standard, and the incidents of Beau Clincher and Tom Errand's change of clothes, with other circumstances. The character of Sir Harry Wildair, however, still remains the property of the author, and he is entitled to the credit of the general conduct of the piece. Perhaps his only fault may have been in not acknowledging the writer, contemptible as he is, to whom he had been obliged." From Reed's hands the book passed into those of Leigh Hunt, who has been so positive as to write on the title "By Farquhar," and to add under Reed's note

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"The Book was evidently written by Farquhar himself. L.H." In the Introduction to the Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, he was no less certain in his assertion of Farquhar's authorship of *The Adventures*, and apt to rebuke Reed for his contempt for the little novel which he considers a work of considerable merit. Lastly, at the foot of the title the printed date of 1699 is altered in a contemporary hand to "1698, 15 Decemb."

But to proceed to the text of the book; the evidence of Farquhar's authorship falls into two groups; one, the hints the author gives us in the Preface; two, the actual technique of the writer. In the first case the author tells us in his "negative definition" that "he's neither Collierist, nor Poet, neither Æsop of Tunbridge, nor Æsop of Bath," etc., "and for an Englishman not to belong to any of these Factions is strange." This is tantamount to saying that he is not an Englishman. He also suggests that perhaps he is young and that this is his first essay. His dedication implies that he has not long been in England. While these points do not prove Farquhar to be the author they serve to support the other evidence that we shall produce.

If Farquhar plagiarised from *The Adventures* the incident of Beau Clincher's change of clothes, what shall we say of the bodily theft of an entire poem? For in *Love and Business* we find the poem *The Lover's Night* lifted entire from *The Adventures* and reprinted with the addition of six lines. Why should we accuse Farquhar of theft, and particularly why should we brand him for the theft of a piece of such obviously inferior quality? This piece of evidence seems irrefutable. It is borne out by the style both of the writing and of the philosophical sentiments. Moreover two lines from the same poem occur in *The Constant Couple* (Act III, end of sc. 1).

We may safely conclude that Farquhar and none other was the foreign writer newly come to London, the young man publishing his first work, a work which contains the promise of what he was to achieve, from which he did not scruple to borrow for his miscellanies and which he worked over and enlarged into one of his most successful plays.

Now that Farquhar had brought himself to the notice of the Managers, his first thought was for Wilks. He therefore approached Christopher Rich with the petition that he might bring his old friend to Drury Lane. Rich, after listening to Farquhar's glowing description of Wilks' abilities, anxious to please his new-found author, gave a ready assent and wrote to Dublin, making Wilks a handsome offer if he would join the company in London. Farquhar's friend was delighted and immediately tendered his resignation to the Smock Alley Company, but Ashbury refused to accept it. On the contrary, he appealed to the Lord-Lieutenant for an injunction preventing his favourite from leaving the country. This was granted, and Wilks was only able to make his escape by eluding Ashbury's vigilance and departing in secret. He was cordially received in London by his old friends, and above all by Farquhar, who wrote the Prologue (see vol. II, p. 295) which he spoke on the occasion of his first reappearance on the English stage.

About this time Farquhar met Ann Oldfield. Egerton (probably Edmund Curll), in his *Faithful Memors of the Life, etc. of Mrs. Anne Oldfield* (1731), quotes the following letter which he claims to have had sent him for publication: "It was wholly owing to Captain Farquhar, that ever Mrs. Oldfield became an Actress from the following Incident. Dining one Day at her Aunt's, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market, he heard Miss Nanny reading a Play behind the Bar with so proper an Emphasis,

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and such agreeable Turns suitable to each Character, that he swore the Girl was cut out for the Stage, to which she had before always expressed an Inclination, being very desirous to try her Fortune that Way. Her Mother, the next Time she saw Captain Vanbrugh, who had a great Respect for the Family, told him what was Captain Farquhar's Advice, upon which he desired to know whether in the Plays she read, her Fancy was most pleased with Tragedy or Comedy. Miss being called in, said Comedy, She having at that Time gone through all Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedies; and the Play she was reading when Captain Farquhar dined there, was, *The Scornful Lady*. Captain Vanbrugh, shortly after, recommended her to Mr. Christopher Rich, who took her into the House, at the Allowance of but Fifteen Shillings per Week. However, her agreeable Figure, and the Sweetness of her Voice, soon gave her the Preference, in the Opinion of the whole Town, to all our young Actresses, and his Grace the late Duke of Bedford, being pleased to speak to Mr. Rich in her Favour, he instantly raised her Allowance to Twenty Shillings per Week." Too much importance must not be attached to this statement, which is mentioned, however, since it is the origin of the story of Farquhar's captaincy.

The year that elapsed between the production of Farquhar's first play and *The Constant Couple* saw a marked progress in our author's abilities. *Love and a Bottle* was a second-rate piece, but *The Jubilee*, as *The Constant Couple* was familiarly called, took the Town by storm and held its place as a favourite of the stage for a full century. Farquhar says modestly in his preface that "Mr. Wilks's performance has set him so far above competition in the part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the praise due to his merit. That he made the part, will appear from this, that whenever the stage has the misfortune to lose him Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee." Though the author is too modest there is no doubt that Wilks excelled himself in this part. Steele himself singled out Wilks' performance for special commendation; but the cast was uniformly good. But though the actors deserved great credit for their performance, it is on the author, and not on Wilks, nor in later years Peg Woffington, nor Mrs. Goodall, that the laurels rest.

According to Thomas Wilkes [i.e. Samuel Derrick] *The Constant Couple* was "performed fifty-three nights the first season in London (and twenty-three nights in Dublin), and the Managers gave the author four third nights." This estimate is probably very nearly correct, as Farquhar says himself in the preface to *The Inconstant*, "I had a gentleman from France that brought the playhouse some fifty audiences in five months." Malone, without sufficient evidence, is inclined to set the number of London performances at eighteen or twenty. Probably Farquhar and Wilkes are nearer the truth, for Gildon, who had no prepossession in Farquhar's favour, says, "Never did anything such wonders," and Mrs. Centlivre adds, "I believe Mr. Rich will own that he got more by *The Trip to the Jubilee* with all its irregularities than by the most uniform piece the stage could boast of ever since."

Such success as this was likely to rouse jealousy, not only because of the fame it brought its author, but also on account of the shade which it cast on other performances. *The Post Man* for December 9th, 1699, announces "on Monday will be published *The Constant Couple* as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Tarquhar [sic]." This would place the date of the production somewhere in November, 1699, or immediately before the performance of plays by Dennis, Boyer, and Oldmixon.

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Dryden, writing on the 14th December, 1699, says, "both the *Iphigenias* have been play'd with bad success, and being acted one against the other in the same week, clash'd together, like two rotten ships which cou'd not endure the shock, and sunk to rights." Dennis's *Iphigenia* was produced at the Little Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and acted six times. Boyer's *Achilles, or Iphigenia in Aulis*, performed at Drury Lane, before an audience impatient for the return of *The Constant Couple*, was laid aside after four nights. Boyer took his defeat in good part and wrote in his preface: "Another difficulty this play laboured under, was, its being acted at a time when the town was so much, and so justly diverted with *The Trip to the Jubilee*"

John Oldmixon was not so generous. A friend of Farquhar's, he induced the successful author to write the Prologue to his forthcoming play, *The Grove, or Love's Paradise* (see vol ii, p. 353) *The Grove* was played at Drury Lane early in 1700 before a jeering audience. Embittered by this failure coming on top of the cold reception previously accorded to his *Amintas*, Oldmixon turned upon his late friend and attacked him in a Prologue. Farquhar replied in a second Prologue to *The Constant Couple*. "You must have heard, I suppose, Madam," he wrote to Mrs. Centlivre, "how scurrilously I have been abus'd by Mr. Oldmixon. I am now busie about the vindication of my Honour, and endeavouring to answer him in his own Kind." This event was heralded in *The Post Boy* for July 9/11, 1700, and took place on the last night, July 13th, which was probably Farquhar's fourth Benefit. How effectually it dealt with Oldmixon may be inferred from the fact that Drury Lane refused his next play, nor could he induce any rival theatre to produce his work until three years later.

Another attack on Farquhar came from Dr. Kenrick, who favoured him with a fair share of bile in *A New Session of Poets, Occasion'd by the Death of Dryden*, (1700):

Next Farquhar came, well-hoping that the God
Would, what was favour'd by the Town, applaud.
Then vainly reach'd Him o'er that *Jubilee*,
Which only in the Title-Page we see
Apollo told him, with a bended Brow,
That *Dorimant* was *Wildair* long ago.
That it would much disgrace the Throne of Wit,
If there an *Irish* Deputy should sit,
And wonder'd, why he'd longer here remain,
Who in his native Bogs might justly reign.

It is remarkable that *The Constant Couple* shared with *The Recruiting Officer* the honour of inspiring a long series of German plays of the eighteenth century. It was the foundation of Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*; Major Telheim is only an elaboration of Colonel Standard. Shortly after *Minna von Barnhelm* followed Gottlieb Stephanie's *Abgedankte Offiziere* and a year later *Die Werber*, combining features of both *The Constant Couple* and *The Recruiting Officer*. This tradition, imitative of Farquhar, inaugurated by Lessing, developed widely in such plays as Brandes' *Graf von Olsbach*, and Moller's *Graf Waltron*, and a whole school of German Drama. It is singular to note that the first German play to be produced on the English stage, on July 23rd, 1786, was Johnstone's adaptation of *Minna von Barnhelm*—Farquhar come home again after many transfigurations and adventures.

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The Constant Couple is certainly not, as Reed suggests, inferior to *The Adventures of Covent Garden* for the character of Lady Lurewell, though it may be for incidents of the plot. Emilia was an immoral strumpet; Lady Lurewell a really fine character. The plagiarism of her character is more properly from D'Urfey's *Madame Fickle*, and that of the two Clinchers from his *Zekiel and Toby*. But as D'Urfey, in the first instance, stole from Marmion's *Antiquary*, from Thomas Jordan's *The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon*, 1657, and from Marston's *The Fawn*, Farquhar's theft is not a serious one. D'Urfey's handling of the same theme was vastly inferior to Farquhar's and the influence resolves itself to one merely of suggestion.

Many people thought that Mrs Manley, the dramatist and author of *The New Atlantis*, was the original of Lady Lurewell. The similarity of incident between the past history of Lady Lurewell and Mrs. Manley is indeed striking, but the fact that Standard says in the last scene, "Is not your real name Manley?" may point in either direction. Farquhar may have unwittingly used a name which he would have suppressed had he known that it might give rise to a false identification; or he may have been openly championing Mrs. Manley's cause, and by this device made known the parable to the world of his contemporaries, though not to us. Yet Manley was a common name for a stage character Wycherley had used it, and even more significant is D'Urfey's use of the name in *Madame Fickle*, which, as we have mentioned, had influenced Farquhar in the writing of this piece. One is therefore disinclined to attach much importance to the Manley-Lurewell tradition.

Sir Harry Wildair, who brought fame and fortune to author, actor, and producer, was Farquhar's ideal of himself. In this respect he resembles Roebuck, but only in this respect. Farquhar himself was changed, was tamed and subdued in manner by the refining atmosphere of London. Sir Harry is the fine *bon vivant* as opposed to the wild Irishman.

Colonel Standard differs from the conventional soldier of the stage from Plautus down, only in his mildness of temper and in steadiness and constancy of disposition, the Clinchers are by no means new, only improved upon; a similarity to Zekiel and Toby in *Madame Fickle* has been mentioned above. Vizard and Smuggler are remarkable characterisations, and typical of what the more mature Farquhar could bring out in his minor characters.

The most subtle character of the play is Lady Lurewell. Her rôle of revenge on the male of the species indiscriminately for a betrayal in her youth is sustained throughout with a lightness of touch and humour which remove her from the common category of harpies. Rather, she has achieved the male point of view which makes Love a game, a game not to be played for the gain of a kept mistress or the insuring of an advantageous marriage, but one of which the only reward is the exhilaration of the battle of wits. Her object is not to win but to control. No wonder she should have been exasperated by Sir Harry, whose love was "only a pitch of gratitude."

In re-writing the last act (see the Textual Notes) Farquhar greatly improved it, removing much of the brutality of the action by the introduction of considerable humour, and relieving the intense sexuality by the introduction of a third personage, Lady Darling, into the scene between Wildair and Angelica.

Early in 1700 misfortune overtook Farquhar's friend, Sam Briscoe, the publisher. Mr. H. R. Plomer gives but a brief sketch of Briscoe and loses track of him as early as 1696. Briscoe was a man with many enemies, and early in 1700 they combined

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to reduce him to bankruptcy. But if he had enemies, he had likewise staunch friends, chief among whom were Farquhar and Tom Brown. Congreve had a soft spot in his heart for him on account of the prosecution two years before for the publication of *The Double Dealer*; Dryden, Dennis, Cheek, Wycherley and Ned Ward also rallied round him. Farquhar took occasion in the second Prologue to *The Constant Couple* to proclaim that he, at least, had

“No reputation stabb’d in sour debate;
Nor had a hand in bankrupt Briscoe’s fate.”

Tom Brown was chief among Briscoe’s supporters after his downfall, with the result that before May, 1700, all his friends had been called upon to contribute to a new miscellany, entitled, *Familiar and Courty Letters written by M Voiture With Three Collections of Letters on Friendship and Several Occasions*, which they financed and Briscoe published. An imposing array of prominent names attracted attention to it, and Briscoe’s fortunes took another turn. John Dunton soon referred enviously to “revived Briscoe, who has printed for Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, etc., and by contracting a friendship with Tom Brown, will grow rich as fast as his author can write or hear from the Dead [*Letters from the Dead to the Living*], so that honest Sam does, as it were, thrive by his misfortunes, and, I hear, has the satisfaction and goodness to forgive those enemies who are now starving, as a judgment upon them for attempting his overthrow.” A second volume was published in the following year.

It was to these books that Farquhar contributed his first letters—and some of those of Mrs. Centlivre. The British Museum contains no earlier edition of the second Voiture volume than that of 1718, which led Dr. Schmid and the late William Archer, who followed him, into the error of ascribing the publication of these letters at that date to the agency of Farquhar’s widow. But these letters were first published early in May, 1700, and a second volume appeared in 1701, the latter containing seven of Farquhar’s letters which were not reprinted in the edition of 1718.

The Farquhar section of the initial volume begins with five letters by Mr ——— to Madam ———, and in the third of these is a poem of twenty-one lines, ten of which were used by Farquhar in a longer poem in quite a different letter published in *Love and Business* (1701). In the second volume (1701), the section which concerns us begins with two letters signed *Farquhar*, followed by four anonymous letters, and another signed *Wildair*. It is not difficult to guess that the letter signed *Wildair* is by Farquhar, and one would naturally suspect that the intermediate ones are his. This Dr. Schmid affirms. Now comes seven letters between *Celadon* and *Astrea*, who is also called *Mrs C———*. These Dr. Schmid has also accepted as Farquhar’s. Now follows *Seven Passionate Love-Letters written by Celadon to his Mistress*, which are not in the 1718 edition, and which Dr. Schmid had not seen.

Mrs. Centlivre’s name has not hitherto been connected with that of Farquhar except in that he wrote the Prologue to *The Platonic Lady* some seven years after this date. Yet these letters were from Farquhar to Mrs. Centlivre, or rather, to Mrs. Carroll, as she was at that time. For Mrs. Centlivre’s first husband was a Captain Carroll. She published her first play, *The Perjured Husband*, under the name of Mrs. Carroll.

There is an obituary notice of Mrs. Centlivre in Briscoe’s *Political State* (Vol. XXVI, page 670, for 1723), in which he mentions that “she writ also several copies of

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verses on divers subjects and occasions and a great many ingenious letters, entitled letters of Wit, Politics and Morality, which I collected and published about twenty-one years ago." An examination of *Letters of Wit Politicks and Morality . . . by . . . Cardinal Bentivoglio*, published in 1701 with a dedication signed by Boyer, clinches the matter. To this collection are added *Original Letters of Love and Friendship*, written by —, Mr. F—, Mrs. C—l, under the name of Astrea; Mrs. W—n, under the name of Daphne, &c. This volume also includes a letter from Abel Boyer to Astrea, written immediately after Dryden's death (May 1st, 1700), in which he speaks of asking Farquhar and Wilks to read her play, and states that "Briscoe's book is out, and your Letters in it, with Answers to the same; both which are no small Ornament to the Collection."

A detailed analysis of the contents of this volume will be found prefixed to that section of the text.

Encouraged by the success of Briscoe's book, Farquhar edited his own miscellanies in the same year. Lintott published them, but Farquhar must have been disappointed in the result, for Lintott's accounts for July, 1701, show a royalty of only £3 4s. 6d. paid to the author. All three of these volumes contain selections of a correspondence which is synchronous. Some details of the letters do not agree, and it is likely that they may have been tampered with and embellished for the purpose of publication, as was not the uncommon practice at that period. They are somewhat similar in style to the French letter writers.

If we can accept the general facts of the correspondence as genuine, the incidents, reconstructed, might be as follows: Farquhar had many mistresses, the brevity of whose favour was the natural consequence of the rapidity of their succession. In his early days in London there was Emilia, or her prototype. Then there was the lady of *The Saturday Night's Adventure*; followed by Mrs. C— (who is not at all one with Mrs. C—ll). Then came the affair with Penelope, which Farquhar would seem to have taken seriously, though at the same time he was doing his utmost to work an equally serious intrigue with Mrs. Carroll. And while he was declaring his passion for Penelope and Mrs. Carroll we find that he was actually living with Chloe, "a Girl not eighteen; she sings tolerably and you'll allow her to have some Wit, if your Taste and mine are alike." This may very well have been Mrs. Oldfield. We may almost presume an affair with that lady. She was Farquhar's protégée, and he had procured her a place on the stage.

But Farquhar's loves were destined to meet. Farquhar one day sang to Chloe the praises of Astrea, and to confirm his opinion of her wit showed her Astrea's letters. Chloe, for some unknown but poetic reason, chose to abandon all claims upon her lover in favour of her rival. Accordingly she wrote to Mrs. Carroll praising her wit and beauty and acknowledging her claims. The latter was too generous to accept the sacrifice, and the rival ladies seem to have formed a mutual admiration society at the expense of Farquhar. In the midst of this muddle poor Chloe found herself with child. She miscarried, and was sent into the country to disappear for a time and to recover from the ordeal. It was perhaps at this time that Farquhar found the character of Mrs. Mandrake.

After this he decided to retire into the country, as much to recuperate in health as to settle the dust which he had raised. Some time before May he had broken off with Penelope, but when he wrote asking her for the return of his letters which he wished

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to give to Briscoe, the lady relented and renewed her correspondence. When he left Town, early in July, he continued his correspondence with her and with Mrs. Carroll.

As before, Farquhar found country life too dull for his liking, and the women too unattractive for his taste. He must have his "bit of partridge," and that from the "choice of the whole covey." An alternative was to go abroad, and he sailed for Holland from Harwich about the 7th of August. From the Brill he made a tour of the principal cities: The Hague, Rotterdam and Leyden, and would have found Holland entirely to his liking had he not been taken ill and lain for some time in the hands of surgeons. This kept him abroad somewhat longer than he had expected and he did not return to England until November. When he did come back, it was with a draft of *Sir Harry Wildair*. His correspondence with Penelope had dragged on in a desultory fashion during his absence, but on his return to London he found that she had been unfaithful to him, which was a severe blow to his self-esteem, though he had already broken with her. At the same time his relationship with Mrs. Carroll collapsed; she had discovered his duplicity, which she never forgave, whilst on her part, she had to reveal her marriage to Charles U . . . (called Ustick in the correspondence). Marriage alone Farquhar was ready to forgive as a surmountable evil, but Susannah was not seeking such forgiveness, and his suit dwindled into a remote friendship which flickered with but a small flame until his death.

The production of *Sir Harry Wildair*, the sequel to *The Constant Couple*, hung fire until the next year. It had unfortunately not much more merit than most other sequels. The original characters were no longer life-like. The entire construction of the play is poor; the author does not so much as reveal to the audience the true identity of Banter until the very last scene. It was first produced at Drury Lane in April, 1701, published on May 13th, and according to several accounts ran for from nine to thirteen nights, after which it did not reappear until 1737.

Flirtations and the trip to Holland, illness and surgeons, had been a great drain upon Farquhar's purse, and the reception accorded to this play was a bitter disappointment to his expectations. Mindful of the success of Briscoe's book, he resorted to the facile expedient of publishing his own miscellanies. He thereupon ransacked his old papers for fragments of juvenile and later verse, copies of letters (some of which he had intended to publish with Briscoe, some of which were written in Holland) and a *Discourse upon Comedy*, which he had addressed to Briscoe the year before. This *Discourse upon Comedy* is a work of considerable merit, though little importance has hitherto been attached to it. It is written with wit, with éclat, and is the quintessence of his opinions, not alone regarding the drama, but of the social world in which he lived. But though this disquisition was interesting and the letters bawdy and readable, Farquhar was again disappointed, for, as we have said, Lintott on July 23rd, 1701, paid him but the paltry sum of £3 4s. 6d.

Something had to be done, and Farquhar turned to the ancient practice of re-writing an old favourite for the stage. His choice fell upon Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, a fortunate one, for *The Inconstant* (as he called his own piece) has some excellent scenes; those between Captain Duretete and Bizarre are roaring farce of the best kind. The critic will appreciate Farquhar's comic genius on comparing Fletcher's handling of the same slight material. Here, in *The Inconstant*, the philosopher again appears in the midst of farce and burlesque in the monastery scene, and again, almost side by side, are to be seen the author's first stirrings against his patrons; "And I, Madam, like a true

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modern patron shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble." The combining of the characters Rosalura and Lillia Bianca into that of Bizarre, and of Pinac and Belleur into the single character of Captain Duretete was a creditable piece of stagecraft, concentrating the action and eliminating unnecessary characters. The monastery scene is not in Fletcher, but is Farquhar's own idea, and the substitution of a new last act, based upon an adventure of the Chevalier de Chastillon, was an improvement upon the original.

Unfortunately for Farquhar, Christopher Rich chose to produce the play shortly before the closing of the theatres for Lent, and, in addition, the stage proper at that moment was suffering from competing attractions—L'Abbe, Balon, Mlle. Soubigny, Opera and Italian Singers, Pierrots and Columbines, even a troupe of French tumblers. As Rowe lamented,

"Must Shakespear, Fletcher and laborious Ben
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?"

The public feasted its eyes and not its ears, forgetting its old idols, and while Mlle. Soubigny drew her £400 the pit rose to its feet to hiss the author of *The Trip to the Jubilee*. Accordingly we are not surprised to find Farquhar disappointed in his hope that the end of Lent would see his play again upon the stage. By the time the play appeared in book form, March 13th, 1702, Farquhar knew that his production was doomed, and said in his preface "I have neither lost nor won. I pushed fairly, but the French were prepossessed, and the charms of Gallic heels were too hard for an English brain." But this repeated failure left a gaping void in the author's exchequer, and was also the basis on which Farquhar's enemies attacked him in *The Satire on Poets* (1703) with the lines:

"His fame he built on mighty Davenant's wit,
And lately owned a play he never writ."

Farquhar now set himself to work upon another piece and before the end of the year had finished and produced *The Twin-Rivals* (14th December, 1702). Piqued by the failure of his previous play, he determined to create an entirely English piece, abandoning all Continental influences, as he says himself in his preface.

A furor arose immediately the play was submitted to Rich. Farquhar's new ideas of morality were shocking to the critics who did their best to restrain its production, pointing, by way of subterfuge, to the lewd tongue of Mrs. Mandrake. But in the manager and the actors of Drury Lane Farquhar had good friends, through whose confidence the play was accepted and produced. The result was pitiable. Steele's *Funeral* and Cibber's *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not* had taken the playhouse by storm. The audience, well enough pleased with Farquhar as a writer of low comedy, would not accept him in the rôle of a second Collier. "The galleries were thin," and the play was withdrawn after thirteen performances, not to be acted again for fourteen years. By the publication of the book itself, the author made £15, which, though it sounds little enough, would indicate that it had a fair sale.

Pope conceived a dislike for Farquhar because of the characterization of Benjamin Wouldbe as a hunchback. Like so many famous cripples, he could not bear the mention of his deformity, and though, in later years, he did not scruple to borrow from Farquhar

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such phrases as "husbands and lap-dogs," he dismissed our author with "what pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ."

Two rebuffs were more than Farquhar's fortunes could stand. His position was desperate. This financial distress was undoubtedly the dominating factor in his marriage, which took place some time in 1703. The young lady, Margaret (her surname is unknown), became infatuated with Farquhar. Taking her cue from life as it was presented on the stage, she gave herself out as possessing a fortune of £700 per annum. Had she been a Londoner, her claims might easily have been verified, but she was of a Yorkshire family whose pedigree and estates were too far removed from town for investigation. Farquhar was taken in and, encouraged by the rich bait, led the young lady to the altar. What must have been his state of mind on awakening to find himself culled like the veriest Mockmode! Biographers have always made out a strong case for Farquhar's good-nature, upon this occasion, and for his kindness to his wife and to the two daughters that he had by her. But they produce no positive evidence. It is, therefore worth noting, for lack of more relevant materials, that after his marriage Farquhar spent much of his time away from London, first in Dublin and then in Shrewsbury, and that in his dying letter to Wilks he makes no reference to his wife.

This addition to his responsibilities added nothing to Farquhar's peace of mind. During the entire year he produced not a line. The situation became alarming to his friends; Farquhar, married and idle, did not fulfil the brilliant prophecies that had been made for him. Wilks and Peter Motteux suggested that Farquhar should collaborate with the latter in an adaptation of Jean de la Chapelle's *Les Carrosses d'Orleans*.

The Stage-Coach is the result. From internal evidence one would conclude that the dialogue is by Farquhar, the songs Motteux's share. Motteux's influence also brought it to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it was produced with some success on the 2nd of February, 1704, along with Crowne's *Country Wit*. A run of ten performances gave Farquhar a financial breathing space.

At the same time Farquhar's friends were busy on his behalf in another quarter. Charles, Earl of Orrery, who had been invited to raise a regiment of foot, of which he was commissioned colonel, was approached and requested to extend his patronage to the unfortunate dramatist. The moment was propitious, and when the regiment was formed in March, 1704, Farquhar was given the commission of Lieutenant in the Earl's service [British Museum, Add. MSS. 9762, folio 143], a post worth three shillings per diem.

Soon after this Farquhar left for Dublin and visited his brother, the bookseller, now established in Castle Street. The trip was a success in many ways. His brother not only printed an edition of *The Stage-Coach* which was taken up by Dublin booksellers, but Farquhar was invited to appear in person at a special benefit performance of *The Constant Couple*. Being now in the Army he was obliged, before appearing on the stage, to obtain the leave of the Duke of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This was readily granted, and Ormond not only commended our author with great warmth, but honoured the performance with his personal appearance. The result of this benefit was gratifying, for to Farquhar it yielded the sum of £100.

With this in his pocket, Farquhar returned to London. His stay was but a short one, for he was almost immediately ordered to Lichfield and Shrewsbury on recruiting service. At Lichfield he cultivated the acquaintance of the landlord of the inn, whose picture was still to be seen there in 1775, whom he introduced into *The Beaux Stratagem*

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in the character of Boniface. Hence also the character of Scrub, as related in *The Grand Magazine*, which gave an account of him upon his death, December 28th, 1758: "Farquhar's characters in *The Beaux Stratagem* are said to have been taken from the originals then living in and near the City of Lichfield, of whom Mr. Bond was the last surviving, and was the original from which the character of Scrub was taken. He had been a servant a great part of his life in the family of Sr. Theophilus Biddolph, Bt." As Thomas Bond was in that gentleman's household we may take it that Farquhar was well acquainted with Sir Theophilus. From Lichfield, Farquhar moved to Shrewsbury. In both of these towns he gained an insight into the life and manners of the country which he used to such advantage in *The Recruiting Officer* and *The Beaux Stratagem*. Here, too, he regained something of his health and vigour, and renewed energy in pursuing his work. Shrewsbury itself contributed most of the characters to *The Recruiting Officer*.

Sergeant Kite is said to be a portrait of Sergeant Jones who accompanied Farquhar on his tour. Many of the other characters have been identified through a letter from E. Blakeway to Bishop Percy, preserved in the British Museum:

SHREWSBURY,

July 4th, 1765.

MY DEAR PERCY,

I was informed of an old lady in this town who had it in her power to resolve your curiosity in respect to *The Recruiting Officer*. She says that she well remembers Farquhar on recruiting party in this town, where he continued for some time, long enough to write his Play . . .

You are in the right in believing that he had living originals in his eye. Her account of them is as follows:

Justice Balance is Mr. Berkley, then Deputy Recorder of the town. One of the other Justices, a Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of Shrewsbury. *Mr. Worthy* is Mr. Owen of Ruabon on the borders of Shropshire. *Captain Plume* is Farquhar himself. *Captain Brazen* unknown. *Melinda* is Miss Harnage of Belsadine near the Wrekin. *Sylvia*, Miss Berkley, Daughter of the Recorder above-mentioned.

E. BLAKEWAY.

Farquhar wrote at least the draft, if not the whole, of *The Recruiting Officer* during his sojourn in Shrewsbury. Upon his return to London, Lintott was immediately approached, and so much approved the play that he advanced the author £16 2s. 6d. on the 12th February, almost two months before its first production.

The Town instantly took *The Recruiting Officer* to its heart, and its author was again received with acclamation. The first appearance of the piece took place on the 8th April, 1766, the night of the third, or author's Benefit, performance of D'Urfey's *Wonders in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds*, which had been produced at the Haymarket for the first time on the 5th of that month. Farquhar's play proved the greater attraction, and D'Urfey's profits from the Benefit were negligible, whilst the further run of *The Recruiting Officer* (April 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th and 20th) effectually killed any chance of success that D'Urfey might have had. *Wonders in the Sun* dropped its feathers and tucked its head under its wing after the fifth or sixth performance without having defrayed one-half of the expenses of its production.

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Farquhar gloried in his triumph. "Mr. Rich," he says in his dedication, "Mr. Rich, who commands the company for which those recruits were raised, has desired me to acquit him before the world of a charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him for acting this play on Mr. D'Urfey's third night. Be it known unto all men by these presents, that it was my act and deed, or rather, Mr. D'Urfey's; for he *would* play his third night against the first of mine." Then, recalling the final act of *Wonders in the Sun*, when Gonzales and Diego are carried to the Kingdom of Birds, he proceeds to add insult to injury. "He brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me; when (Heaven knows!) I had not a feathered fowl in my play except one single *Kite*; but I presently made *Plume* a bird, because of his name, and *Brazen* another, because of the feather in his hat; and with these three I engaged his whole empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any in the *Sun*." Yet further to this triumph he had cause to be elated, for both the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Orrery approved the play and gave it their patronage.

If ever circumstances were propitious for the success of a play, they were then, with Wilks as Captain Plume, Cibber as Captain Brazen, Estcourt playing Sergeant Kite, and Anne Oldfield as the heroine. Of the eight performances of *The Recruiting Officer* in its first month, the third, sixth and eight were for the benefit of the author. It was again on the bills for June 11th and June 20th; a gala performance was held at Bath on the 16th September; the Drury Lane company re-opened their season with it at Dorset Gardens on October 24th and frequently repeated it.

When, in the autumn of 1706, most of the actors from Drury Lane went over to Swiney at the Haymarket, they took with them this favourite play. Cibber says that Wilks, Estcourt, Mills, Keen, Johnson, Bullock, Anne Oldfield, Mrs. Rogers and others left, leaving him practically alone at Drury Lane. This account is inaccurate in at least one respect, for Rich, running *The Recruiting Officer* in opposition to Swiney's performance at the Haymarket, advertises that "The true Sergeant Kite (Estcourt) was to be seen at Drury Lane alone." Estcourt's performance was singled out by Steele for commendation. Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield, however, carried the day, and Rich turned his attention to singers and dancers.

The success which attended the production of *The Recruiting Officer* might well have been expected to change Farquhar's circumstances for the better. Such, strangely enough, does not seem to have been the case, for while Drury Lane was vying with the Haymarket in the production of his play the author's fortunes seem to have sunk even lower.

Farquhar, says Thomas Wilkes, "was oppressed with some debts, which obliged him to make application to the Duke of Ormond, who had made him formerly many professions of friendship. He could not bear the thought that his family should want, and in this perplexity was ready to embrace any expedient for their relief." This fact is corroborated by, or more probably plagiarised from, Cibber and Chetwood, who say, in almost the same words as Wilks: "I have often heard him (Farquhar) say 'that it was more Pain to him in imagining that his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that could be inflicted on him'."

"His pretended patron," Wilkes continues, "persuaded him to convert his commission into the money that he wanted, and pledged his honour, that he would provide for him in a very short time; this circumstance appeared favourable, and the easy bard sold his commission and paid his creditors." It is indeed certain that Farquhar

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was disappointed in his patron's promise, which he celebrated in *The Beaux Stratagem* with the lines

But if you would go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will show you his Grace
Makes promises trifles indeed.

His commission was bought by one Richard Moore, but whether the sale took place in the autumn of 1706 or the beginning of the following year is not certain. To go on with Wilkes' account—"By this honest action, he had not any money left; he waited on the Duke several times, to remind him of his promise, and represented to him his very needy situation; when the Duke told him that if he would attend him to Ireland (for he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant) he would give him the first company that should become vacant here."

Ormond had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for some time; he had come into contact with Farquhar and patronized him in 1704, when Farquhar acted in Dublin.

Further, the Duke's offer of "the first company that should become vacant" sounds quite a fair one, providing it was made in earnest. Cibber does not mention this offer. Nevertheless, "This distracting disappointment so preyed on the mind of our author, who saw nothing but beggary and want before him," in spite of the tremendous success of his play and the offer of another commission, in addition to being free of debt, as Wilkes states that he was, "that it occasioned his death in a short time after."

"Mr. Farquhar was a constant attendant on the Theatre," begins his next paragraph (which account he claims to have had from Colley Cibber), "but Mr. Wilks having missed him there, for upwards of two months, went to the house where he lodged in York-buildings to enquire for him; and was informed that he had left it, but could not learn where he lived; Mr. Wilks, a few days after, received a letter from Farquhar, desiring him to see him at his lodgings in St. Martin's Lane. Wilks went there and found him in a most miserable situation, lodged in a back garret, and under the greatest agitation of mind. Wilks enquired the reason of his distress, and Farquhar acquainted him with the whole affair; and that what gave him the greatest concern was the fear of losing the Earl of Orrery's favour by selling his commission. Wilks advised him to write a play, and that it should be brought on the stage with all expedition. 'Write,' said Farquhar, 'it is impossible that a man can write common sense who is heartless, and has not a shilling in his pocket?' 'Come, George,' replied Wilks, 'banish melancholy, draw your Drama, and I will call on you this day week to see it, but as an empty pocket may cramp your genius, I desire you will accept of my mite,' and gave him twenty guineas. Mr. Farquhar immediately drew up the Drama of *The Beaux Stratagem* which he delivered to Mr. Wilks, and it was approved by him and the Managers, and finished in six weeks. Mr. Farquhar during his writing this Play had a settled sickness on him, and before he had finished the second Act, he perceived the approaches of death."

Wilkes (perhaps he got it from Cibber whose memory was seldom trustworthy) gives us the legend of Farquhar's death on the third night of the performance of *The Beaux Stratagem*. This has misled many. Farquhar died in the last week in April; Wilkes says himself that the *Stratagem* had a great success and was acted ten

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times. This would induce us to believe that the first performance was late in April. Genest gives March 8th as the date, which William Archer accepted as "probably trustworthy." Moreover, Lintott paid Farquhar £30 for this play on the 27th of January. But this may have been an advance.

An examination of the periodical publications of this date brought to light an old monthly called *The Muses Mercury, or The Monthly Miscellany*, edited by John Oldmixon. In the January number for 1707 there is this notice: "Mr. Farquhar, who wrote *The Recruiting Officer*, has a Comedy ready for Representation." In the February number the brief but important entry, "Mr. Farquhar's new Comedy, called *The Stratagem*, has been acted several times with success." This seems conclusive enough were it not for the fact that through the daily press one is able to account for both theatres on every night until the 8th March, and that at no time was *The Beaux Stratagem* on the bills. But, on March 8th, it is advertised as "Never before Acted," on March 11th, "Never but once Acted." It is also noted that the play was already in print at this date. This apparent contradiction is only to be accounted for by the fact that *The Muses Mercury* was published at the end, and not at the beginning of the dated month. Thus, in the pages of the January number we find a notice that *Julius Cæsar* was performed "on the 14th of this month with a prologue by Dennis"; *Julius Cæsar* was, in fact, performed at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, on Tuesday, the 14th January, so that there can be no shadow of doubt that the January number reviewed January and not December, the February number February and, apparently, part of March.

The notice of Farquhar's new comedy in the January *Muses Mercury* and the entry of Lintott's payment towards the end of January definitely indicate that the play had been written by that date. *The Daily Courant* for February 7th, 1707, announces that "there will be speedily Acted at the Queens Theatre in the Hay Market, a new Comedy written by Mr Farquhar, Author of *The Recruiting Officer*, which Play, when acted, will be printed for Bernard Lintott."

The Courant for Wednesday, March 5th, announced the production of *The Stratagem* for the following Saturday.

These facts and the stage history of *The Beaux Stratagem* show Wilkes' story of Farquhar's death on the third night to be but a sentimental fiction. The date of Farquhar's illness is fixed much earlier than Wilkes supposed. The manuscript of *The Beaux Stratagem*, we may be sure, was shown to Lintott on, or shortly before, the 27th January. Working backwards, if Farquhar took but six weeks to write the play, he must have been discovered by his friend Wilks in the St. Martin's Lane garret at the beginning, or toward the middle, of December, 1706. Had Farquhar been confined "for above two months" this would place the date of his disappearance somewhere late in September, or early in October, just before the reopening of the theatres. It is highly unlikely that his absence at the opening of Dorset Gardens, with *The Recruiting Officer* on October 24th, and at its first productions, November 14th and November 18th, at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, should not have been noticed, and some enquiry made into the cause of his non-attendance. It also seems unlikely that Swiney should have produced *The Recruiting Officer* at the Haymarket without the author's consent. We would therefore come much nearer the truth in fixing Farquhar's disappearance at shortly after the 14th of November.

To recapitulate on the basis of this assumption we get some such story as this; after

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the first, or second performance of *The Recruiting Officer* at the Haymarket (having recently written the Prologue to Mrs. Centivire's *Platonick Lady*, which was produced on November 25th), Farquhar was taken ill and disappeared. Wilks called on him at his old lodgings in York Buildings about the 15th December and found that he had moved, leaving no address; or perhaps that he had been turned out for not paying his rent and the landlord would not trouble to give any information to his visitors. "A few days after Mr. Wilks received a letter from Farquhar, desiring him to see him at his lodging in St. Martin's Lane. Wilks went there and found him in a most miserable situation, lodged in a back garret, and under the greatest agitation of mind, etc." Thomas Wilkes' account now fits in to perfection. Wilks advises Farquhar to write a play, and lends him twenty guineas to go on with. In six weeks, that is about January 27th, the play is finished, approved by Swiney, and accepted by Lintott, who made the author an advance payment of £30.

During the interval before the production of *The Beaux Stratagem* Farquhar spent the best part of his time in re-writing parts of the play, and, as advertised, even considered changing the title. After the first performance the scene between Archer and Cherry in the second act which includes *Love's Catechism*, and a scene which was never printed, between Boniface and Gibbet at the beginning of the fifth act, were omitted on the advice of Steele. *Love's Catechism* was reprinted by itself in the same year, possibly before Farquhar's death, but it is more likely that it was pirated, as it bears no publisher's name.

In one of the frequent visits which Wilks paid Farquhar during his illness he told him "That Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt too freely with the Character of Mrs. Sullen in giving her to Archer, without a proper Divorce, which was not a security for her Honour; 'to salve that,' replied the Author, 'I'll get a real Divorce, Marry her myself, and give her my Bond she shall be a real Widow in less than a Fortnight.'"

That a human being in Farquhar's situation could have written *The Beaux Stratagem* is little less than miraculous. On the brink of death he could toy with the airy superficialities of the life from which he was about to depart. He had understood life, he had lived it gaily, and he bade farewell to it with a laugh upon his lips, bearing neither rancour nor animosity. The one bitter utterance in *The Stratagem* is that barbed lyric, "The Song of a Trifle."

The Beaux Stratagem is generally considered to be Farquhar's best play. Certainly its only rival is *The Recruiting Officer*, but even this with all its virtues must rank second. For in his last piece the dying author, like a drowning man, had before his eyes the whole of his life. For certain characters like Foigard and Count Bellair, he accepted the more or less settled stage tradition, but the other characters are drawn from life, with human qualities instead of traditional machinations. *The Stratagem* held the stage for over a century.

"The Song of a Trifle" was made the basis of Dodsley's *Toyshop*. It is just possible that the Archer-Sullen, Aimwell-Dorinda scene suggested to Goethe the parallel Faust-Gretchen, Mephistopheles-Martha love scene in *Faust*.

It is difficult to understand that the success of *The Beaux Stratagem* should not have improved Farquhar's fortunes, but apparently he continued in poverty, despite several Benefit performances, until his death at the end of April. The Benefit performance of *The Stage-Coach* at the Haymarket, April 14th, was for "a half-starved poet."

On his death-bed he addressed a touching letter to his old friend Wilks.

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DEAR BOB,

I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my Memory, but two helpless Girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last Moment of his Life,

Thine,
G. FARQUHAR.

His last two lines were in verse

Death now appears to sieze my latest Breath;
But all my Miseries will end with Death.

Poor Farquhar was buried in St. Martin's in the Fields on May 3rd, at the expense of Robert Wilks. He was not yet thirty. In the entry of his burial his name was misspelt—"Mr. George Falkwere."

John Oldmixon, Farquhar's ancient enemy, gave him the following obituary notice in *The Muses Mercury* for May, 1707.

"All that love Comedy will be sorry to hear of the Death of Mr. Farquhar, whose two last Plays had something in them that was truly *humorous* and diverting. 'Tis true the Criticks will not allow any Part of them to be regular; but *Mr. Farquhar* had a Genius for Comedy, of which one may say, that it was rather above Rules than below them. His Conduct, tho not artful, was *surprizing*: His *Characters*, tho not Great, were just. His Humour, tho *low*, diverting: His *Dialogue*, tho *loose* and *incorrect*, *gay* and *agreeable*; and His Wit, tho not *super-abundant*, *pleasant*. In a word, his Plays have in the *toute ensemble*, as the Painters phrase it, a *certain Novelty* and *Mirth*, which pleas'd the Audience every time they were represented; And such as love to laugh at the *Theater*, will probably miss him more than they now imagine."

It is significant to note that in Farquhar's last letter there was no mention of his wife, Margaret, only of his two daughters; and that he says: "I have not anything to leave . . . but two helpless Girls." Curll, in the preface to *The Stage-Coach*, as published by him in 1718, says: "I am inform'd by a Friend, that Mr. Farquhar wrote a Tragedy, which was once in his Possession: He says, it was rather a rough Draught, tho a compleat work, consisting of many Scenes, all Prose, and others not perfectly finish'd. He remembers that the Subject was very agreeable to Mr. Farquhar's Temper, *Love* and *War*, and that the Love Parts were well work'd and tender. It is uncertain what is become of this Performance; but my friend says it was left with him by the Son of the late Mr. Farquhar, and was design'd to be offer'd to the Playhouse; but how it mis-carry'd, he cannot inform the World."

This is as unreliable as any other of Curll's utterances. Farquhar had no son, that we know of, and his muse did not incline to tragedy.

Wilks was a good friend to the Farquhars. In addition to paying for the funeral and defraying the immediate pressing expenses, he procured for the family two Benefit performances. Edmond Chaloner, to whom Farquhar dedicated *Love and Business*, gave the daughters a pension of £20 per annum.

Margaret Farquhar, not content with the kindness shown her, published her husband's *Barcellona*, shortly after his death. She must have known that this was no addition to her husband's laurels, even in the days when *Prince Arthur* and *Jure Divino* passed for poetry. The poem is dedicated to Charles, Earl of Peterborough and

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Monmouth, from whom she may have extracted some fee. It is doubtful if there was any profit from the sale of the book.

About a year after Farquhar's death, we find Margaret addressing the Hon. Mr. Vice-Chamberlain in these terms.

"The exaction of the play house makes me uneasy but through your authority and goodness it may be greatly Qualify'd. I have made a thorough search into ye rates and am well assur'd yt poor Mr. Farquhar allowed 35 for the charges of the house tho he was promised by Mr. Swinney who was then manager of the new play house that he should have it free. Mr. Wilks did then justify the same to Dr. Shadwell, etc."

This letter would indicate one of two things; either that Farquhar was abused by the managers and robbed of his just profits; or that Mistress Margaret was a sharp, mercenary woman who bit back at anyone who tried to befriend her. It is unlikely that Farquhar himself would have allowed an imposition to go unchallenged. It is even less likely that Wilks would have stood idly by to permit it.

The Misses Farquhar, tradition has it, were apprenticed by Wilks to a mantua-maker. Their fortune, and consequently their social position, sank even lower. One "married to a low tradesman and died soon after." Garrick, playing the part of Archer, gave a Benefit performance of *The Beaux Stratagem* for the surviving daughter on the 19th of December, 1750, when it was advertised that "Tickets delivered by a dt. of Farquhar in great distress will be taken this night." It is further recorded that this lady "was living in 1764, in mean and indigent circumstances, without any knowledge of refinement either in sentiment or expenses" and "taking no pride in her father's fame," a maidservant, in receipt of a pension solicited for her by Edmund Chaloner; her mind "in every respect fitted to her humble situation."

Bulwer Lytton once said that "Farquhar is the Fielding of the drama" (by which, of course, he meant to refer only to the novels of Fielding). *The Recruiting Officer* and *The Beaux Stratagem* do indeed warrant Lytton's epigram. For in them the drama is taken into the country, far from the conventional drawing-rooms and taverns of Town, and the intrigues of Court.

But it is in his treatment of character that Farquhar is nearest to Fielding. According to convention, there were but two kinds of women, the good and the bad. The good woman, if single, was a virgin, the bad woman, one who had been "betrayed." Let but your paragon of feminine virtue yield to the importunities of a lover, and—Heigh presto!—she's a whore. It was a formula. But Farquhar and Fielding escape from it. Mrs. Sullen is an excellent example of this. She is no whore—although Francis Gentleman, in *The Dramatic Censor*, would make her one—but, as she says, "I do love that fellow,—and if I met him dressed as he should be, and I undressed as I should be,—look'ee, Sister, I have no supernatural gifts—I can't swear I could resist temptation; though I can safely promise to avoid it, and that's as much as the best of us can do." Yet, when the temptation comes, pride, and not the conventional preservation of her honour, keeps Mrs. Sullen from giving herself to her lover. The Squire, himself, is not painted too black. Mrs. Sullen calls him "a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks." But she was mistaken in her judgment of him, looking through the eyes of matrimony. The Squire had an equally false opinion of his wife; and Farquhar sympathises with both in due proportion.

The same comprehension of human nature, coupled with keen observation, created the numerous vivid minor characters—Kite, Bullock, Rose, Smuggler, Vizard, Teague, Mrs.

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Mandrake, Cherry, Lady Bountiful, and the delightful country woman. We must wait for Goldsmith before we can find another such array, and then recognise how much *She Stoops to Conquer* owes to *The Beaux Stratagem*! The debt is more than one of mere buoyancy of spirit; more than one of setting Toby has his complement in the character of Sullen, Hardcastle in that of Boniface. There is a similarity in the relationship of the men and the women in the double love affair. Miss Hardcastle says, "Do not you think I look something like Cherry in *The Beaux Stratagem*?" A similar feeling has certainly animated the two authors. In addition, we find Aimwell's compunction when victory is at hand expressed by Miss Neville and Hastings, and the arrival of Sir Charles Marlowe is at the same point as that of Freeman. Miss Hardcastle's disguise is only an elaboration of Archer's pretence, and Tony's declaration in the last act, a direct theft from Farquhar.

The Recruiting Officer and *The Beaux Stratagem*, these two alone, had their author never written another line, entitle Farquhar to rank as one of the foremost of English dramatists

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

The Adventures of Covent Garden.

12mo. Published December 15th, 1698.

Love and a Bottle.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane about the middle of December, 1698. Publication announced on December 27-29, 1698.

The Constant Couple.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane late in November, 1699. Publication announced on December 9th, 1699.

Sir Harry Wildair.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane about the first of May, 1701. Publication announced on May 13th, 1701.

Love and Business.

Dated 1702, but probably published the year before.

The Inconstant.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane about the first of March, 1702. Publication announced on March 13th, 1702.

The Twin-Rivals.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on December 14th, 1702.

The Stage-Coach.

Produced at the New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on February 2nd, 1704. Published in Dublin, 1704, and in London, 1705.

The Recruiting Officer.

Produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on April 8th, 1706.

The Beaux Stratagem.

Produced at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay Market, on March 8th, 1707, and published the same day.

Love's Catechism.

Probably pirated, 1707.

Barcellona.

Published posthumously, in 1707 or 1708.

LOVE
&
A BOTTLE
A
COMEDY

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE

BY
His MAJESTY's Servants

Vade sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.

Ovid. Trist. El. 1.

Source

THOUGH *Love and a Bottle* cannot be regarded as a play of much originality, its very conventionality makes it difficult to ascribe it to any particular source. It is best described as an unoriginal piece.

The most marked influence is perhaps that of Molière; and in particular of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mockmode is a character very like the clowns of that dramatist, and the dancing and fencing scene is especially reminiscent of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

The idea of Leanthé disguised as a page might have been taken from any one of a dozen plays; Shakespeare used it repeatedly; Wycherley adopted it for Fidelity in *The Plain Dealer*; Mrs. Aphra Behn, in *The Younger Brother*

None of the characters are sufficiently striking to give prophecy of the author's original genius.

Theatrical History

LOVE AND A BOTTLE, Farquhar's first play, was originally produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane toward the beginning of December, 1698. Its publication in printed form, which presumably followed the performance by about a fortnight, was announced in *The Post Man*, No. 555, for December 27-29 of the same year. Modelled as it was, more than any other of the author's plays, upon the more obscene school of drama, its production at the time of the Collierist conflict was unfortunate. It gave offence, and after being acted nine times the play was withdrawn from the stage and not acted for fourteen years.

Joe Haines, who wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, was facetious in the latter at the expense of Collier. But Collier's influence was most pronounced, despite the ridicule which was showered upon him from all quarters, and the fact remains that *Love and a Bottle* was not accepted with favour.

Powell's appearance with a bottle to speak the Prologue was a daring and most ribald stroke, most probably designed by the author of the Prologue. For Powell was noted for his drunkenness and debauchery, and it must have delighted the audience to see him play such a natural part, for it flaunted his weaknesses before their eyes.

Cibber says of Powell that he had not the least regard for his character, and even at this date laboured under the disfavour, not to say the contempt, of the public, to whom his licentious courses were no secret. Booth is said to have told Cibber that he too had at one time been too fond of his bottle, but having observed what contempt and misfortune Powell had plunged himself into by hard drinking, he profited by the example and gave up the habit.

Nobody but Haines would have dared to make a fool of Powell in this way. But Haines' facetiousness had no respect of persons. Nor did he mind making himself ridiculous, if it pleased the public. There is an engraving of him in the 1730 edition of Tom Brown's Works, commemorating the occasion when he appeared mounted upon an ass to speak the Epilogue to *Unhappy Kindness*, in 1697. His forte was in the writing of these pieces. "Joe Haines," said Aston, "is more remarkable for the witty, tho' wicked pranks he play'd, and for his Prologues and Epilogues, than for acting."

Some of Haines' adventures are equal to the best that Villon could have offered. After a mad escapade in Paris, where he narrowly escaped the Bastille, he managed to get back to London, where he was arrested the next morning for a debt of twenty pounds. Two bailiffs were taking him away when the Bishop of Ely happened to pass in his coach. "Gentlemen," said Haines to the bailiffs, "here's my cousin, the Bishop of Ely, going to his house; let me but speak to him, and he'll pay the debt and charges." The bailiffs had no objection, as long as they kept within a few paces of him, so up to the coach went Haines, hat in hand. The Bishop ordered the coach to stop, and Joe whispered in his ear, "My Lord, here are two poor men who have such great scruples of conscience that I fear they'll hang themselves." The Bishop called the bailiffs: "You two men come to me to-morrow and I'll satisfy you," he told them. The bailiffs

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bowed and departed, but appeared the next morning before the Bishop. "Well," said his Lordship, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples," the bailiffs exclaimed, "we have no scruples. We are bailiffs, my Lord, who, yesterday, arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for £20. Your Lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope that your Lordship will be as good as your word." The story goes on that the Bishop, reflecting that his honour and name might be exposed if he did not comply, paid the debt and charges.

Love and a Bottle was first revived at Drury Lane when it was advertised as "Not acted in 12 years" and produced on July 22, 1712. Mills, who played the part of Lovewell in the original company, had been advanced to that of Roebuck; Bullock, Johnson, and Will Pinkethman, of the old company, retained their original parts. Norris assumed Joe Haines' rôle—that famous speaker of prologues and epilogues having died in 1701. Miss Willis and Mrs. Rogers took the principal female rôles, Leathe and Lucinda.

Another period of neglect was only broken when Mrs. Bullock played Lucinda at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, November 25th, 1724. Her company included Walker as Roebuck, Ryan as Lovewell, and Mrs. Vincent as Leathe. Walker selected the same play for his benefit on March 30th, 1733, when *Love and a Bottle* was performed at Covent Garden, Ryan and Mrs. Bullock retaining their old parts.

Never a great favourite, *Love and a Bottle* was dropped from the repertory of the eighteenth-century stage in favour, perhaps, of some of Farquhar's other pieces.

To the Right Honourable,
P E R E G R I N E,
Lord Marquiss of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My Lord,

BEing equally a stranger to your Lordship, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural impulse and aspiring motion in my inclinations, has prompted me, tho I hazzard a presumption, to declare my Respect. And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this piece, but the choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal business is to design his Works an offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, stand accused of any sort of Adulation, but to my self, because Compliments due to Merit return upon the giver, and the only flattery is to my self, whilst I attempt your Lordships praise. I dare make no essay on your Lordships youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some lines on this Subject, which the world will undoubtedly apply to your Lordship.

*Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independant spark from Heaven's bright Throne,
By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in it self, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in War, are great in Love.
The spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As falshoods draw their sordid birth from fear.*

The best and noblest part of mankind pay homage to Royalty, what veneration then is due to those Vertues and Endowments which even engag'd the respect of Royalty it self, in the person of one of the greatest Emperours in the World, who chose your Lordship not only as a Companion, but a Conductor.

He wanted the Fire of such a *Britton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and wou'd therefore choose you his Leader in War, as in Travel: he knew

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the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A sense of this greatness which might deter others, animates me to Address your Lordship; resolv'd that my first Muse shou'd take an high and daring flight, I aspir'd to your Lordships Protection for this trifle, which I must own my self now proud of, affording me this opportunity of Humbly declaring my self,

My Lord, ' .

Your Lordships

most devoted Servant,

G. Farquhar.

PROLOGUE

By J. H. spoken by Mr. Powell, a servant attending
with a Bottle of Wine.

*AS Stubborn Atheists, who disdain'd to pray,
Repent, tho late, upon their dying day,
So in their pangs, most Authors rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our suppliant pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintained,
Let him not lose what he has never gained.
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful arms ;
Ladies, and Gallants, have not these some Charms?
For Love, all mankind to the Fair must sue,
And Sirs, the Bottle, he presents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks) e'en let it fairly pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their glass.
O there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were sworn—to what!—to drink. [Drinks.
Come on then ; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their doom,
From you the Poet's Hellicon must come ;
If he has any foes, to make amends,
He gives his service (drinks) sure you now are friends.
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The day be theirs, he only begs his Night ;
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse,
Then name the health you love, let none refuse,
But each man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.*

}

Dramatis Personæ

<i>Roebuck.</i>	{ An <i>Irish</i> Gentleman, of a wild roving temper; newly come to <i>London</i> . }	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Lovewell.</i>	{ His Friend, sober and modest, in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Mockmode.</i>	{ A young Squire, come newly from the Uni- versity, and setting up for a Beau. }	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Lyrick.</i>	A Poet.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Pamphlet.</i>	A Bookseller.	} Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Rigadoon.</i>	A Dancing-Master.	
<i>Nimblewrist.</i>	A Fencing-Master.	Mr. <i>Ashton</i> .
<i>Club.</i>	Servant to <i>Mockmode</i> .	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Brush.</i>	Servant to <i>Lovewell</i> .	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda.</i>	{ A Lady of considerable Fortune. }	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Leanne.</i>	{ Sister to <i>Lovewell</i> , in love with <i>Roebuck</i> , and disguis'd as <i>Lucinda</i> 's Page. }	Mrs. <i>Maria Alison</i> .
<i>Trudge.</i>	Whore to <i>Roebuck</i> .	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Bullfinch.</i>	{ Landlady to <i>Mockmode</i> , <i>Lyrick</i> , and <i>Trudge</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Pindress.</i>	{ Attendant and Confident to <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Masques, and Attendants.

SCENE LONDON.

Love and a Bottle

ACT I. SCENE *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck in Riding-habit Solus, repeating the following Line.

THUS far our Arms have with Success been Crown'd.—

Heroically spoken, faith, of a fellow that has not one farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my present necessity, may I be hang'd; tho I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very soon, if Robbery or Theft will purchase the Gallows. But hold—Can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's sake.

Roeb. Ha!—a glimpse of Damnation just as a Man is entering into sin, is no great policy of the Devil.—But how long did you bear Arms, friend?

Crip. Five years, an't please you Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! (Five year a Soldier, and Fifteen a Beggar!)—This is Hell right! an age of Damnation for a momentary offence. Thy condition fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenter in thy broken Leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful maintenance than I from all my Limbs in perfection. Prethee friend, why wouldst thou beg of me? Dost think I'm rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm fellows are so far above the sense of our Misery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by sad experience, as needless to beg of a rich man as a Clergyman. Our greatest Benefactors, the brave Officers are all disbanded, and must now turn Beggars like my self; and so, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What, are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir! A Captain will say Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parson shall whine out God bless me, and give me not a farthing: Now I think the Officers' Blessing much the best.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compassionate?

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear, stop their Ears so close, that they can't hear us; and if they shou'd, they never have any farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miser in his abundance. Prethee friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the favour which rich friends bestow, a little Advice. I am as poor as thou art, and am designing to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an honourable Post 'I am forc'd to stand to. [*Shewing his Crutch.*] My rags are scarecrows sufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn bird of prey at home.

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil. I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, friend, thou hast got a Cloven-foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Case, that a Man must never expect to go nearer Heav'n than some steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable: I have my wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I can't meet my friend *Lovewell*, (which I think impossible, being so great a stranger in Town) Fortune thou hast done thy worst; I proclaim open War against thee.

*I'll stab thy next rich Darling that I see ;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.*

*[Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the
Walks, making some turns cross the Stage in
disorder, while the next speak. Exit Beggar.]*

Enter Lucinda and Pindress.

Lucin. Oh these Summer mornings are so delicately fine, *Pindress*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, these Summer mornings are as pleasant to young folks, as the Winter nights to marri'd people, or as your morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lovewell*.

Lucin. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his share very soon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I shall soon lie under an Eclipse, *Pindress*.

Pin. Then it must be full Moon with your Ladyship. But why wou'd you choose to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no cause, but that people are aptest to run mad in hot weather, unless you take a Womans reason.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed strange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddest Dream last night of my Courtier that is to be, 'Squire *Mockmode*. He appear'd crowded about with a Dancing-Master,

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Pushing-Master, Musick-Master, and all the throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery so awkwardly, that his imitation was down-right burlesquing it. I burst out a laughing so heartily, that I waken'd my self.

Pin. But Dreams go by contraries, Madam. Have not you seen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Unkle's Letter gives account that he's newly come to Town from the U'niversity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, smoak Tobacco, and chop Logick.—Faugh—it makes me Sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns joyn to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns shall never joyn to mine in the City: For since I have the disposal of my own Fortune, *Lovewell's* the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money; for I've had above twenty Pieces from him since his Courtship began. He's the prettiest sober Gentleman; I have so strong an opinion of his modesty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your first Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer understands bus'ness better than to beget any thing *non compos.*—The Walks fill a pace; the Enemy approaches, we must set out our false Colours. [*Put on their Masks.*]

Pin. We Masks are the purest Privateers! Madam, how would you like to Cruise about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread these blustering Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broadside of Dam'me's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet, as lawful Prize.

Pin. In truth Madam, and the most of 'em are lawful Prize, for they generally have French Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hidious! O' my Conscience Girl thou'rt quite spoild. An Actress upon the Stage would blush at such expressions.

Pin. Ay Madam, and your Ladyship wou'd seem to blush in the Box, when the redness of your face proceeded from nothing but the constraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a stronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as strong as a Hempen Cord, with containing a violent Tihee at a smutty Jest in the last Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; thy impertinent Chat has diverted us from our bus'ness. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miss'd us for want of the Sign.—But whom have we here? an odd figure! some Gentleman in disguise, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I shou'd believe him in disguise; for I fancy his friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Luc. His Mien and Air shew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonstrate him a Wit. He may afford us some sport. I have a Female inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of those dangerous Men of War you just now mention'd as can be; you had best send out your Pinnace before to discover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him my self.

[*Moves towards him.*

What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam.

[*Sullenly.*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! do you Dream standing?

Roeb. Yes faith, Lady, very often when my sleep's haunted by such pretty Goblins as you. You are a sort of Dream I wou'd fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the Wise Men of the East?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the West.

Luc. Pray what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An Irish-man, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an Irish-man! a meer Wolf-Dog, I protest.

Roeb. Ben't surpriz'd Child; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye.

[*Lays hold on her.*

Luc. Pray good *Cæsar*, keep off your Paws; no scraping acquaintance, for Heaven's sake. Tell us some news of your Country; I have heard the strangest Stories, that the people wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that among other laudable fashions, from *London*. I think it came over with your mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever since, the Men and Wives bear their heads exalted alike. They were both fashions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you?

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Playhouses; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houses, and Bawdy-houses; in short, every thing that you can boast of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over, like the Woodcocks, once a year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam; our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally stripp'd of their feathers by the Playhouse and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a token of a Wit as the Lawrel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir!

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Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unless *St. Patrick* sent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But since I have described my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to particulars first. Pray, Sir, unmasque, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmasque, and shew who I am.

Roeb. You must dismiss your attendant then, Madam; for the distinguishing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Mistress; and the greater the secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whisper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a hint, by which you may understand 'em—— [Pretends to whisper, and kisses her.]

Luc. Sir, you're Impudent——

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at minding folks, have with you. [Catches her fast, carrying her off.]

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy self. [Draws.]

Roeb. What! Knight-Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; Pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.—— [Quits 'em, they go off.]

Have at thee—*St. George* for *England*.
My Friend *Lovewell*?

[They fight, after some passes,
Roeb. starts back and pauses.]

Love. My dear *Roebuck*! [Fling down their Swords and embrace.]
Shall I believe my eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your ears; 'Tis I be gad.

Love. Why thy being in *London* is such a mystery, that I must have the evidence of more senses than one to confirm me of its truth.—But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why Faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your self for not guessing it.—What is the Universal cause of the continued Evils of mankind?

Love. The Universal cause of our continu'd evil is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned*.—That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise*, has sent me a packing out of *Ireland*.

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit: that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*. The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins; the fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscion-

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able Father, because I was a Rogue in Debauching her, wou'd make me a fool by Wedding her: But I wou'd not marry a Whore, and he would not own a disobedient Son, and so——

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Manteau and High-Head; but these tre grown as little signs of Gentility now a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you.—To shun th' insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often-repeated advice of impertinent Relations, the continual clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard.—From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love. And so you left them to Grand Dad!—Ha, ha, ha.

Roeb. Heaven was pleas'd to lessen my affliction, by taking away the she Brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, beause a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.—But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's Virtuous;—and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joyned as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not mke her a Proselyte to this Profession.

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that Plaguy Honour—Damn it for a whim—Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as men to be Whore-masters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Vertue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them and consequently they must us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no safe guard but your innate Principle of Vertue, honest *Georg Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and shou'd enjoy a Countess before night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no design upon her: but as she's a pitty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious reflection, Cou'd not you have liv'd better at home, by turning thy Whore into a Wife, than here by turning other

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Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you must trade with them, for ought I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Lov. Oh, wonderfully!—a great many poor people live by't. Tho the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with.

Roeb. The greatness of my wants, which wou'd force me to discover 'em, makes me blush to own 'em. [*Aside.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burden my self with no more than just necessary Charges.

Lov. Oh, then you have brought Bills?

Roeb. No, faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither is so unreasonable high, that——

Lov. What?

Roeb. That—— Zoons I have not one farthing.—Now you understand me?

Lov. No faith, I never understand one that comes in *formâ pauperis*; I han't study'd the Law so long for nothing.—But what prospect can you propose of a supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was just thanking my Stars for sending me a Throat to cut, and consequently a Purse: But my knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to assist me by some better means. You were once an honest Fellow; but so long study in the Inns may alter a Man strangely, as you say.

Lov. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm still a friend to thy Vertues, and esteem thy Follies as Foils only to set them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are some Pieces, share of what I have about me; Take them as earnest of my farther supply; you know my Estate sufficient to maintain us both, if you will either restrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Necessaries.

Roeb. Thy profession of kindness is so great, that I cou'd almost suspect it of design.—But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the fatigue of my Journey, besides a violent Fit of Sickness, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhausting my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a relish of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then——

[*As they are going off, Roebuck starts back surpriz'd.*]

Oh Heav'ns! and Earth!

Lov. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why! Death and the Devil; or, what's worse, a Woman and a Child.—Oons! don't you see Mrs. *Trudge* with my Bastard in her Arms

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crossing the field towards us?—Oh the indefatigable Whore to follow me all the way to *London*!

Love. Mrs. *Trudge*! my old acquaintance!

Rceb. Ay, ay, the very same; your old acquaintance; and for ought I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I shou'd pay share at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time, you had best retire.—*Brush*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bullfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.—Fly, and come back presently.— [*Ex. Rceb. and Brush.*]

—So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid these are but parts of his Retinue.—But hold—I shan't be able to sustain the shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till she has discharged her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, with a Child crying.

Trud. Hush, hush, hush.—And indeed it was a young Traveller.—And what wou'd it say? It says that Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, and an ungrateful Man.—In troth so he is, my dear Child.—What shall I do with it, poor Creature?—Hush, hush, hush.—Was ever poor Woman in such a lamentable condition? immediately after the pains of one Travel to undergo the fatigues of another?—But I'm sure he can never do well; for tho I can't find him, my curses, and the misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I shou'd know that voice.— [*Moving forward.*]
What! Mrs. *Trudge*! and in *London*! whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm very glad to see you,—and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying.*] and you know, Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many ways of insinuating, that the frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this?—A handsome Man? Ways of insinuating? Frailty of Nature?—I don't understand these ambiguous terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm sure you have seen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm sure 'twou'd be the first thing he wou'd tell you. I refer it to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I would have been to my own born Brother.

Love. Oh then I find kissing goes by favour, Mrs. *Trudge*.

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you men are alike.—Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his mouth. See, Mr.

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Lovewell, if he has not *Mr. Roebuck's* Nose to a hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little *Pigsny* has *Mamma's* Mouth.—Oh the little Lips!—and 'tis the best natur'd little dear—[*Smuggles and kisses it.*]—And wou'd it ask its God-Father Blessing?—Indeed, *Mr. Lovewell*, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Blessing. [*Gives it Gold. As he gives her the Gold, enter Lucinda and Pindress, who seeing them stand, abscond.*]

Come, Madam, I'll first settle you in a Lodging and then find the false Man, as you call him.—[*Exit Love.*]

Lucinda and Pindress come forward.

Luc. The false man is found already.—Was there ever such a lucky discovery?—My care for his preservation brought me back, and now behold how my kindness is return'd!—Their Fighting was a downright trick to frighten me from the place, thereby to afford him opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your conjecture, Madam, bears a colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talking very familiarly; so that they cou'd not be strangers as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true as he is false.—What! slighted! despis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of thy Sex!—But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the first man that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop;—Nay, tho' Impotent I'll Marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your self.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falshood—And you deserve it too, Minx; your persuasions drew me to this Assignation: I never lov'd the false man.

Pin. That's false, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same score he was so liberal to his Whore just now. [*Walks about in Passion.*]

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship—now for my Love.—I han't transgressed much.—Oh, there she is.—Oh my Angel! [*Runs to her.*]

Luc. Oh thou Devil!—[*Starts back.*]

Lov. Not unless you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man. [*Exit pushing Pindress.*]

Lov. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn.—Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, these Women are like their Maiden-heads, no sooner found than lost.—Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindress*, and

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know the occasion of this.—[*Brush runs.*—]Stay, come back—Zoons, I'm a fool.

Brush. That's the first wise word you have spoke these two months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jests, Sirrah, and I'll——

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right earnest.—'Tis less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap-Surgeon than to a Lover. He falls out with me, because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you mumbling?

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I have been these three years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant. [*Bows as going.*]

Love. Hold, you shan't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master; yet one would think you might, for you have lost your Mistress. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair riddance. Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses six-pence. That little Pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he shot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billets deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her heels up e're now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the stumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I have sweat out all my moisture of my hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have——

Love. Hold, Sir, your trouble is now at an end, for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Raskal, I wou'd have taken so much pains to make her a Miss?

Brush. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done.—But if you are resolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, Sirrah!

Brush. Why, the matter will be, that I must then Pimp for her.—Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?—Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish point to manage.—Can you tell, Sir, what's her quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Brush. That's it Sir. She resolves to put your easiness to the Test now, that she may with more security rely upon't hereafter.—Always suspect those Women of Designs that are for searching into the humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How cam'st thou such an Engineer in Love?

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Brush. I have sprung some Mines in my time, Sir; and since I have trudg'd so long about your amorous Messages, I have more Intrigue in the sole of my feet, than some Blockheades in their whole Body.

Low. Sirrah, have you ever discover'd any behaviour in this Lady, to occasion this suspicious discourse?

Brush. Sir, has this Lady ever discover'd any behaviour of yours to occasion this suspicious quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Vertue (as the Gentleman said) as any Woman: But that Baggage her Attendant is about ravishing her Ladies Page every hour. 'Tis an old saying, Like Master, like Man; why not as well, like Mistress, like Maid?

Low. Since thou art for trying humours, have with you Madam *Lucinda*. Besides, so fair an opportunity offers, that Fate seem'd to design it.— Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Brush. Yes, Sir, and sent a Porter to his Inn to bring his things thither.

Low. That's right—Love like other Diseases, must sometimes have a desperate Cure. The School of Venus imposes the strict Discipline; And awful *Cupid* is a chastning God; He whips severely.

Brush. No, not if we kiss the Rod. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE [I], Lovewell's Lodgings.

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck dress'd, and Brush.

Low. O' my Conscience the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the constant effects of debauching a Woman are, that she infallibly loves the Man for doing the business, and he certainly hates her.—But what Company is she like to have at this same Widows, *Brush*?

Brush. Oh the best of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill natur'd.

Brush. Ay, Sir, but it does no body any harm; for these fellows that get Bread by their Wits, are always forc'd to eat their words. They must be good natur'd, 'spight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jest's with his Landlady over-night; 'or she's very well pleas'd with his natural parts. [*While Roeb. and Brush talk, Lovewell seems to project something by himself.*]

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Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush. One newly entr'd, a young Squire, just come from the University.

Roeb. A meer Peripatetick I warrant him.—A very pretty Family. A Heathen Philosopher, an English Poet, and an Irish Whore. Had the Landlady but a *Highland* Piper to joyn with 'em, she might set up for a Collection of Monsters.—Any body within?

[*Slaps Lovewell on the Sholder.*]

Lov. Yes, you are, my Friend. All my thoughts were employ'd about you. In short, I have one request to make, That you would renounce your loose wild Courses, and lead a sober life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Lov. You shall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquish your precise sober behaviour, and live like a Gentleman as I do.

Lov. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off; Tho shou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themselves, for want of Temptation.

Lov. Our Women are worse than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated. To prevent the inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Mistress.

Roeb. An honourable Mistress! what's that?

Lov. A vertuous Lady, whom you must Love and Court; the surest method of reclaiming you.—As thus.—Those superfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine may be laid out——

Roeb. To the Poor?

Lov. No, no. In Sweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. (Those idle hours which you mispend with lewd sophisticated Wenches, must be dedicated——

Roeb. To the Church?

Lov. No, To the innocent and charming Conversation of your vertuous Mistress; by which means, the two most exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring will be retrench'd.)

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I must first despise the honest jolly Conversation at the Tavern, for the foppish, affected, dull, insipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-house; must quit my freedom with ingenious Company, to harness my self to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of Cupid's Livery-boys.—The second Article is, That I must resign the Company of lewd Women for that of my Innocent Mistress; That is, I must change my easie natural sin of Wenching, to that constrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing.—The many Lyes and Oaths that I made to thy Sister, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

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Lov. Oh *Roebuck*! your Reason will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have lost my Reason, Come, come, a Wench, a Wench! a soft, white, easy, consenting Creature!—Prithee *Ned* leave Musteness, and shew me the Varieties of the Town.

Lov. A Wench is the least Variety——Look out——See what a numerous Train trip along the street there—— [*Pointing outwards.*]

Roeb. Oh *Venus*! all these fine stately Creatures!
Fare you well, *Ned*.——[*Runs out; Lovew. catches him, and pulls him back.*]

Prithee let me go: 'Tis a deed of Charity; I'm quite starv'd. I'll just take a snap, and be with you in the twinkling.—As you're my friend.—I must go.

Lov. Then we must break for altogether?—[*Quits him.*]—He that will leave his friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendship as in Love.

Roeb. If you saw how ill that serious face becomes a Fellow of your years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Masquerade but Gravity.

Lov. Tho I lewdness suits much worse with your Circumstances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay these Circumstances. Damn these Circumstances.—There he has Hamstring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man sneak!—Well prithee let's know this Devilish Vertuous Lady. By the Circumstances of my Body I shall soon be off or on with her.

Lov. Know then, for thy utter Condemnation, that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Vertuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good. Beautiful! Better.—Witty!—Best of all——Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely Vertuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petycoat.——Witty and Vertuous! ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; And were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit shou'd be my Bawd.—Come, come; the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Lov. Right.—But there was a cunninger Devil than you, to tempt.—I'll assure you *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eighteen as you say.

Lov. Have a care, friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus*'s fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a blockhead, and deserv'd his fate.

Lov. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Lov. This happens right.—[*Aside.*]—But you shall go to Heav'n for a Mistress, you shall Court this Divine Creature.—I don't desire

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you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you shou'd marry her neither: but you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; Tho, if you shou'd conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances.——

Lov. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad friend, thou't the bravest Pimp I ever heard of.—Well, give me directions to sail by, the name of my Port, laden my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Lov. You need no directions as to the manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No; I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded, which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my modesty, but to depend my self altogether upon my Impudence; To use a Mistress like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an Impertinent question, as afterwards of telling a story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can hurt a Lady's Honour, tho touch'd in the tender'st part.

Lov. Oh, but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your success?

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion.—No blabbing, unless a squawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.—But where lies my Course?

Lov. *Brush* shall shew you the house; the Ladies name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve hundred a year: But above all, observe this: She has a Page which you must get on your side: 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a fortnight ago; he's your Country-man too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me.—Here you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it.

[*Aside.*]

[*Reads*] Dear Brother,

A Lady of my acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her last request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obeyed my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his advantage. All friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister, *Leanne*.

[*While he reads, Lovewell talks to Brush, and gives him some directions seemingly.*]

All friends are well? Is that all? not a word of poor *Roebuck*.——I wonder she mention'd nothing of my misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still——Well, I may excuse her, for I'm making all the haste I can to forget her.

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Lov. Be sure you have an eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow *Bulfinch's*—[*To Brush.*]—Well, *George*, you won't communicate your success?

Roeb. You may guess what you please.—I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle.—All Air; brimfull of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, smiling and sparkling.

Lov. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no; nor shall I drink to any body.— [Exeunt severally.]

[SCENE II.]

SCENE changes to a Dining Room in Widow *Bulfinches* house, *A Flute*, *Musick-book* on the Table; a Case of Toys hanging up.—Enter *Rigadoon* the Dancing-Master, leading in *Mockmode* by both hands, as teaching him the Minuet; he sings, and *Mockmode* dances awkwardly; Club follows.

Rig. Tal — dal ——— deral ——— One ——— Two. — Tal ——— dal ——— deral ——— Coupé ——— Tal ——— dal ——— deral ——— Very well ——— Tal ——— dal ——— deral ——— Wrong. ——— 'Tal ——— dal ——— deral ——— Toes out ——— Tal ——— dal ——— deral. Observe Time:—Very well indeed, Sir; you shall dance as well as any Man in England; you have an excellent disposition in your Limbs, Sir——Observe me, Sir.

[Here the Master dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut Club makes an awkward imitation, by leaping up.]

And so forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we shall disturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! you must have a care of that; she'll never pardon you—Landlady!—Every Woman, from a Countess to a Kitchen-Wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir*.

Mock. Must I then lose my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire *Mockmode*?

Rig. By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the same thing here.

Mock. That's very Comical, Faith!—But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon*? Well, since I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well: I have a great Estate, and want only to be a great Beau, to qualify me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Universe, I have a great mind to bind my self 'Prentice to a Beau.—Cou'd I but dance well, push well, play upon the Flute, and swear the most modish Oaths, I wou'd set up for Quality with e're a young Nobleman of 'em all.—Pray what are the most fashionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: but *Zauns* is the Beaux pronunciation.

Mock. *Zauns*———

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Club. Zauns——

Rig. Yes, Sir, we swear as we Dance; smooth, and with a Cadence. Zauns!—'Tis harmonious, and pleases the Ladies, because 'tis soft.——
Zauns, Madam,—is the only Compliment our great Beaux pass on a Lady.

Mock. But suppose a Lady speaks to me? what must I say?

Rig. Nothing, Sir.—you must take Snush, Grin, and make her an humble Cringe—Thus:

[*He bows Foppishly, and takes Snush; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly; and taking Snush, sneezes.*]

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you must never sneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after Orangere, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snush-box; and I heard a Physician swear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three divisions of his head were filled with *Orangere*, *Bourgamot*, and Plain-Spanish.

Mock. Zauns I must sneeze—[*Sneezes*]——Bless me.

Rig. Oh fie, Mr. *Mockmode*! what a rustical expression that is.—Bless me!—you shou'd upon all such occasions cry, Dem me. You wou'd be as nauseous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarks, if you us'd that obsolete expression.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modish in this Town—Pray, Master, Dancing-Master, what Religion may these Beaux be of?

Rig. A sort of *Indians* in their Religion, They worship the first thing they see in the Morning.

Mock. What's that Sir?

Rig. Their own shadows in the Glass; and some of 'em such hellish Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worship the Devil.

Rig. Then you shall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you must be sure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Musick very convenient too?—I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire*, *Bisabemi*, *Cesolfa*, *Delasol*, *Ela*, *Effaut*, *Gesolrent*. I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of these Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any perfection, unless he understands the derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's easie. *Effaut* and *Gesolrent* were two famous *German* Musicians, and the rest were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only Seven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Bass-Vial with seven Strings, that play'd a Jig call'd the *Musick of the Spheres*: The seven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-strings.

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Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-master?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-master; he shews the Creation to be a Country-Dance, where after some antick Changes, all the parts fell into their places, and there they stand ready, till the next squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets 'em a Dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the pushing Master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of Pushing, 'twill spoil the niceness of your steps. Learn a flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have occasion for. [Exit Rig.]

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist*, I crave you ten thousand pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a homethrust. Good Sir. I hope ya're for a breathing this Morning. *[Takes down a Foyl.]*—I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swords Man; y're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*.—Sa, sa—like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in Love with Fencing: But I think Back-Sword is the best play.

Nimb. Oh Lard Sir!—Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of it.—*France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir, a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with *Quart*, on the South with *Tierce*, and so forth. 'Tis a Noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em; My Sword's my Heralld, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this Noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into their's, because we make so much work for 'em.—But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out: But then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private Ones. I live still by dying, as the song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courages, *French* Honour, and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your sword and skill did the King great service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir, I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by Private

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Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir.—Sa, sa, sa, sa. Parry, parry, parry,—

[He pushes Mockmode on the ribs; he strikes Nimblewrist over the head, and breaks the Foil.]

Club. What's the name of that Thrust, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir, he did not touch me; not in the least, Sir. The Foyl was crack'd, a palpable crack. *[Blood runs down his face.]*

Club. A very palpable crack truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours——My Dancing-Master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my steps.

Nim. Your Dancing-Master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so——

Mock. Oh Sir, he calls you Blockhead, by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir——

[Foppishly.]

Nimb. Zoons, Sir.

[Bluffishly.]

Rig. I have more Wit in the sole of my foot then you have in your whole body.

Nim. Ay, Sir, you Caperers daunce all your Brains into your heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect Antipodes to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you good Monsieur, sa, sa? Stand upon your Guard Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsify in his Art; he'll fill your head so full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honesty left. His Breast-plate there he calls the But of Honour, at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir.——You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toss the light Foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get your selves in heat.—Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*, this Fellow will make a meer Grashopper of you. Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness; and the Devil and a Dancing-Master, Dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! what then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em in the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you.—Which is best, Mr. *Nimblewrist*, an easie Minuet, or a Tyburn Jig?

Nimb. Don't provoke my sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd

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revenge it self; for every one of you that live by Dancing should die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! what d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir,—Tal—dal—deral.—[*Dances.*]—This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, Dance well, and you Captivate the Ladies. The moving a man's Limbs pliantly, does the business. If you want a Fortune, come to me—Tal—dal—deral— [Dances.

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir.——sa, sa,——does your business soonest with a Woman. A clean and manly extension of all your parts——Ha—Carrying a true point, is the matter.—Sa, sa, sa, sa.——Defend your self. [*Pushes at Rigadoon, who Dances, and Sings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh goodness! what a Room's here! Cou'd not these fellows wipe their feet before they came up? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-Masters have been the downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors; my house was never in such a pickle.—You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must be shaking the Water off, and bespatter every body about you.——

[*Mockmode having taken snush, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam——[*sneezes.*]——Bless me!——Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These cursed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, sa——Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing days are done, But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah my poor *Robin*!—he dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young man as ever stept in a Black-Leather Shoe: he was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel—But I am sure he might have recover'd but for the Physicians——oh these Doctor's! these Doctors!

Mock. Bless the Doctors, I say; for I believe they kill'd my honest old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Estate, I shou'd have said so too.—— [Cries.

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you must not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll assure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's most modish for Beverage? for I suppose the fashion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

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Bull. The Taylors are the best Judges of that—But Champaigne, I suppose.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now methinks that were a fitter name for a Wig-maker.——I think they call my Wig a Campaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh by the Universe I must be witty. I'll drink nothing else; I never was witty in all my life. I love Jokes dearly.—Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it? the witty Liquor. [*Exit Club.*]

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the University shou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Maçdam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your solid Philosophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit by the Universe. I must get acquainted with the great Poets. Landlady, you must introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir! wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! no Widow dare be seen with a Poet, for fear she shou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! what's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country; I hope they don't fleece the Wits.

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great cry, but little Wooll. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my acquaintance to introduce you; 'Tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman, that comes here sometimes.

Mock. *Lovewell*! By the Universe my Rival; I heard of him in the Country. This puts me in mind of my Mistress.—Zauns I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was so in love with my self, I quite forgot her.—I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by.—

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-book, turning over the leaves, reads to himself.*]

Six-pence for Washing.——Two pence to the Maid.——Six-pence for Snush—One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.—By the Universe I have lost the Directions.—Hark ye, Madam; Does this same *Lovewell* come often here, say you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often.——There's a Lady of his acquaintance, a Lodger in the house just now.

Mock. A Lady of his acquaintance a Lodger in the house just now? of his acquaintance, do you say?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you say? By the Universe! shou'd I happen to lodge in the same house with my Mistress? I gad it must be the same. Can you tell the Woman's Name?—Stay——Is her Name *Lucinda*?

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Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe she's a Widdow, for she has a young Son, & I'm sure 'tis legitimately begotten, for 'tis the bravest Child you shall see in a Summers-day; 'Tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diseases of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Universe I don't remember whether my Mistress is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, so much the Better; for all your *London* widows are devilish rich they say. She came in a Coach, did she not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly she.——Does she not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not stirr'd abroad since she came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told she was very reserv'd, tho 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother say, that sitting at home and silence were very becoming in a Maid; and she has often chid my Sister *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Haymakers. I gad I'm the most lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mothers Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh but this Lady, Sir——

Ser. Madam here's a Gentleman below wants to speak with you instantly.

Bull. With me, Child? Sir, I'll wait on you in a minut.

[Exit with Servant.]

Enter Club with Wine and Glasses.

Mock. Is that the Witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glasses. Now that I have found my Mistress, I must next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Master; for those that find a Mistress, are generally out of their Wits.——

[Gives him a Glass.]

Mock. Come, fill for your self.

[They jingle and drink.]

But where's the Wit now *Club*? have you found it?

Club. I gad Master I think 'tis a very good Jest.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why, Drinking. You'll find, Master, that this same Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this same Will i'th' Wisp, is a Wit at the bottom.——*[Fills.]*——Here, here, Master; how it puns and quibbles in the Glass!

Mock. By the Universe now I have it; The Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit consists most in Jingling. Hear how the Glasses rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Master, are these Wits so apt to clash? *[Jingles the Glasses.]*

Mock. Oh by the Universe, by the Universe this is Wit. *[Breaks 'em.]* My Landlady is in the right.——I have often heard there was Wit in

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breaking Glasses. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now?

Club. I find then that this same Wit is very brittle Ware.—But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to spill the Wine.

Mock. Why there's the Jest, Sirrah; all Wit consists in losing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this same wine is all sold at Will's Coffee-house. Do you know the way thither, Sirrah? I long to see Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhime*, with the rest of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their faces. Of all the Rarities of the Town, I long to see nothing more than the Poets and *Bedlam*.——Come in, Club; I must go practice my Honours.——Tal—dal—deral.—— [Exit dancing, and Club topeing.]

Enter Lovewell and Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell*! you come just in the nick; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him that she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Lov. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the most fortunate chance that ever befell me. 'Twere convenient we had the other lodgers of our side.

Bull. There's no body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as safely tell a secret over a Groaning Cheese, as to him.

Lov. How so?

Bull. Why you must know that he has been Lying-in these four months of a Play; and he has got all the Muses about him; a parcel of the most tattling Gossips.

Lov. Come, come; no more words; but to our business. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good hopes of its succeeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's side. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her part, she's so awkward, and so sullen.

Lov. Go you and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithce who is this same *Roebuck*?——Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. [Exit.]

Enter Brush.

Lov. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Brush. In a friend's house, Sir.

Lov. What friend?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Lov. What took him there?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Lov. How d'ye mean?

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Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir, no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Lov. A Coach and Six!

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a Carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? he told me, That he only wanted to Whet, when the very sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Lov. The fellow will have his swing, tho he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the name of *Mockmode*; call himself *Mockmode* upon all occasions; and tell him that he shall find me here about Four in the afternoon,—Ask no questions, but fly.—[Exit Brush.]
So.—His usurping that name gives him a Title to Court *Lucinda*, by which I shall discover her inclinations to this *Mockmode*, whose coming to Town has certainly occasion'd her quarrel with me; while I set the Hound himself upon a wrong scent, and ten to one provide for Mistress *Trudge* by the bargain. 'Tis said, one can't be a Friend and a Lover.

*But opposite to that, this Plot shall prove;
I'll serve my Friend by what assists my Love.*

[Exit.]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE [I], *Lucinda's House.*

Enter Leanthe Sola, dress'd like a Page.

MEthinks this Livery suits ill my Birth: but slave to Love, I must not disobey; his service is the hardest Vassalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godships down, to be more Gods, more happy here below. Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, disguis'd my self so much, I hardly know whether this Habit or my Love be blindest; to follow one, perhaps, that loves me not, tho every breath of his soft words was Passion, and every accent Love. Oh *Roebuck*! [Weeps.]

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-boy, that must light me the way.—How now, pretty Boy? has your Lady beaten you? ha?—This Lady must be a *Venus*, for she has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous

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pretty Boy,——[*Leante starts, and stares at him.*] but a very Comical Boy.——What the Devil does he stare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'n's! is the Object real, or are my eyes false? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leante*? I am afraid he's not the same; and too sure I'm not my self —— [Weeps.]

Roeb. What offence cou'd such pretty Innocence commit, to deserve a punishment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed!

Roeb. Such little Boys as you, shou'd have a care of sharp 's.ings.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me so deep that the sore went to my very heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy!——here's a plaister for your sore Finger——

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger. [Gives him Gold.]

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold.——Come, come, you shall take it. [Returns it.]

Lean. That's the fitter cure for my sore Finger.——The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [Forces it upon him, and kisses him.] [Aside.]

Roeb. By Heavens this Boy has the softest pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne're found before that Ladys kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I must kiss him again.——Come, you shall take the Money. [Kisses.]

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery;——But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and they say no man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh!——I gad the Boy has pos'd me.——How many, Child?——Why, let me see.——There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Susan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and so forth; to the number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, desperately.——I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em. I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all. That's for your Encouragement, Boy. I learn betimes, Youth; young Plants shou'd be water'd. Your Smock face was made for a Chamber Utensil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did,——the Devil take her.

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Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous grudge still; something between Love and spight.—I cou'd kill her with kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my years, you'll understand better things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect state of manhood?

Roeb. Pshaw, Children and old men always talk thus foolishly.— You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no service in the World so educating to a Boy, as a Ladies.—By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagin. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Ladies Shoes and Stockins? Do you never reach her the—Pincushion? Do you never sit on her bed-side, and sing to her? ha!—Come, tell me, that's my good Boy.—

[Makes much of him.]

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I constantly wake my self; my rest's always disturbed by Visions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagin now that this young shaver cou'd dream of a Woman so soon?—But what Songs does your Lady delight in most?

Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you of 'em, if you'll stay.

Roeb. With all my heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. Richardson.

How bless'd are Lovers in disguise!

Like Gods, they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by human Eyes.

Expos'd to view,

I'm hid from you ;

I'm alter'd, yet the same :

The dark conceals me,

Love reveals me ;

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

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2.

*Were you not false, you me wou'd know ;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not devise,
Your heart had told you so.
Your heart wou'd beat
With eager heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find ;
True Love might see
One chang'd like me,
False Love is only blind.*

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in voice and shape— [*Kisses her.*] I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake. [*Aside.*]

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd——

Lean. What wou'd you? Marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child? No, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my hand, but all my Body at once.—But to our business. Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What bus'ness have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell*?

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World——but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister!—Ha! that gives me a twinge for my Sin.—Pray, Mr. Page, was *Leante* well when you left her?

Lean. No, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh that was the person mention'd in her Letter, whose departure occasion'd your departure for *England*.

Lean. That was the occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir.—Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I still find there was not a word of me.—Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your business is from Mr. *Lovewell*, I suppose, Sir?

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go.

[*Exit.*]

Roeb. I've thrown my cast, and am fairly in for't. But an't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Vertue, of Good Fortune and Quality; I am a Rakehelly Rascal not worth a Groat; and without any further Ceremony, am going to Debauch her.—But

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hold.—She does not know that I'm this Rakehelly Rascal, and I know that she's a Woman, one of eighteen too; Beautiful, Witty.—O' my Conscience upon second thoughts, I am not so very Impudent neither.—Now as to my management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any business with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. *[Aside.*

Luc. Have you any bus'ness with me, Sir? *[Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the bus'ness of mankind; To adore you.—My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every pulse of my heart animates me with a fresh Passion.—Wonder not, Madam, at the power of your Eyes, whose painted Darts have struck on a young and tender heart which they easily pierced, and which unacustom'd to such wounds finds the smart more painful.

[Lean. peeps] Oh Traytor! Just such words he spoke to me.

Luc. Hey day. I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In love with me, Sir! Did you ever see me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove*.—*[Aside.]*—Oh, ten thousand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my view, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting or standing; alone, or in Company, my fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every thought is you.—Now have I told about fifteen lies in a Breath. *[Aside.*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribler, who has got the benefits of a first Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths so course, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinsters the Muses? Does the parting of my Fore-top shew so thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd tops of *Parnassus*? Do you see anything peculiarly Whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my head were distorted by a Stranguary of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, slovenly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my hands look like Paper moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence.—

[Offers to kiss her hand.

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir.

[Hits him on the ear, and Exit.

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Leante Entring.

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one. [*Spitting.*]——It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth.—What: Gone?

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate something.—If ever I make Love like a Poetical fool again, may I never receive any favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me.—Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read.

[*Catches her and kisses her three or four times.*

Lean. Oh Heav'n I can never bear it. I must devise some means to part 'em. [*Exit.*

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*]—Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both parties should draw out of the Field.

[*Going.*

Roeb. Not 'till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with Sword in hand, Madam, and till you return my heart, which you have taken, or your own in exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again.——

[*Catches her.*

Enter Leante.

Lean. Oh, Madam! yonder's poor little Crab, your Lap-Dog, has got his head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd.

[*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor Crabby! I must run to the rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.—Come, come, Page.——Poor Crabby!——

[*Exit with Leante.*

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak Crabby!—Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than in the Tongue.—Had Buss been the first word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Outworks by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho Both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

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Re-enter Leanthé.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What has Monsieur Crabby rubb'd some of the hairs off his Neck? Has he disorder'd his pretty ears? she won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you must excuse her.

Roeb. Then I'll go be Drunk.—Harkye, Sirrah; I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the Sun; you shall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of Venus, Child. 'Tis time you had lost your Maiden-head, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay than go there. [*Aside.*]
But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if y're for Advice, farewell:

*Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always despise
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.* [Exit singing.]

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.—Yet I may reclaim him. His follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Vertue look in him, whose behaviour can add a Grace to the unseemliness of Vice! [*Enter Lucinda.*]

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill with a violent pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of those conceited fools that think no Female can resist their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagin all Wit to consist in blaspheming Heav'n and Women.—I'll feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

*And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sexes Virtue, or dare prompt our hate.* [Exit.]

SCENE [II], Lyrick's Chamber in Widow Bullfinch's house; Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written.—— [Rising.]
I gad I shall maull these topping fellows. Says Mr. Lee,

*Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry spark,
But God's meet Gods, and jussle in the Dark.*

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Says little Lyrick,

*Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's buff.*

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and so——fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh, here comes my damn'd Muse; I'm always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two years in my house, promised me Eighteen-pence a week for your Lodging, and I have ne're receiv'd eighteen farthings, not the value of that, Mr. *Lyrick* [*Snaps with her fingers*] you always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play.—Sir, you shall play no more with me, I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging—a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho perhaps he have less of one ready Coin than t'other.—There's more trouble in a Play than you imagin, Madam.

Bull. There's more trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First there's the decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe, for you keep the worst hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the exactness of Characters.——

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.——

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, Opening the Catastrophe.——

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture——I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he.—Faith Madam, poor Pegasus is Jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he shan't slip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookseller is to bring me some twenty Guinea's for a few Sheets of mine presently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*! Pray what d'ye mean? I'll assure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muses spinning.——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have spun me so fine, that you have almost crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-shanks.

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Bull. Why sure—Where was your Thalia, and your Melpomene; when the Tayler wou'd have stripp'd you of your Silk Waistcoat, and have clapt you on a Stone-doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verse have paid the Serjeants Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ransom me, but bought me as a slave; So, Madam, I'll purchase my freedom as soon as possible. Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your course, Sir.—There were a couple of Gentlemen just now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they shan't be put off with the old story of your being abroad, I'll promise you that, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Lyr. Zoons! if this Bookseller does not bring me Money——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh, Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir, and there are some things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick*: but I don't think 'em for my purpose.—Poetry's a meer Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that because I take Physick when I write?
Damn this costive fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aside.*]

Pam. No, Sir; but your name does not recommend 'em. One must write himself into a Consumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to lye abed when his Name's up. Now I lye abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why, so, Sir?

Lyr. Because I have scarcely any Cloaths to put on.—If ever man did Penance in a White Sheet——

Pam. You stand only sometimes in a White Sheet for your offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muse cou'd take such flights, yoak'd to such a Cartload as she is.

Lyr. Oh, they are like the Irish Horses, they draw best by the Tail—Have you ever seen any of my Burlesque, Mr. *Pamphlet*? I have a Project of turning three or four of our most topping fellows into Doggrel. As for Example;—— [*Reads.*]

*Conquest with Lawrels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in tears of Blood our anger mourn'd.
Now, Butchers with Rosemary have our Beef adorn'd.
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.*

How d'ye like it, Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?—Well——

*Like Gods, we pass'd the rugged Alpine Hills;
Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels,
Thro cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills.*

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Now observe, Mr. Pamphlet; pray observe.

*Like Razors keen, our Knives cut passage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.*

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. *Hurl'd dreadful Fire and Vinegar infus'd.*

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. Lyrick! 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the most ingenious fellow of his Trade that I have seen; he understands a good thing—[*Aside.*]—But as to our bus'ness.—What are you willing to give for these Poems? Prithce say something. There are about three thousand lines.—Here, take 'em for a couple of Guinea's.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is so excessive dear that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, because you're a Friend, I'll bestow 'em upon you.—Here, take 'em all.—There's the hopes of a Dedication still. [*Aside.*]

Pam. I give you a thousand thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the hazard; they'll ne're quit cost indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This fellow is one of the greatest Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation.—How shall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below desire to have the Honour of kissing your hand.

Lyr. They must be Knaves or Fools, By their fulsome Complement. Hark ye—[*Whispers the Boy.*]—Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. Pamphlet, by no means! we must drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toast. These are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately published; they'll be good Customers.—Come, sit down.—You have not seen my Play yet?—Here, take the Pen, and if you see any thing amiss, correct it; I'll go bring 'em up—Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I shall take cold going down Stairs.

[He takes Pamphlet's Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on Pamphlet's Head.]

Pam. [*Solus*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the outside, and the Lining Fustian.—[*Reading.*]—This is all stuff, worse than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the shoulder.

1 Bail. Sir, you're the King's Prisoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. Lyrick. But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the best Scene.—I gad the Drama is very well laid.

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2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now good Mr. *Lyrick* don't disturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[Takes him under each arm, and hauls him up.]

Pam. Gentlemen—I beg your pardon. How d'ye like the City Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any man about *Pauls*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1 *Bail.* These Wits are damnable Cunning. I always have double Fees for Arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person; I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me? I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ay, Sir, we know what you are by your Fools Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believed him.

[Hauls him.]

Pam. Why, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no; Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue him. Ah these Wits are Devilish Cunning. *[Exit hauling Pamphlet.]*

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, and Club; Lyrick dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha. Very Poetical Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*; a Bookseller bound in Calves-Leather.—Ha, ha, ha.—How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a shelf.

Mock. What was it, what was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a States-man, Sir.——I can't but laugh, to think how they'll sponge the sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray what was the matter, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a Shurking Bookseller that ow'd me about Forty Guinea's for a few lines. He wou'd have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-Dogs, and Arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lord, Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing

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indeed!—Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing-Master; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game at Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the set. [*Aside.*
But my short acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw! Acquaintance?—You must be a man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use wou'd you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.—Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's prejudice will be thought malice. Then you must have a Devilish deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.—

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'ns! sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout fellow; it makes me Valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write as little as Divines to what they preach.—Besides, Sir, there are other qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guinea's.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good security.—'Twas the last word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I shou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe, that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret— [*They whisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joynt—I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some marks of his Friendship, some sound drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too, in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd see this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this house, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon. That's very Comical.—Ha, ha, ha! you shall see, Sir; come.—Pray Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray; [*They Complement for the door.*] Indeed, Sir, I beg your Pardon; you're a 'Squire, Sir.

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Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an affront from no man.—Draw, Sir. [Draws.]

Club. Draw, Sir.—I gad I'll put his Nose out of joynt now.

Lyr. Unequal numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Master's Friend, his Second, or so, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble 'Squire?

Mock. You lie again, Sir. Zauns, draw.— [Strikes him with his sword.]

Lyr. Ha!——a blow!——Essex, a blow——yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [Strikes him.]

Lyr. Oh patience Heaven!——Thou art my Friend still.

Mock. You lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monster.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah,—That stings home.—Scribler!

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then——

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. [Draws.]

Enter Roebuck drunk, and singing.

France ne're will comply
Till her Claret run dry;
Then let's pull away, to defeat her :
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuses this Glass,
And deserves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Mirmydons fall on; I have taken off the odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [Sings.]

Zoons Gentlemen, why don't ye fight?—Blood fight. Oblige me so far to fight a little; I long to see a little sport.

Lyr. Sir, I scorn to shew sport to any man. [Puts up.]

Mock. And so do I, by the Universe.

Club. And I, by the Universe.

Lyr. I shall take another time. [Exit.]

Roeb. Here Rascal, take your Chopping-knife,——[Gives Club his Sword] and bring me a Joynt of that Coward's flesh for your Master's Supper.—Fly, Dog.—— [Takes him by the Nose.]

Club. Auh!—This fellow's likeliest to put my Nose out of joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durst be a Coward?

Mock. Coward, Sir? I'm a man of a great Estate, Sir; I have five thousand Acres of as good fighting ground as any in England, good *Terrafirma*,

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Sir, Coward, Sir! Have a care what you say, Sir.—My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir, and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh then I know your Genealogy; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were suckl'd by Platonick Idea's, and you have some of your Mothers Milk in your Nose yet.

Mock. Form the Proposition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you so.—Blow your Nose Child, and have a care of dirting your Philosophical slabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band Sir?—This fellow's blind, Drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir!

Roeb. Then set a good face upon the matter. Throw off Childishness and Folly with your hanging-sleeves. Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe; I'll take notice of him, and inform against him for being Drunk.—Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My name? by the Lord I have forgot.—Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your memory must be very short, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but Christen'd this morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then Turk or Jew before?—
I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog.—

[*Aside.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been Turk, or Jew rather, since; for I have got a plaguy heathenish Name.—Pox on't.—Oh! now I have it.—*Mo—*

Mock—mo—Mockmode.

Mock. *Mockmode!* *Mockmode*, Sir, Pray how do you spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from the University.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode*.—What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*.

Roeb. Then I'm of the same, I believe.—I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations. Sir! There are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead, and his Brother's, Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode*.

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same Colonel *Peaceable*.—Is not he Colonel of Militia?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County last year?

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Mock. The very same, Sir.

Roeb. The very same; I'm of that Family.—And your Father dy'd about——let me see——

Mock. About half a year ago.

Roeb. Exactly. By the same token you got drunk at a Hunting-match that very day seven-night he was buri'd.

Mock. This fellow's a Witch.—But it looks very strange that you shou'd be Christen'd this morning. I'm sure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of age to answer for my self.

Mock. One wou'd not think so, y're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty years since I was Christen'd, and I can remember my name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glass of Wine, and that will clear our understanding. We'll remember our friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir.—This is some Sharper. [*Aside.*

Roeb. Nay, prithee Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glass. I know you are an honest fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're so short of memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your self, Sir. *Mockmode* is a Heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your pardon, Sir.— [*Exit.*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little enquiry into that fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master? You said I shou'd find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body, to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Brush. Because he has lost himself. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him I believe. He's here now; then Presto, pass in an instant. He has got some damn'd bus'ness to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems.—I must be Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Mistress in the Devil's name! Well, let my sober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding fast the present.—I have got about twenty Guinea's in my Pocket; and whilst they last, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity. I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She is an honest, giddy, reeling Punk ;

My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and so we both are drunk.

[*Exit reeling.*

The End of the Third ACT.

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ACT IV.

SCENE [I], Lucinda's House.

Enter Leanne, and Pindress following with Paper of Sweetmeats in her hand.

Pind. **H**ere, here, Page; your Lady has sent you some Sweetmeats; but indeed you shan't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She sent sower Sauce, when she made you the Bearer. [*Aside.*

Pind. Prithee now what makes you constantly so melancholy? Come you must be merry, and shall be merry, I'll get you some Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I.—But I wou'd be private, *Pindress.*

Pindress. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you; Boys and Girls shou'd still be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we please; for my Mistress is reading in her Closet, and all the servants are below.—But what Concerns have you? I'm sure such a little Boy can have no great bus'ness in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once [*Aside*].—Yes, Mrs. *Pindress*, I have great inclination,——

Pin. To what? To do what, Sir?—Don't name it:—'Tis all in vain.—you shan't do it, you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiss you.— [*Kisses her.*

Pin. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your kisses. Take it back again [*Kisses him.*] Is it not the taste of the Sweet-meats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps; you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pin. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won from me last night at Cross-purposes;—and you shan't think to keep my Pawn neither.—Pray give me my Hungary-bottle.—As I hope to be sav'd I will have my Hungary-bottle—[*Rummaging him.*]—I'm stronger than you.—I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the bed, and take it from you.—

[*Takes him up in her Arms.*

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter?—Oh bless me!

Pin. Oh dear Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd me. Did not your Ladship hear me cry I shou'd be ravish'd? I was so weak, I

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cou'd not resist the little strong Rogue; he whipt me up in his arms, like a Baby, and had not your Ladiship come in——

Luc. What, Sirrah, wou'd you debauch my Maid? you little Cock-Sparrow, must you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you Sirrah.

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room and I will so chastise him.——

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindress*? I'll send one of the Men to help you.

Pind. No, no Madam; I cou'd manage him with one hand.——
See here, Madam. [*Takes him in her arms, and is running away.*]

Luc. Hold, hold—Is this you that the little strong Rogue had almost Ravish'd? He snatch'd you up in his arms like a Baby.——Ah *Pindress*, *Pindress*! I see y'are very weak indeed.—Are not you asham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pin. Your Ladyship gave me orders to make him merry, and divert his melancholy, and I know no better way than to teize him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little shaking, Madam, wou'd do him some good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with impertinence, and have other bus'ness to mind.

[*Aside. Ext.*]

Pin. I hope your Ladyship entertains no ill opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: but I've so good an opinion of your sense, as to believe you wou'd not play the fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all subject to playing the fool, if you continue your resolution in marrying of the first man that asks you the Question.

Luc. No, my mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare swear that resolution breaks sooner, than the former.
[*Aside.*] Ah Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you must never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuously, Madam; If Mr. *Lovewell* shou'd with an amorous whine and suppliant cringe tell you a formal story, contrary to what we suspect, wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain assertions, before the demonstration of my senses? No, no; my Love's not so blind. Did I not see his Miss and his Child? did I not behold him giving her Money? did I not hear him declare he wou'd settle her in a Lodging?

Pind. But, Madam, upon serious reflection, where's the great harm in all this? Most Ladies wou'd be over joy'd at such a discovery of their Lover's ability. The Child seem'd a lusty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, Madam, it must be a lusty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains that I hate most, an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet

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of modest, and the Gentlemen that of sober *Lovewell*. Now methinks such a piece of Debauchery sits so awkwardly on a person of his Character, that it adds an unseemliness to the natural vileness of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.—Stay, is not that he? [Pointing outwards.]

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he's going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither Masqu'd. This day's adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may counter-mine by only setting a Face upon the matter. [Puts her Masque on.]

*For as Hypocrisie in men can move,
Here's the best Hypocrite in Female Love.
On even scores designing Heaven took care;
Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear.*

[Exit.]

SCENE [II], *the Park.*

Enter Lovewell and Lyrick meeting. Lyrick reading.

*I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,
And in strong grinding Satyr Gibbet up thy Name.*

Lov. What, in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. A little Poetical fury, that's all.—I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he shall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or Little *John*; my Muses shall haunt him like Demons; they shall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixote*.

Lov. Because he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate.—Ha, ha, ha.—Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you must be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him: But an abuse from a Blockhead! I can never suffer it.

*Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School
Just sense enough to make a noted Fool.*

That stings, Mr. *Lovewell*.

Lov. Pray, Sir, let me see it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you please to give your Judgment of this Piece.— [Gives him a Paper.]

'Tis a Piece of Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Lov. Ay, you Poets mount first on the Shoulders of your Predecessors, to see farther in making discoveries; and having once got the upper-

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hand, you spurn them under-foot. I think you shou'd bear a Veneration to their very Ashes.

Lyr. Ay, if most of their Writings had been burnt. I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illustrate their greatest Errors.

Lov. Well, you saw the new Tragedy last night; how did it please ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Lov. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to see the Ladies cry. To see so many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero, who would but laugh if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd? On my Conscience, these Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the same white Handkerchief that blows their Noses, must be a Winding-Sheet to the deceased Hero.

Lov. Then there's something in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*, Ha, ha, ha.—But what relish have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No satisfactory one—My curiosity is fore-stall'd by a fore-knowledge of what shall happen. For as the Hero in Tragedy is either a whining cringing Fool that's always a stabbing himself, or a ranting hectoring Bully that's for killing every-body else: so the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Lov. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and speculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and Shams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Catastrophe of all Tragedies is Death, so the end of Comedies is Marriage.

Lov. And some think that the most Tragical conclusion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience than that upon the Stage.—I have often wonder'd why Men shou'd be fond of seeing Fools ill represented, when at the same time and place they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in the Boxes.—

Lov. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Interest. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your first Parent, the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us sometimes to be a little Atheistical; and 'tis so indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worst habit, that of Satyr. Besides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Esteem, than Raillery, because 'tis still founded upon Jealousie; occasion'd by their preferring senseless Fops and Wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Lov. Now I think these Favourites of the Ladies are more Witty than you.

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Lyr. How so, pray, Sir?

Lov. Because they play the Fool, conscious that it will please, and you're a Wit, when sensible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrrick*, that a man of your sense should turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Imployment will undertake it.

Lyr. The reason of that is, every one that knows not a tittle of the matter pretends to be a judge of it.—By the Lard, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Criticks next to Plague, Pestilence and Famine in my Litany.—Had you seen 'em last night in the Pit, with such demure supercilious Faces—their contemplative Wigs thrust judiciously backwards; their hands rubbing their Temples to chaff ill nature; and with a hissing venomous Tongue pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intollerable! Damn him! —Lord have mercy upon us.

Lov. Ay, and you shall have others as foolish as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who shall laugh outrageously at every smutty Jest; cry, Very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Dystich of Rhime happens, they clap so damnably loud, that they drown the Jest.

Lyr. That's the Jest. The Wit lies in their hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you must gather it from the Palmistry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill said, but what's ill taken; so nothing's well said, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry without these laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty sounding bus'ness, good for nothing; and all we Professors might go hang our selves in the Bell-ropes.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha.—But I thought Poetry was instructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true; To Ladies it is morally beneficial; For you must know they are too nice to read Sermons; such Instructions are too gross for their refin'd apprehensions: but any Precepts that may be instill'd by easie Numbers, such as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a fellow in Church preach methodical Nonsense, with a *Firstly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with some of our modern Plays in their Closet, where the Morallity must be Devilish Instructive.—But I must be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What in the name of wonder has he got with him?

Lov. That which shall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you joyn with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you must be seemingly reconcil'd to him.—Let's step aside, and observe 'em while I give you a hint of the matter.

[*Exeunt between the Scenes, and seem to confer and hearken.*]

Enter Mockmode, leading Trudge dress'd like a Widow.

Mock. This is very fine Weather, blessed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Grass and Corn.

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Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland*.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no, not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (*Rest his Soul*) say so; he was an *Irish Gentleman*.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his tone in discourse.—Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. Oh Lard, what shall I say now? 'tis none of mine. [*Aside.* It cost, Sir; let me see—it cost about—but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small things.

Mock. By the Universe she must be plaguy Rich; I will be brisk. [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam—I—I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good voice, before Mr. *Roebuck* spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck*? was that your first Husband's Name, Madam? [*Lov. behind.*] She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor, that let me blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I will be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a small favour, and I will bend upon my knees to receive it.— [*Kneels.*

Trud. What is't, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell Enters.

Lov. Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all.—By your leave, Sir, have you any pretensions to this Lady? [*Pushes Mockmode down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an affront or not.— [*Aside.*]—Pretensions, Sir? I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any man that has pretensions to her.—Dem me, Sir, may I crave the honour of your Acquaintance?

Lov. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that must be Wit, for it can't be good Manners. —Sir, I respect all men of sense, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Lov. No matter, Sir; I know your Name's *Mockmode*.

Mock. By the Universe, that's very Comical! that a fellow shou'd pretend to tell me my own Name!—Another Question, if you please, Sir.

Lov. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Christen'd Name?

Lov. Sir, you don't know.

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Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you perswade me out of my Christen'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Universe.—[*Pulls a handful of Money out.*] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be bantered, Sir.

Lov. Sir, you must know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only sign of Christianity you can boast of.—And now Sir, my name's *Lovewell*.

Mock. Then I say, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only sign of a *Turk* you can brag of.—I wish *Club* were come. [*Aside.*]

Lov. Sir, I shall certainly Circumcise you, if you make any farther pretensions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumcise me! Circumcise a Puddings end, Sir.—Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady who merits Circumcision most, you or I, Sir. These *London-Blades* are all stark mad;—[*Lucinda enters, and observes Love. courting Trudge in dum signs.*] I met one about two hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this fellow wou'd perswade me now that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only man that speaks plain to me. I must be Friends with him, because I find I may have occasion for such a Friend; I'll find him out strait. [*Exit.*]

Lov. Madam, will you walk.——

[*Exit with Trudge.*]

Lucinda and Pindress come forward.

Luc. Now my doubts are remov'd.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There must be something in this, more than we imagine. You had best talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poyson in it, and that I could spit Death in his face.

Pin. If he is lost, your hard usage this morning has occasion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the loss, I despise him more now than e're I lov'd him. That Passion which can stoop so low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my scorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical minute for your new Lover the 'Squire I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell's* disgrace wou'd bring him into favour presently.

Lov. It certainly shall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's false.

Pin. You may be mistaken in your opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell*.

Luc. No, *Pindress*, I shall find what I read in the last *Miscellanies* very true.

*But two distinctions their whole Sex does part ;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.*

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SCENE [III] *continues [the same].*

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck following.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! what a Coney-burrough's here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the Change is of Knavery.—The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here.—*I* begin to think Whoring Scandalous, 'tis grown so Mechanical.—My modesty will do me no good, I fear.—Madam, are you a Whore? *[Catches a Masque.*

1 Mas. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and pithy.—If ever Woman spoke truth, I believe thou hast.

[Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.

Have you any bus'ness with me, Madam?

2 Mas. Pray, Sir be civil; you're mistaken, Sir.—I have had an Eye upon this fellow all this afternoon. *[Aside.]* You're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2 Mas. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your sorrow, I warrant you!

2 Mas. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow.—Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the broadness of your bottom, I shou'd guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2 Mas. My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons! A Judge! I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long.—'Tis very hard, Madam, he shou'd not do you Justice: Has not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2 Mas. I seldom examine his Papers; They are a parcel of old dry shrivel'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph!—Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I'm a Judge too.

2 Mas. Oh Heav'ns forbid! such a young Man?

Roeb. That's, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.—Pray, Madam, how does that Watch strike?

2 Mas. It never strikes, it only points to the business, as you must do, without telling Tales. Dare you meet me two hours hence?

Roeb. Ay, Madam, but I shall never hit the time exactly without a Watch.

2 Mas. Well, take it.—At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle Temple*. Cook upon Littleton be the word. *[Exit.*

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Roeb. So——If the Law be all such Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students. From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. What! engag'd? Mirmidon! I find you'll never quit the Battle till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh dear friend! thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almost tir'd.

Lov. What a miserable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every Wise Man hates.

Roeb. What, morallizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard.

Lov. Pshaw!

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, see my Note of admission.

[Shews the Watch.]

Lov. A Gold Watch, boy?

Roeb. Ay, a Gold Watch, boy.

Lov. Whence had you money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon tick, and I design to pay honestly.

Lov. I don't like this running o'th' Score.—But what News from *Lucinda*, boy? Is she kind? ha?

Enter a Masque crossing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a stately Cruiser; I must give her one chase.—I'll tell you when I return.

[Exit running.]

Lov. I find he has been at a loss there, which occasions this eagerness for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my suspicion; I believe her Vertue so sacred that 'tis a piece of Atheism to distrust its Existence. But jealousy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is still raising doubts which without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Lov. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a small Note for him, Sir.

Lov. Let me see't.

Por. Ay, Sir, if your name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Lov. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bless you, master.

[Gives him a Letter, and Exit.]

Lov. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the end on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some secret, and therefore shall be known.

[Opens the Letter.]

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

SIR,

Tuesday three a Clock.

M^{*T*} *behaviour towards you this morning was somewhat Strange ; but I shall tell you the cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this night in our Garden ; the Back-door shall be open.*

Yours *Lucinda.*

Oh Heavens! certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that spells Woman. 'Twas never written so plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a false one. Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiss of the hand, and this fellow in an hour or two has obtain'd *the back door open*. Mr. *Roebuck*, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em.—But how shall I shake him off? —Oh, I have it; I'll seek him instantly. [Exit.

Enter Roebuck meeting the Porter.

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah, I am the Man.

Por. I an't positive I gave it to the right person; but I'm ver' sure I did; for he answer'd the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy ^{is} coat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, Noble Sir.

[Exit.

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! the back-door open!—Oh the delicious place and hour! soft panting breasts! trembling Joynts! melting Sighs! and eager Embraces!—Oh Extasie!—But how to shake off *Lovewell*? This is his nicely Vertuous! Ha, ha, ha.—This is his innate Principle of Vertue? Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. How now why so merry?

Roeb. Merry! why, 'twou'd make a Dog split, Man; Ha, ha, ha.—The Watch Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. What of the Watch? you laugh by the hour; you'll be run down by and by sure.

Roeb. Ay, but I shall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer.—Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I shou'd laugh, to see how gravely his Goose-Caps fits upon a pair of Horns. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave impertinence. I receiv'd a Note just now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! what d'ye mean? who brought it?

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Lov. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, thanks to the Stars; I'm glad on't. [Aside.]

Lov. And you may be signally serviceable to me in this affair. I can give you no greater testimony of my Affection, than by making so free with you.

Roeb. What needs all this formality? I'll be thy second, without all this impertinence.

Lov. There's more than that, Friend. In the first place, I don't understand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and such a business might prejudice me extreamly. So, Sir, you must meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I shan't stick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, so I may do it fairly, or so.—The hour and place?

Lov. This very Evening, in *Modrfields*.

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your self the while?

Lov. I'll follow you at a distance, lest you have any foul play.

Roeb. Which if you do—No, faith *Ned*, since I'm to answer an appointment for you, you must make good an assignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the Temple to night. You may be called to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the hour and shall be your Pass-port. Let me have yours.—

da,

L. Oh, was that the Jest? Ha, ha, ha. Well, I will answer an Assignation for you sure enough. Ha, ha, ha.—How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut! [Changes Watches. [Aside.]

Roeb. How eagerly now does my moral Friend run to the Devil, having hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have shabb'd him off purely.—But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel?

[Viewing one tied to the Watch.]

Lov. Pshaw! a Trifle, a Trifle; from a Mistress.—Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't push too home; have a care of whipping through the Guts.

Roeb. Gad I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But d'ye hear, *Ned*, remember you sent me on this Errant, and are therefore answerable for all mischief; if I do whip my Adversary through the Lungs, or so, remember you set me upon't.

Lov. Well, honest *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesie.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my self by serving my Friend.—I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. [Aside.]

Lov. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easie before.— [Aside.] Well, good success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

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Lov. That you're an Ass.

[*Exeunt severally, laughing.*]

Re-Enter Lovewell crossing the Stage hastily, Mockmode and Lyrick following him.

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a word w'ye.

Lov. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses, to ingratiate my self wholly throughly. Let me have that piece I lent just now.

Lov. Ay, ay, with all my heart.—Here,—Farewell.

[*Pulls the Poem hastily, and justles out a Letter with it, which Mockmode takes up.*]

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, (which according to the way of us Poets) I say was written at fifteen; but between you and I it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!—When is a Poet at Age, pray Sir?

Lyr. At the third night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at years of discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who with their good will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's hand; some Billet-deux, I suppose; it justl'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light, and read it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV] *a dark Arbor in Lucinda's Garden.*

Enter Roebuck Solus.

Roeb. Oh how I reverence a back-dore half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lovers Paradise; Cupid stood Centry at the entrance; *Love* was the Word, and he let me pass—Now is my friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, Ten to one he's Nonsuted; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long sword; and I know his fighting humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by an Enemy, as by a Mistress.

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Roeb. Hark, hark! I hear a Voice; it must be she.—*Lucinda!*

Lov. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Lov. Let me embrace thee, my heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms.— [*Run into each others Arms. Finding the*

Lov. 'Slife! a Man! *mistake, starts back.*

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil!—And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand
shou'd conjure thee down—— [*Draws.*

Lov. We should find whose Charms is strongest. [*Draws.*

[*They push by one another; Roebuck passes out at the opposite door:
and as Lovewell is passing out on the other side of the Stage,*

Enter Leanthe with a Night-Gown over her Cloaths.

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck*? Sir? Mr. *Roebuck*?

Lov. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear.—Madam?—

Lean. Sir.

Lov. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've staid a little too long; but making
an Apology now were only lengthening the offence. Let's into the Arbor,
and make up for the moments mispent.

Lean. Hold, Sir. Do you love this *Lucinda* you're so fond of hauling
into the Arbor?

Lov. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false *Roebuck*!—[*Aside.*]—I am lost.

Lov. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden
door to so late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Lov. And did you never own an affection to another?

Lean. No, witness all those Powers you just now mention'd.

Lov. Revenge your selves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuser
and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*.—This darkness,
which opportunely hides your blushes, makes your shame more Monstrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell*! I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be mistaken.
—Now Female Policy assist me.

Lov. Yes, Madam, your silence proclaims you Guilty—Farewell
Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. What am I made your scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.—This happens better than I expected.—Ha, ha,
ha.—Mr. *Lovewell*!

Lov. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's sprung already and
all your deceit discovered.

Lean. Indeed you're a fine fellow at discovering deceits, I must confess,
that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

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Lov. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir, the Mine's sprung already.—Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at discovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Lov. This discovery is the greatest Riddle!—Prithee, Child, what makes thee disguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck*?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.—Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Assignment, and sent me in her stead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the snare, and how jealous you were.—Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the matter?—[*Hugs her.*] O' my Conscience thou'rt so soft, I believe thou art a Woman still.—But who was that Man I encountred just now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck*.—[*Aside.*] Some of the Footmen, I suppose.—Come, Sir. I must Conduct you out immediately, lest some more of 'em meet you. [*Conducts him to the door, and returns.* He certainly was here, and I have miss'd him.

Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink those already blind.
Wary deceit can many by-ways tread,
To shun the blocks in Vertues open Road,
Whilst heedless Innocence still falls on Ruin.
Yet, whilst by Love inspir'd, I will pursue;
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his falshood shall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true passion prove,
For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love. }

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE [I] *An Antichamber in Lucinda's House.*

The Flat Scene half open, discovers a Bed-Chamber; Lucinda in her Night-Gown, and reading by a Table.

Enter Roebuck groping his way.

Roeb. **O**N what new happy Climate am I thrown?
This house is Loves Labyrinth; I have stumbled into it by chance.—Ha! an Illusion! Let me look again.—Eyes, if you play

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me false, [*Looking about*] I'll pluck ye out.—'Tis she; 'tis *Lucinda*! alone, undress'd, in a Bed-Chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock.—A blessed opportunity!—Now if her innate Principle of Vertue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence.—Hold, she comes forward.— [*Lucinda approaches, reading.*]

Luc. Unjust Prerogative of faithless Man,
Abusing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour stood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cause;
But now lie prostitute to scorn and sport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind must bear a second Fall.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ay, and a third^o too, or I'm mistaken.—I must divert this plaguy Romantick humour.

Luc. While Vertue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for [*Raising his Voice.*]

*Beau with earliest Cherries Miss does grace,
And Soldier offers spoils of Flanders Lace.*

Luc. Ha!—Protect me Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the reception of a Note from her. [*Aside.* Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Destiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be [*Taking her by the hand.*]

Luc. [*Pulling her hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cause you withdraw; If a Ruffian, my Footmen shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles: and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the name of Love and Honour are burlesqu'd by thy Professing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit shew thee a Gentleman; but thy behaviour is Brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Peticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; [*aside.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddess; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of mankind; but thine is the

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Corrupter and Debaser of it. The Passion of you Libertines is like your Drunkenness; heat of Lust, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the same——is my Receipt——Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to rest that will disturb our Pleasure, whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about.—'Twere Jilting of Fortune to be now idle, and she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second opportunity.——I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an opinion of my Vertue?——If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose modesty dare not doubt my Vertue; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my feet shou'd not extort an immodest thought from me.

Roeb. Your thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam.——You shall be as Vertuous to morrow morning as e're a Nun in *Europe*, the opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Vertue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superiour Vertue awes me into coldness. 'Slife! it can't be Twelve sure.—Night's a Lyar. *[Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall Conduct you hence.—! my Eyes are dazzled sure,

[Passing by him towards the door, she perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.

Pray, Sir let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens she has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Vertue by so poor a thought.——But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle said he?——Oh Indignation! slighted thus!—I'll put a Jewel out of his power, that he would pawn his Soul to retrieve.——If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a Vertuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-dey! a Wife said she!

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

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Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. *Roebuck*.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Instructions.—*Mockmode*, Madam—*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. *Mockmode* my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it shou'd, I've made the better Exchange.—Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*, Madam. My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the University; I have fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.—'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to day. *[Aside.*

Luc. The very same.—And had you any directions to court a Lady in *London*.

Roeb. Umph!—How shou'd I have found the way hither else, Madam. What the Devil will this come to? *[Aside.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.—Dreams go by contraries.—Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Designs are Honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, till I send for my Chaplain, you must take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm lost for ever. *[Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very sober *Shropshire* Gentleman in good earnest; I don't start at the name of a Parson.—Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.—Oh but there are Children; squawling Children. Ay but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.—Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I shall go to Heaven, for 'tis but reasonable, since all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds should go thither.—But then there's *Leante*! That sticks. I love her, witness, Heaven, I love her to that degree.—Pshaw, I shall whine presently. I love her as well as any Woman; and what can she expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land and a hundred Leagues by Water.—Fortune has decreed it otherwise.—So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the blind lead the blind, no wonder they both fall into—Matrimony. *[Going out, meets Leante.* Oh my dear auspicious little *Mercury*! let me kiss thee.—Go tell thy Charming Mistress I obey her Commands. *[Exit.*

Enter Leante.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I must follow him. *[Going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!—Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be married presently.

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Lean. Married so suddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do?—Oh, Madam, suspend it till the morning, for Heaven's sake. Mr. *Lovewell* is in the House; I met him not half an hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Lovewell* in my house! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray delay it to night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbor, in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly. *[Exit.]*

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won; for I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd on thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings break. Discovering who I am, exposes me to shame. Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pind. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee let you and I throw in our Two-pence a piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.—But stay, let me consider o'th' bus'ness.

Pin. No consideration; the bus'ness must be done hand over head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress*.

[Takes her hand.]

Pin. You expect tho' that I shou'd turn up Trumps?

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. *[Aside.]*—Well, *Pindress*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbor at the West Corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.—Haste.

Pin. Shan't I put on my New Gown first?

Lean. No, no; you shall have a Green Gown for your Wedding in the Arbor.

Pin. A Green Gown?—Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my spouse, fly.

Pin. And will you come? will you be sure to come?—O my little Green Gooseberry, my Teeth waters at ye.—*[Exit.]*

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Lean. Now Chance.—No, thou'rt blind.

*Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right ;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.*

[Exit.]

SCENE [II], Bullfinch's House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush, and Servant.

Lov. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, saist thou? and *Mockmode* with him?

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Lov. I don't understand this.—*Brush*, run to *Lucinda's* Lodgings, and observe what's a doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [Exit *Brush*.] Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mockmode's* man can inform ye.

Lov. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Lov. What is the fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir; but he's asleep, and in bed.—Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Club. Augh—[yawning] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me.—
Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters unti'd, scratching and yawning, as newly awaken'd from Bed.

Club. Pox o' your *London*-breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his sleep that way?

Lov. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh.—'Tis a sad thing to be broken of ones rest this way.

Lov. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master?—Augh— [Stretching and yawning.]

Lov. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master?—Augh—What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first sleep—Augh.—

Lov. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or—where's your Master?

Club. Augh—I had the pleasantest Dream when you call'd me—
Augh—I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse, had broke loose among the Mares—Augh—and so, Sir, you call'd me—
Augh—and so I waken'd.

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Lov. Sirrah, [*strikes him*]—Now your dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir!

Lov. Tell me presently, where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh, Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is—where you are not, Sir.—My Master's in a fine Ladies Arms, and you are—here, I take it.

[*Shrugging.*]

Lov. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his bus'ness, and my Master will do her bus'ness I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* breed which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Lov. Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow—Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! Ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory that you wou'd give your Ears for. I warrant you think my Master's over head and ears in the Irish Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Lov. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were Stepping-stones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you.—Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden to Night.—Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. 'Sdeath, Rascal, What Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem in a hurry in the Park, and justled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's hands, Sir, and discovered your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now Sir, I think you're as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Lov. Curs'd misfortune!—And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth.—Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata—Cata—what d'ye call him, Sir?

Lov. 'Twas he I incounter'd in the Garden.—'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet! I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synelepha of him; I'll—

Club. He, he, he! Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow!—He, he!—

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Lov. Nay then I begin with you.

[*Drubs him.*]

Club. Zauns! Murder! Dem me! Zauns! Murder! Zauns!

[*Runs off, and Lovewell after him.*]

SCENE [III] *changes to the Anti-Chamber in Lucinda's house; a Hat, and Sword on the Table.*

Enter Brush.

Brush. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a Mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—A Sword and Hat!—There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my Ladies Lavender, who knows!—

[*Listens.*]

Enter Lovewell in a hurry.

Lov. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd, trick'd.—

Brush. I believe so too, Sir.—See here.— [Shows the Hat and Sword.]

Lov. By all my hopes, *Roebuck's* Hat and Sword. This is mischief upon mischief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any body, secure 'em; I'll search the House.—I'm ruin'd!—Fly.—*Roebuck?*—what ho?—*Roebuck?*—ho?

Enter Roebuck unbutton'd; runs to Lovewell, and embraces him.

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wish me Joy, wish me Joy, my Friend.

Lov. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the dearest, tenderst, whitest, softest Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and must fly again to her embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Lov. Hold, Sir; I hope you mock me; tho' that it self's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!—By Heav'n's no; she's more than sense can bear, or Tongue express.—Oh *Lucinda*! shou'd Heaven—

Lov. Hold, Sir; no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must confess all.
When her soft, melting, white, and yielding Waste,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our lips were melted down by heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid kisses,
Whilst in soft broken sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Lov. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance.—By Heav'n I swear you shan't marry her.

Roeb. By Heaven I swear so too, for I'm married already.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Lov. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man!—Pshaw! that's Nonsense. A poor fellow can no sooner get married, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently.—You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's sake?

Lov. Did not you engage to meet and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Lov. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Lov. Then this decides the matter.—Draw.

[*Throws Roebuck his Sword, and draws his own.*]

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other bus'ness to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my Bride. [Going.]

Lov. Hold, Sir; move a step, and by Heavens I'll stab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I an't prepar'd to dye; I an't, Devil take me.

Lov. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Lov. Pardon me Heaven's, if press'd by stinging taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul. [Offers to push at him.]

Roeb. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*] 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in hand.—I'll tell thee what, *Ned*; I wou'd not lose this Nights Pleasure for the honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*. Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and faith and troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to morrow morning.

Lov. What, beg a poor Reprieve for Life!—Then thou'rt a Coward.

Roeb. You imagin'd the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for ye in *Moorfields*.

Lov. Will nothing move thy Gall?—Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee: therefore name not that word again, for such a repetition wou'd over-pay all thy favours.

Lov. A cheap, a very cheap way of making acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catch'd, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance Passion; but throw in the least grain more of an affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Lov. [*Pausing.*] No, I've thought better; my Reason clears: She is not worth my Sword; a Bully only shou'd draw in her defence, for she's false, a Prostitute. [Puts up his Sword.]

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Roeb. A Prostitute! By Heaven thou ly'st. [*Draws.*]—Thou hast blasphem'd. Her Vertue answers the uncorrupted state of Woman; so much above Immodesty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I stand Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Lov. Then I have lost what naught on Earth can pay. Curse on all doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy our present happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus mis-believers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell.—And is she Vertuous?—sound the bold charge aloud, which does proclaim me Guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens as Vertuous as thy Sister.

Lov. My Sister;—Ha!—I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her also; nay, my Love to her, rivall'd my Friendship tow'rds—and had my Fate allow'd me time for thought, her dear remembrance might have stopt the Marriage. But since 'tis past, I must own to you, to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her Charming Arms from which I just now parted.

Enter Leathe in Woman's loose Apparel.

Leath. I take you at your word. These are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leathe!*

Lov. My Sister! Heavens! it cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so—For none on Earth could give such Joys but she—Who wou'd have thought my Joys cou'd bear increase? *Lovewell*, my Friend! this is thy Sister! 'tis *Leathe!* my Mistress, my Bride, my Wife.

Leath. I am your Sister, Sir, as such I beg you to pardon the effects of violent passion, which has driven me into some imprudent Actions; But none such as may blot the honour of my Vertue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspense, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leathe!*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this afternoon; and I—

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Lov. Thou art my Sister, and my Guardian-Angel; for thou hast bless'd thy self, and bless'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May!—She shall be thine, my Friend.

Lov. Where is *Lucinda*?

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh Madam, I crave you ten thousand pardons by the Universe, Madam.—Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam.

[*Offers to salute her awkwardly.*

Lov. By your leave, Sir——

[*Thrusts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode*!——How do all our Friends in *Shropshire*?—

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the assistance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is Metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes shall testify. Bring in the Jury there.—Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter Lyrick And Trudge.

Trudge seeing Roebuck, throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck*! And Faith is it you, dear Joy? and where have you been these seven long years?

Mock. Zauns!——

Roeb. Hold off, Stale Iniquity.—Madam, you'll pardon this?—

[*To Leante.*

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that stranger. You promised to marry me, so you did.—Ah Sir, *Neddy's* a brave Boy, God bless him; he's a whole arm full; Lord knows I had a heavy load of him.

Lov. Guilty, or Not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemn'd, I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you blood under the Tongue for the *Quinsey*?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye.—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Lov. Now, Sister, my fears are over.—But where's *Lucinda*? how is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an opportunity of losing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentleman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress's* Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd her self in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that opportunity putting on a Suit of hers, past upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*, my next business is to find her out, and beg her pardon, endeavour her reconciliation to you, which the discovery of the mistakes between both will easily effect.

[*Exit.*

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To Lyrick.*] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this 'Squire had a mind to personate *Lovewell*, to catch *Lucinda*.—So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium*?

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*, Screech Owl, for I'm Buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No, But for Five hundred more I'll unmarry you. These are hard times, and men of industry must make Money.

✓ *Mock.* Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill of Five hundred pound Sterling upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapside*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's hands. [*Gives Roeb. the Bill.*
The Executioner shall cut the Rope.

[*Goes to the door, and brings in Bullfinch dress'd like a Parson.*
Here's Revelation for you!— [*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon*!

Lov. What, Pope *Joan* the second! were you the Priest?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Christianity the Poets were Priests.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? wou'd it not do well for a Play?—
My Money, Sir.— [*To Roebuck.*

Roeb. No, Sir, it belongs to this Gentlewoman.—[*Gives it to Trudge.*]
you have divorc'd her, and must give her separate maintenance.—
There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Enter Lucinda, Leathe, and Pindress.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are these can testify the truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much such another person as your dream represented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my dissembling, since only the hopes of so great a purchase cou'd cause it.

Luc. Let my wishing you much Joy and Happiness in your Bride testify my reconciliation; And at the request of your Sister, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your past Jealousies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Irish* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wish it present now, to assist at your Sisters Nuptials.

Lean. At my last going hence, I sent for 'em, and they're ready.

Lov. Call 'em in then.

[*An Irish Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dress'd after the Fingallion fashion.*

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

Luc. I must reward your Sister, Mr. *Lovewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore settle my Fortune and my self on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Estate in *Ireland* to your Sister, and that Gentleman.

Lov. 'Tis done; only with this Proviso, Brother, That you forsake your Extravagancies.

Roeb. Brother, you know I always slighted Gold;
But most when offer'd as a sordid Bribe.

I scorn to be brib'd even to Vertue;

But for bright Vertues sake, I here embrace it. [Embracing *Leante*.

I have espous'd all Goodness with *Leante*,

And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

*Woman's our Fate. Wild and Unlawful Flames
Debauch us first and softer Love reclaims.
Thus Paradise was lost by Woman's Fall;
But Vertuous Woman thus restores it all.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE

Written and Spoke by *Jo. Haynes* in Mourning.

I Come not here, our Poet's Fate to see,
He and his Play may both be damn'd for me. }
No ; Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn for thee.
And must these Structures then untimely fall
Whilst the other House stands and gets the Devil and all?
Must still kind Fortune through all Weathers steer 'em?
And Beauties bloom there spite of Edax Rerum?
Vivitur Ingenio, that damn'd Motto there [Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me first to be a Wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed, Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!
I knew that Stage must down where not one whore is.
But can you have the hearts tho'?——(pray now speak)
After all our Services to let us break?
You cannot do't unless the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
First to divert ye with some new French strowlers ;
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colar's. [Mocking the late singers.
When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money,
We got ye an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardless Songster we cou'd ne're make much on ;
The Females found a damn'd Blot in his Scutcheon.
An Italian now we've got of mighty Fame,
Don Segismondo Fideli.——There's Musick in his Name,
His voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20 l. a time.
He's a handsome fellow too, looks brisk and trim.
If he don't take ye, Then the Devil take him.
Besides lest our white faces always mayn't delight ye ;
We've Pickt up Gypsies now to please or fright ye.
Lastly to make our House more Courtlier shine ;
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine, }
So our Stage Hero's did their Tour design.
To mend their Manners and course English Feeding,
They went to Ireland to improve their Breeding :
Yet for all this, we still are at a loss,

EPILOGUE

*Oh Collier ! Collier ! Thou'st frightened away Miss C——s:
She to return our Foreigner's complizance
At Cupid's call, has made a Trip to France.
Love's Fire Arm's here are since not worth a sous.
We've lost the only Touch-hole of our House.*

*Losing that Jewel gave us a Fatal blow :
Well, if thin Audience must Jo. Haynes undo,
Well, if 'tis decreed, Nor can thy Fate, O Stage,
Resist the Vows of this obdurate Age,*

*I'll then grow wiser, leave off Playing the Fool,
And Hire this Play-House for a Boarding-School.
D'ye think the Maids won't be in a sweet Condition
When they are Under Jo. Haynes's Grave Tuition?
They'll have no occasion then I'm sure to Play,
They'll have such Comings in another way.*

FINIS

THE
CONSTANT
COUPLE

OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee

A
COMEDY

Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*

By His Majesty's Servants

*Sive favore tui, sive hanc ego carmine famam
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*

Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

Source

ISAAC REED states categorically that Farquhar took from *The Adventures of Covent Garden* the characters of Lady Lurewell and Colonel Standard, and the incident of Beau Clincher's change of clothes with Tom Errand. But it is debatable whether there is the slightest resemblance between any character in *The Adventures* and Lady Lurewell and the Colonel.

The incident of the change of clothes Farquhar certainly adapted directly from his earlier work. But it must be pointed out that there is a distinct resemblance between the two Clinchers and Zeke and Toby in D'Urfey's *Madame Fickle*. From the same source, perhaps, came Lady Lurewell, for there is a decided resemblance between that character and Madame Fickle herself. Lurewell is a woman actuated by philosophical motives, and certainly in no way similar to the heroine of *The Adventures*. But as D'Urfey plagiarized from Marmion's *The Antiquary*, and from Jordan's *The Walks of Islington and Hogsden*, and Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*, Farquhar's adaptation may be forgiven.

Colonel Standard is an original character, simple and *naïf*; and in this unlike Beaupard and other officers of the Restoration. Tom Errand has his prototype in the Porter of Crowne's *The Country Wit*, but on the whole the play is of considerable originality.

Theatrical History

THE *CONSTANT COUPLE*, the first of Farquhar's plays that can be called a popular success, was originally acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, toward the close of November, 1699. The first record available, which may be safely assumed as the first performance, was the 28th of that month; while the play in printed form was advertised in *The Post Man* for December 9th, following.

The success which *The Constant Couple* met with was almost without precedent. "Never did anything such wonders," wrote Gildon, to which Mrs. Centlivre added, "I believe that Mr. Rich will own that he got more by *The Trip to the Jubilee* with all its irregularities than by the most uniform piece the stage could boast of ever since." According to Thomas Wilkes, substantiated by Farquhar's own statement in the Preface to *The Inconstant*, the play was performed fifty-three times in London, and twenty-three nights in Dublin in its first season.

In the Preface, Farquhar paid a striking tribute to his friend, Robert Wilks, adding that "whenever the stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee." To this encomium is to be added Steele's flattering comment in No. 19 of the *Tatler*: "This performance is the greatest instance we have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear criticism upon it, but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaiety of a young man of plentiful fortune, is looked upon with as much indulgence on the stage as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour which usually prepossess us in favour of such characters in other plays."

But Farquhar was too modest, and Steele was too severe on the play, as the continued success of *The Constant Couple* was to prove. Nor was Wilks the only outstanding actor in the cast. Certainly the ever-popular Mrs. Verbruggen, who played Lady Lurewell, was always to be reckoned among the attractions, while Joe Haines added another triumph to his facetious achievements in the part of Errand. And Norris, hitherto known by his baptismal name of Henry, so much took the fancy of the house in the rôle of Dicky as to earn himself the nickname of *Jubilee Dicky*, a title which he carried to the grave. When Drury Lane closed its season of 1699-1700 on July 13th, it was again with *The Constant Couple*, this time with the New Prologue, in which the author replied to the attacks of his "friend," Oldmixon.

After the death of Mrs. Verbruggen in 1703, Anne Oldfield took over the part of Lurewell, which she played with no less favour than the original creator. For many years *The Constant Couple* remained a favourite of the stage.

Lacy Ryan chose *The Constant Couple* for his benefit performance at the Little Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields on March 22nd, 1731, on which occasion he played Sir Harry, supported by his friend Quin as Standard, and Milward as Vizard. Mrs. Younger, who, after twenty years of experience, had made her first appearance at Lincoln's Inn Fields a few years before as the heroine of *The Country Wife*, now created for herself the new rôle of Lady Lurewell, while Mrs. Buchanan took the rôle of Angelica.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

In 1739, Giffard, who for the past twelve years had given up acting in favour of managing, returned to the stage to play Sir Harry. Mrs. Giffard, for whose benefit the piece was produced on March 22nd, played Lady Lurewell, with Havard as Standard, Macklin, the elder Clincher, and Johnson as Smuggler.

Peg Woffington, who at this time had acquired an enviable reputation at the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin, was now invited by Rich to come to Covent Garden. Her first appearance on the English stage was as Sylvia, in Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, early in November, 1740. The public at once took Miss Woffington to its bosom, and on November 21st, by particular request, she took Ryan's place as Sir Harry Wildair. The announcement that this part was to be undertaken by a woman created much interest, and the theatre was packed. "It was admitted by the best critics that she represented this gay, good-humoured, dissipated rake of fashion with an ease, elegance, and deportment which seemed almost out of the reach of female accomplishments, and her fame flew about the town with such rapidity, that the comedy had a run, and proved a considerable addition to the treasury for many seasons afterwards." With her were cast Bridgewater as Standard; Theophilus Cibber, Clincher; Hale, Vizard; Hippisley, Smuggler; Mrs. Horton in the leading female rôle, and Mrs. George Anne Bellamy as Angelica. It is not surprising that, with this cast, the play was acted ten nights in succession, and twenty times in its first season.

The fact of Mrs. Woffington's playing the part of Sir Harry Wildair furnished her with an excellent alibi on one particular occasion. It seems that Garrick met this excellent lady in Dublin in the summer of 1742, at which time he was very much struck with her, and doubtless had some influence upon her decision to come to London. Upon their return, Mrs. Woffington lodged in the same house as Garrick's friend, Macklin; and Garrick visited there very frequently. All went smoothly, until the intrusion of a fourth party in the form of a "noble lord." It happened one night that Garrick had occupied Peg's chamber, when his lordship took it into his head to visit his Dulcinea. A loud knocking at the door announced him, at which Garrick, "who had always a proper presentiment of danger about him," jumped out of bed and, gathering up his clothes as well as he could, fled up to Macklin's apartment for security. Macklin, who had been asleep, received his friend with good enough grace, and the two prepared to retire for the night, when Garrick discovered that he had left behind his scratch wig. But to return to his lordship, he had scarcely entered his mistress's bed-chamber, when finding his feet entangled in something, he called for a light. The first object he saw was the unfortunate scratch wig, which taking up in his hand, he exclaimed with an oath, "Oh! Madam, have I found you out at last? so there has been a lover in the case!" And with this, he fell to upbraiding her in a most violent fashion. Mrs. Woffington heard him with great composure, until his rage had exhausted his speech. She then calmly told him not to be a fool, but to give her back her wig. "What! Madam," cried her lover, "do you glory in your infidelity? Do you own the wig, then?" "Yes, to be sure I do," returned the actress. "I'm sure my money paid for it, and I hope that it will repay me with money and reputation too." This called for a further explanation, which she gave by adding, "Why, my lord, if you will thus desert your character as a man and be prying into all the little peculiarities of my domestic and professional business, know that I am soon to play a breeches part, and that wig, which you so triumphantly hold in your hand, is the very individual wig I was practising in a little before I went to bed. And so, because my maid was careless enough

THEATRICAL HISTORY

to leave it in your lordship's way, here I am to be plagued and scolded at such a rate, as if I were a common prostitute." This speech had the desired effect of at once quieting suspicion and humbling her lover. But the strain had been too much for Garrick.

When Peg Woffington went to Drury Lane, she kept *The Constant Couple* in her repertory, still with Theophilus Cibber, in his former rôle, and Havard as Vizard, and Delane, Standard. Mrs. Clive was Lady Lurewell, and Mrs. Mills, Angelica. On the same stage, March 17th, 1743, for Peg Woffington's benefit performance, Garrick took over the rôle of Sir Harry (though without much success), while Mrs. Woffington played Lady Lurewell, and Mrs. Clive, Angelica. This cast was not well received, nor was it repeated but once. In 1754, Peg Woffington was back at Covent Garden, still as Sir Harry, still with the younger Cibber, but with Sparks as Standard, Arthur as Vizard, and Mrs. Hamilton playing Lady Lurewell.

Woodward played Sir Harry for the first time at Drury Lane on December 12th (repeated the 13th), 1749; Havard playing Standard; Taswell, Smuggler; Yates, Vizard; Mrs. Ward, Lady Lurewell; Miss Cole, Angelica.

O'Brien acted the part of Sir Harry for the first time in his own benefit at Drury Lane on April 1st, 1762, when *The Constant Couple* was advertised as "not acted for 10 years." It had, however, been performed at Drury Lane April 3rd, 1752, April 25th and November 1st, 1753, and May 22nd, 1754. With O'Brien appeared Holland, for the first time in the part of Standard; Blakes as Smuggler; Mrs. Yates, Lady Lurewell; Miss Bride, Angelica. The play was acted three times in that year.

Another notable cast at Drury Lane was when the play was produced one night only, for Mrs. Barry's benefit, on March 12th, 1771. Mrs. Barry, who played Sir Harry, was supported by Aiken as Standard; Bannister as Beau Clincher; Parsons as Smuggler; and Mrs. Baddeley and Miss Rogers as Lady Lurewell and Angelica. At the same theatre, May 8th, 1776, the play was performed for the first time in three years, for Mrs. Greville's benefit, that actress playing the lead for the first time, with Palmer for the first time as Standard, King as Clincher; Parsons, Smuggler, and Mrs. King for the first time in the rôle of Lurewell. Three years later, Miss Walpole took over the part of Sir Harry, in her own benefit, with Brereton as Standard; Palmer now playing Beau Clincher; Miss Pope as Lurewell, and Mrs. Brereton as Angelica.

After an absence of twenty years from that stage *The Constant Couple* was revived at Covent Garden on March 29th, 1785. Lewis took the part of Sir Harry; Wroughton, Col. Standard; Quick, whose benefit it was, Beau Clincher; Wewitzer, Smuggler; Mrs. Bates, Lurewell; and Mrs. T. Kennedy, Angelica.

At about this date *The Constant Couple* created quite a furore, and was frequently acted at all the theatres. Lowndes published an edition of the play in 1791 giving the *Dramatis Personæ* as follows:

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.	Hay-Market.
	MEN.	MEN.	MEN.
Sir Harry Wildair.	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs. Achment.	Mrs. Goodall.
Col. Standard.	Mr. Wroughton.	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Williamson.
Vizard.	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Iliff.
Alderman Smuggler.	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.	Mr. Moss.
Clincher, Junr.	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. R. Palmer.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.	Hay-Market.
	MEN.	MEN.	MEN.
Clincher.	Mr. Bannister, Jr.	Mr. Ryder.	Mr. Bannister, Jr.
Dicky.	Mr. Burton	Mr. C. Powell.	Mr. Burton.
Tom Errand.	Mr. Hollingsworth.	Mr. Cubitt.	Mr. Chapman.
Constable.	Mr. Alfred.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Johnson.
Servants.	{ Messrs. Lyons, Spencer, and Webb.		
	WOMEN.	WOMEN.	WOMEN.
Lurewell.	Mrs. Ward.	Miss Chapman.	Mrs. Rivers.
Lady Darling.	Mrs. Booth.	Mrs. Platt.	
Angelica.	Mrs. Kemble.	Mrs. Mountain.	Mrs. Brookes.
Parley.	Mrs. Williams. *	Miss Stuart.	Mrs. Edwards.
Errand's Wife.	Mrs. Heard.		

It was not much later that Richard Cumberland issued his *British Drama*, in which he chose to deride the dead author whose plays were still more popular than those of many a living dramatist. "If I saw anything in this comedy to commend," he says of *The Constant Couple*, "I would readily and gladly point it out, but it appears to me to be altogether, and in every particular, so destitute of merit, that, having read it once for the purpose of reviewing it, I shall never, by my own choice, read it again." Further, after prefixing to the play a picture of Mrs. Goodall as Sir Harry, he added in his critique, "No privilege, no apology, no plea can bear that actress through, who steps out of her own character and clothes, to appear in those of Sir Harry Wildair, and is daring enough to talk his loathsome ribaldry, and assume his licentious manners, to the disgrace of the spectators that can so permit her to demean herself."

The plate shows, as a matter of fact, that Farquhar's plays were considered as being entirely "modern," and were performed in "modern" dress. And a more interesting fact, even, is that the very suit which Peg Woffington wore as Sir Harry Wildair was some forty years after used to dress Foresight, the ridiculous judicial-astrologer, in Congreve's *Love for Love*. In its prime, Peg Woffington's costume was the height of modern elegance; while in its threadbare days, it was still retained as the contemporary garb of an out-of-date clown.

October 9th, 1805, saw *The Constant Couple* revived at Drury Lane after a lapse of ten years. Elliston played Sir Harry, Barrymore, Standard; Bannister, still as Clincher; Downton, Smuggler; Mrs. Powell, Lurewell, and Miss Mellon, Angelica.

Farren played Sir Harry at Bath on December 6th, 1817, with Warde as Standard; Green, Clincher; Chatterley, Smuggler, and Mrs. Chatterley as Lurewell. Mrs. Mardyn revived the part of Sir Harry at the Haymarket, August 9th, 1820.

Until the end of the last century, *The Constant Couple* and other of Farquhar's plays were standard productions in the repertory of provincial companies, in company with Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith.

To the Honourable
Sir *ROGER MOSTYN* Baronet
Of *Mostyn-Hall* in *Flintshire*

SIR,

'TIS no small Reflection on Pieces of this nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this Play to the World, will also reconcile my Addresses to You, of whom I can say nothing but what your Merits may warrant, and all that have the honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest Panegyrick upon you, Sir, is the unprejudiced and bare Truth of Your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the Sedateness of a Senatour, and the Modern Gaiety of a fine *English* Gentleman, with the noble Solidity of the Antient *Britton*.

This is the Character, Sir, which all men, but your self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated Pens than mine should transmit to Posterity.

The Play has had some noble Appearances to honour its Representation; and to compleat the Success, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately Frontispiece is the Beauty of Building. But here I must transverse *Ovid*:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am,
Honourable Sir,

Your Most Devoted, and

Humble Servant,

Geo. Farquhar.

PREFACE to the READER

An affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledg the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: Who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who confer'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my faults, 'twere very ill manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the merit of others) that the Theatre Royal affords an excellent and compleat set of Comedians. Mr. Wilks's performance has set him so far above competition in the part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the Trip to the Jubilee for a Misnomer: I must tell them that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better success, I'll talk with the Criticks about Decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.

PROLOGUE

By a Friend.

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury,
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury,
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the Many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church, and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
(The Ladies safe may smile: for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true he has a Spark just come from *France*,
But then so far from Beau——why he talks Sense!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but——seldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho' just as he lives by fits.
Who Lion-like through Bayliffs scours away,
Hunts in the Face a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o're the Play.
And now the modish Prentice he implores,
Who with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Implies it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores;
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us——with your Love.
Ah Friends! Poor *Dorset* Garden-house is gone,
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds
That strong Dog *Sampson's* pull'd it o're our Heads.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one day hold him:
At least I hope that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.

Well, that's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On second Thoughts I've but two words to say;
Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judg, and speak as you find.

A New PROLOGUE

In *Answer* to my very Good Friend, Mr. *Oldmixon* ; who, having Two *PLAYS* Damn'd at the Old House, had a Mind to Curry-Favour, to have a Third Damn'd at the New.

'TIS hard, the *Author* of this *PLAY* in View,
Shou'd be Condemn'd, purely for pleasing you :
Charg'd with a *Crime*, which you, his *Judges*, own
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no *POET's Verse*, nor *DOCTOR's Bills* ;
No foe to *B——re*, yet a Friend to *Wills*.
No *Reputation Stab'd*, by Sow'r Debate ;
Nor had a Hand in *Bankrupt Brisco's Fate* :
And, as an Ease to's *Tender Conscience*, Vows,
He's none of those that Broke the t'other House :
In Perfect Pity to their Wretched Cheer,
Because his *PLAY* was Bad—he brought it here.
The Dreadful Sin of *Murder* Cries Aloud ;
And sure these *Poets* ne'r can hope for Good, }
Who dipt their Barbarous *Pens* in that poor House's Blood.
'Twas Malice all : No Malice like to *Theirs*,
To *Write Good PLAYS*, purpose to Starve the *Players*.
To Starve by's *Wit*, is still the *Poet's* due ; }
But, here are Men, whose *Wit*, is Match'd by few ;
Their *Wit* both Starves Themselves, and others too.
Our *PLAYS* are *Farce*, because our *House* is Cram'd ;
Their *PLAYS* all Good : For what?—because they'r Damn'd.
Because we Pleasure you, you call us Tools ;
And 'cause you please your selves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are *Wits*, True Blew ;
And, Men of Breeding, by their Respects to you.
To Engage the *Fair*, all other Means being lost,
They Fright the *Boxes*, with Old *Shakespear's GHOST* :
The *Ladies*, of such *Spectres*, should take heed ;
For, 'twas the *DEVIL* did Raise that *Ghost* indeed.
Their Case is hard, that such Despair can show ; }
They've Disoblig'd all Powers Above, they know ;
And now must have Recourse to Powers Below.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Let *Shakespear* then lye still, *Ghosts* do no good;
The *Fair* are Better Pleas'd with Flesh and Blood:
What is't to them, to mind the *Antient's* Taste?
But the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in haste.

[*Runs off.*]

Dramatis Personæ

<i>Sir Harry Wildair.</i>	{ An airy Gentleman affecting humourous Gaiety and Freedom in his Behaviour.	Mr. <i>Wilks.</i>
<i>Standard.</i>	{ A disbanded Colonel, brave and generous.	Mr. <i>Powel.</i>
<i>Vizard.</i>	{ Outwardly pious, other wise a great Debauchee, and villanous.	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
<i>Smuggler.</i>	An old Merchant.	Mr. <i>Johnson.</i>
<i>Clincher.</i>	{ A pert <i>London</i> Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. <i>Pinkethman.</i>
<i>Clincher jun.</i>	{ His Brother, educated in the Country.	Mr. <i>Bullock.</i>
<i>Dicky his Man.</i>		Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
<i>Tom Errand, a Porter</i>		Mr. <i>Haines.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell.</i>	{ A Lady of a jilting Temper proceeding from a resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Lady Darling.</i>	{ An old Lady, Mother to <i>Angelica.</i>	Mrs. <i>Powel.</i>
<i>Angelica.</i>	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. <i>Rogers.</i>
<i>Parly.</i>	Maid to <i>Lurewell.</i>	Mrs. <i>Moor.</i>

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *London.*

THE
Constant Couple

ACT I.

SCENE [I], *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, Servant following.

Vizard. ANGELICA sent it back unopen'd! say you?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these vertuous Women is more insufferable, than the immodesty of Prostitutes—After all my Incouragement to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagining your Morals sincere, she gave you access to her Conversation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the outside, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it, then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents—I'll be reveng'd the very first opportunity—Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue—An Esteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out, Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy—Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening, her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn. *[Exit Servant.]*

Viz. pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' times, at his Meditation so early, some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! [*aside*] O Uncle *Smuggler*! to find you in this end o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning, indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very Air of this Park is heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the Town.

Smug. A very unsanctify'd Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy—Shall I tell you?—My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebastians*, laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the face to affirm, 'tis French Wines in Spanish Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute——O Conscience, Conscience! These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their French Wines, than the War did with *French Privateers*——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very morning, in *Hide Park*, my brave Regiment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that gaz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*singing*] I'll have a Bonfire this night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd, ill nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e're this about your Ears——Did not we venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did not we pay you for your Lives, Sir?—Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Alceon*: There are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within these nine Months born with a Leading Staff in his hand——Sir, you are——

Stand. What Sir?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What Sir?

Smug. Disbanded Sir, that's all——I see my Lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Mony of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Souldier stay here! to look like an old pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met yesterday a broken Lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a Dinner, but beg'd eighteen pence of me to buy a new sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stan. O very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

Stand. Nay for that matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home——Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why to save his pretty face for the Women, he always turn'd his back upon the Enemy——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistriss.

Stand. Prithce, no more on't——You have awakn'd a thought, from which and the Kingdom I wou'd have stoln away at once——To be plain, I have a Mistriss.

Viz. And She's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature!——Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park.

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.

Sir Harry Wildair newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. *Sir Harry Wildair!* Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the rigidity of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself——Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha *Vizard!*

Viz. *Sir Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long; I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit Cushion long ago——Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. *Sir Harry,* I'm your Humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town; for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court end playing the Fool in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so modish.

• *Viz.* We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocrisy for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris.* Agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a mistake; for my Major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bedchamber.

Wild. P'shaw, this is trifling, tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groomporters? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or what Daughter run away with her

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Watch in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my heart——You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*; I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the but-end of a *Swiss Musket*. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intreagues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!——

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee at Rome*; and I would rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your Mistriss; and Sir *Harry* here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? for I know not where my Mistriss may be found; she left *Paris* about a month before me, and I had an account——

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a month before you!

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an account that she lodg'd somewhere in *St. James's*.

Viz. How is that, Sir? Somewhere in *St. James's*, say you?

Wild. Ay, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay——She has the softest, whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;—her Breast do so heave, so heave.
[Singing.]

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stan. But her Name I want, Sir.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard!*

Stan. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. S'Death, My Mistriss.

[*Aside.*

Viz. My Mistriss by *Jupiter*.

[*Aside.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Exit Stand.*

Wild. Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know.

[*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his Mistriss! He loves her. But she loves me——but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has Coach and six, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*——That very Circumstance has murder'd me ——Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true, I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! Pshaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard!* S'life man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you so admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true——but then I love honest Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming——right——but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Mony enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature deliberation, I wou'd fight for her——but no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Mis-

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

triss by the by, till I can find my own? you have store I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little —Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. [*Aside. Pauses, whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*]

Wild. P'shaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new Mistriss, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you and wholesom Wine, you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear *Vizard*?

✓*Viz.* A Girl of sixteen, *Sir Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes—she has the softest whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her—but then her Foot, *Sir Harry*; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*, she goes for a *Baronets* Lady (no disparagement to your Honour, *Sir Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, *Sir Harry*, you must have my Pasport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 pieces handsomly plac'd will gain the Point; I'll ensure her sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a man in necessity—Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park.

[*To his Servant.*]

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clinch. Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park too—Mr. *Vizard*, your most devoted—Sir, [*to Wildair*] I admire the mode of your shoulder-knot, methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign Mein. Gentlemen, my Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure of, Gentlemen, your most Devoted, and most faithful humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Wild. Prethee, dost know him?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher* who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him so Gay?

Viz. Why, he's in mourning for his Father, the kind old man in *Herifordshire* 'tother day broke his Neck a Fox-hunting; the Son upon the news has broke his Indentures, whip'd from behind the Counter into the side Box, forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating, and usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *brace of Geldings*, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intreagues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of Pulvil must the fellow use in sweetning himself from the smell of Hops and Tobacco, faugh—I'my Conscience methought, like *Olivia's* Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street*. But now for *Angelica*, that's her name? we'll to the *Princesse's* Chocolate House, where you shall write my Pasport, Aloons. [Exeunt.]

SCENE [II], *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lurewell. **P**Arly, my pocket Book—let me see—*Madrid, Venice, Paris, London*—ay, *London*! they may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love most fruitful under this Climate—In a Months space have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis, Colonel Standard.*

Parly. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Souldiers shou'd be manag'd, he shall serve me till I gain my ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him, I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do: would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me, thus wou'd I slight them all; my Virgin and unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man, but now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face, lye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and damn the treacherous kind—Let me survey my Captives—The *Colonel* leads the Van, next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the Practice of Piety, therefore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher*, he adores me with Orangery, and is consequently a Fool; then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smuggler*, he's a Compound of both—out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion—What d'ye think, *Parly*?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Parl. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, }
forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if }
she secures the main Chance, she's still virtuous, That's a Maxim. }

Parl. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd *Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.*

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneasy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no sooner talk of killing, but the Souldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty Colonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a Mistriss too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in War, Madam, we can be relieved in our Duty; but in Love who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same success in the Bed-chamber; and I think, considering the weakness of our Sex, we should make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries thro a Title to your lovely Person, but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, Madam, was my Pasport to the Fair; adding a nobleness to my Passion, it stamp't a value on my Love; 'twas once the life of Honour, but now its Hearse, and with it must my Love be buried.

Parl. What! Disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly.*

Parl. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already.

Lure. His misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my Passion by absence abroad, than have it starv'd at home. [*Aside.*

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune.

And to convince you of your mistake, here I vow by all that's Sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no, I'll never be a charge to her I love: the man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a man, I cou'd love him.

[*Aside.*

Stand. This only last request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward to my place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love.

[*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable; here *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion else; [*Exit Parly*] now for a trial of Skill.

[*Re-enter Colonel.*

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity, When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To morrow Morning early, Madam.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you design'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, *Sir*, tell me, pray *Sir*, I entreat you, why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I,——

Stand. Because! what, Madam?——pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design——to follow you.

[*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne're was proud before, but Love from such a Creature might swell the vanity of the proudest Prince; follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp!——Rather I'll stay, and here bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! no, I'll turn a Knave and purchase one my self; I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing but I'd reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Passion.

Stand. *Sir Harry*, ha! ha! ha, poor *Sir Harry*, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What *Sir Harry*? Colonel, What *Sir Harry*!

Stand. *Sir Harry Wildair*, Madam——

Lure. What! is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his Mistriss, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice——

Lure. How easily is the vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Stand. Why, your Sex is the vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience I believe so; this Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em, 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly. [*Exit.*

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project, how I shall bait him like *Alceon*, with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. *Parley*——

Parl. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be Mercenary, take example by your Lady, be Honourable.

Parl. A lack a day, Sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: we poor Folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chamber-maids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet Colonel, the whole magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Stand. Which since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*! ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about, as you were, march Colonel: ha, ha, ha.

*Vain Man, who boasts of Study'd Parts and Wiles ;
Nature in us your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace ;
Woman without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.*

}

[*The End of the First Act.*]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

ACT II.

SCENE [I], Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

Clin. [reads.] Dear Brother;

I Will see you presently, I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. *Dicky!*

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! and what can you do Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why Sir I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town—Harkee Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay Sir, What then?

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon*! why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you'r welcome to *London*!

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do Fool, I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well. [Going.]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Harkee Sir, is not my Father dead?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he is dead, and am not I a young powder'd extravagant English Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* what's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* why the *Jubilee* is—— faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord-Mayors* Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Rary Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose Brother, you travel through *Muscovy*, to learn Fashions, Don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee *Robin* don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagin that you have a spight at me—— But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing Master has not been with me yet: How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw, that's easy, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant: I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II], *Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game—*Humph!* the prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one [*Footmen cross the Stage*]. Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Courtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——s'Death, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you further; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procuress agen.

Darl. [reads.]

Madam——

E*Arnest Inclination to serve—Sir Harry
——Madam——Court my Cousin——
Gentleman——Fortune——. Your Lady-
ship's most humble Servant,*

Vizard.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right sanctified Bawd o' my word. [Aside.]

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [Exit.]

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*——She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.]

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! an Angel! S'Death, what Mony have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas—and by *Jupiter* she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! the very same! and his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! how wou'd that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming!——By Heav'n there is such a commanding Innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. Madam—I, I——Zoons, I cannot speak to her——But she's a Whore, and I will—Madam in short, I, I——O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy! What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught, now to secure my Conquest——I thought Sir, you had business to impart.

Wild. Business to impart! how nicely she words it! Yes Madam, Don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover——Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then Madam, there are twenty young ones——S'Life I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad sure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners!—I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas——I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher junior, and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Cousin I warrant ye! Harkee Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! this Fellow by his Wig and Assurance can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What business have you here then Sir? for to my knowledg twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what Sir?

Wild. What Sir? Why, for that Sir, what the Devil should it be, Sir? I know your business notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and my Cousin, and every Bodies Cousin—Harkee Sir, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. *[Exit.]*

Clin. Why the Man's mad sure.

Dic. Mad, Sir, ay, why he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! what's that! are all Madmen Beaux?

Dic. No Sir, but most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin; remember your three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant.

[Exeunt, as into the House.]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

SCENE [III], *The Street.*

Enter Wildair, Colonel following.

Stand. SIR Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in haste, Colonel; besides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the Park this morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching. A man of eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your back.

Wild. Why then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Miſtriss.

Wild. Why then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel, my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. P'shaw! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Solœcism in Nature, we're Finger and Thumb, Sir She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way, that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces—I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign; and for your comfort all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read, these are the *Sybil's* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I——[opening the Pacquet] *Humph!* my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*——to the Lady *Lurewell*,——to the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [reading.]——Madam, my Passion——so natural——your Beauty contending——Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!*——

I never was asham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of humour, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth a keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha; you may go seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [sings.]——Let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some tune, Sir, blown up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too, I must turn Poet in the Devil's name——Stay——S'death, what's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Characters! My dear *Wildair*. [reading] *That's I*——this huff bluff Colonel——*that's he*——is the rarest Fool in Nature——*the Devil he is!* and as such have I us'd him——*with all my heart faith*——I had no better way of letting you know that I lodg in *Pall Mall* near the Holy Lamb——Colonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet, I han't delivered half my Message.

Wild. Upon my faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it, I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad, ha, ha, ha.

Stand. Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha.
Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

[Laugh, and point at
one another.]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't——: but to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there—I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [Exit.]

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel!——O the delight of an ingenious Mistriss! what a life and briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistriss*, who, *presto, pass*, and she's vanish'd, then *Hey*, in an instant in your Arms agen. [Going.]

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*, what news from the Island of Love?

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Card; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! [Aside.]

Wild. But the civilest in the world, he brought me word where my Mistriss lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time, But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

*That Mistriss ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, when e're her Beauty cloys.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.*

[Exit.]

Viz. [solus]—The Colonel my Rival too! how shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'others Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave?

[Exit.]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

SCENE [IV], Lurewell's Lodgings.

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. **H**AS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?
Parl. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say the Writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what satisfaction can I get of him? [*Enter Smuggler.*
Mr. Alderman, your Servant, have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your turn, I must have Money, Sir,——I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say: I'm an Alderman, Madam, cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly*! I shall trap him in more Lies presently——. Come, Sir, tho I'm a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What Course, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he: why I'm a Religious Man, Madam, I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners; ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman! There is but one way, Madam,——you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! how?

Smug. *I whipt all the Whores Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish——: Ah! that leering Eye! Then I voted for pulling down the Play-house——: Ah that Ogle, that Ogle!——Then my own pious Example——Ah that Lip, that Lip.*

Lure. Here's a Religious Rogue for you now!——as I hope to be sav'd I have a good mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas (a great deal of Mony as times go) and——

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah that hand, that hand, that pretty, soft, white—I have brought it you see, but the condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that—you understand me, you understand I'm sure you do, you little Rogue—

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous that he won't wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Mony. I will be reveng'd. —Upon my word Mr. Alderman you make me blush, what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam [*Puts a piece of Mony in his Mouth*] *Buss and Guinea, buss and Guinea, buss and Guinea.*

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to secure both our Honours, you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. P'shaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half so Religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm disguis'd as I am, our Sanctity is all outside, all Hypocrisy.

Lure. No man is seen to come into this House after Night fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. I gad so, cod so—I have a Suit a purpose, my little Cocket, I love to be disguis'd, I cod I make a very handsom Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are some Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buss and Guinea first, ah my little Cocket. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear *Matchavel* of Intreague.

Lure. Still brisk and airy I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The sight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir Harry; How d'ye like *France*?

Wild. *Ah! c'est le plus beau pais du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. *Madam, Vous Voyez que je vous suy partout.*

Lure. *O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée*——But where's the Court now?

Wild. At Marli, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nostre Dame*, I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he dye of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam, I was his *Doctor*.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most *Doctors* do, I kill'd him.

Lure. *En Cavalier*, my dear Knight Errant, well and how? And how? What Intreagues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir Harry, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to death here by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender tho.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but since you are come to raise the Seige, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild. And love and kiss——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, Attande, en peu*——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in *Paris* never to ask that impertinent Question agen.

Wild. P'shaw, Madam, that was above two months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *Le mariage est une grand male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry that a Gentleman of your Figure should undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indireft and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who? old *Smuggler*!

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have no less than reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pound within these three years.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. 'Tis your business then to acquit your self publickly, for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly!——Here Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gauntlet thro a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why he's in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, No, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman.

[*Exit with Parly.*]

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never plot agen.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE [V], *Changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll assure you Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business Mr. Alderman fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very sorry that I'm forc'd to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say necessity——But upon my word, Sir, I am very short of Mony at present, but——

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way, but the Business is, I am reduc'd to indispensable necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you, take your choice.

Smug. P'shaw, p'shaw, you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as sure as fate; so Alderman I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug. Curiosity! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir, what d'ye mean.

Wild. Nothing at all, I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jest, but a Man might imagine by the smartness of the Stroak, that you were in down right earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir, (*strikes him*) not in the least indeed Sir.

Smug. Pray good Sir, no more of your Jest, for they are the bluntest Jest, that I ever knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon Sir, well Sir, that is satisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but seriously now if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: are you mad Sir; Murder, Felony, Manslaughter. [*Striking him.*]

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman. [*Wild. knocks him down.*]

Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-book on the Floor; Lurewell enters, takes it up.

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-book, this may be of use. [*Aside.*]
O Lord, Sir *Harry's* murdering the poor old Man——

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in jest, 'till I am murder'd in good earnest.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off *Senior*——*Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O for Charity's sake, Madam, rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man, hold, hold, *Frapez, plus rudement, Frapez*, I wonder you are not asham'd [*holding Wild.*] A poor reverend honest Elder——[*helps Smug. up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man! Now the Devil take you Sir *Harry*——Fear not beating him harder: Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and I'll make you amends. [*Here Sir Harry takes Snush.*]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place, Sir; How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart.

[*Throws Snush into his Eyes.*]

Smug. O, Murder, Blindness, Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me some Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[*Exit with Lurewell.*]

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without Passion: 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan,
And settling publick Quiet lose their own;
Let Soldiers drudg and fight for Pay or Fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And mad with Strength of Reason, Fools Commence
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense;
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain,
And seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.*

*I make the most of Life, no hour mispend,
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my time destroy.
Life's but a Span; I'll every Inch enjoy.*

[*Exit.*]

[*The End of the Second Act.*]

ACT III.

SCENE [I], *The Street.*

Enter Standard and Vizard.

Stand. **I** Bring him word where she lodg'd! I the Civilist Rival in the World! 'tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words without so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard*—Our Belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Disadvantage of what we love; 'tis so

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

great an Abuse to our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice our own failing. But what said *Sir Harry*?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily, flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating these Lines.

*A Mistriss ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet when e're her Beauty cloy.*

Stand. *A Mistriss ne're can pall!* By all my Wrongs he whores her! and I'm made their Property, Vengeance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note from me to *Sir Harry*.

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight?

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King and Pocket an Affront! 'twere an abuse to his Sacred Majesty, a Souldier's Sword, *Vizard*, should start of it self to redress its Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne're a Servant here, what shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plys at the *Blew Posts*, and who knows *Sir Harry* and his Haunts very well, you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend!

[Calls.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I wou'd advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. May the Devil take him that parts you, say I.

[Exit.

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship——

Stand. D'ye know *Sir Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my Masters; many a round half Crown have I had of his Worship, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-house, and wait for me.

O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurst when all those Smiles are found but wanton baits to sooth us to destruction.

*Thus our chief Joys with base Allays are curst,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.*

[Exit.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Enter Wildair and Clincher Senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*?

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the shavings of deal Boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith——Lace made of the shavings of deal Boards, I Gad Sir, you Travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very same lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir? what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-pistols for the Bravo's——and a swimming Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you——suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to some Ball—for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know——then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Siegniour Angle*, *Siegniour Angle*,——she's a very fine Lady, observe that——*Siegniour Angle*, says she,——*Siegniora*, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel-Street* here, or any other Street; then you know I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less.——There up comes her Bravo, the *Italian* grows sawcy, and I give him an *English* douse of the Face. I can Box, Sir, Box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir,—but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stillette*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog*——slaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the corner of *Russel-Street* again, and whips me in to the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. sen. Only a brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn, and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*——but the use of your swimming Girdle, pray, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, that's easie. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busie at their Prayers, I whip on my swimming Girdle, claps a Months Provision into my Pockets, and sails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly.——And heark'ee, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my swimming Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion; 'Tis a new Project?

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and so save the Charges of my Passage! Well, Sir, you must Pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress. [Exit.]

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes abroad. Well! this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit. [Exit.]

SCENE [II], *Lady Darling's House.*

Angelica sola.

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet.——'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction shou'd be so much indulg'd, yet sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher Jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three scrapes.

Clin. jun. [*saluting Angelica.*] One, two, three, [*kisses her.*] your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*.

Dick. Ay faith, Sir, but why don't you speak to her.

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*. I know my distance, wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily——By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll give her a Kiss. [Goes towards her.]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Enter Wildair, Interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before, your pitiful Five Guinea's will never do—you may march, Sir, for as far as Five Hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! the Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! what d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House.

Clin. jun. Quality! why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[Exit Darl. leading Clin. Dicky follows.]

Angel. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I wou'd advise you to make it as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, Madam, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasie 'till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be 'till I sue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the greatness of your Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must be the Lips that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. *[Kisses her Hand.]* And this *[Again]* initiate me to farther Happiness.

Angel. Hold, Sir,—one Question, Sir *Harry*, and pray answer plainly, d'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites Dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I Love.

Angel. This shows your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your 'Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Power to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then—I seize——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are Becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or dissembled, think what strict Modesty shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. Strict Modesty shou'd bear! Why faith Madam, I believe the strictest Modesty may bear Fifty Guinea's, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'mean? Sir.

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? If you go to that, I think now Fifty Guinea's is a very fine offer for your strict Modesty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more Charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Understanding, than on his want of Manners—I'm afraid you're Mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, are you not a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——strict Modesty, if you will have it so.

Angel. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. [Exit.]

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict Modesty, is the reason why those of Quality are asham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'tis a shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so sawcy: I offer'd her Fifty Guinea's, and she was in her Airs presently. I cou'd have had two Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither shou'd I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpose; you a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and stuff.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*, if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently, d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promised to see him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [Aside.] I'll go in and intercede for you.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. But no foul play with the Lady, *Vizard*.

[*Exit.*

Viz. No fair play I can assure you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE [III], *The Street before Lurewell's Lodgings; Clincher Sen. and Lurewell Coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reason in disputes of Love? that daring Reason which so oft pretends to question Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicate Faith to foolish Love, paying blind Zeal to faithless Womans Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable.

[*Looks up.*

Ha! that Fool too! what! stoop so low as that Animal.—'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in despair, will stick at nothing, there's no Medium in their Actions. They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curse the whole Sex, and so leave her.

[*Goes in.*

SCENE [IV], *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lurewell comes down with Clincher.

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will become of you?

Clin. Eh! Your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd: What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;—I wish to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now.—

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Erra. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I saw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky Hitt! Here Friend, change Clothes with this Gentleman quickly: Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you Half a Crown. Come here: So.

[*They change Clothes.*

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. Now slip you, [*to Clinch.*] down stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; And get you in there [*to the Porter*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand into the next Room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick.

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay Sir, Your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair's* Company when I sent his Letters back by you: Yet you forsooth must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lye is as scandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lyes: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one Look belyes another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lye in your Pericranium.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, You have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality. Real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam,—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me—also—

Lure. *Clincher*! Nay, now, you're stark mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, Can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my Nose would not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop by his Pulvilio from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'Death Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did I not see him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not see him, You're dreaming, *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?—Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; My Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?—Oh, what a Curse it is to love as I do!—But don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart.—Be gone Sir [*to the Porter.*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits:—send to me to know when I shou'd be at home!—Be gone Sir:—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman.

[*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspensions; But 'tis an ungrateful Return.

[*Weeping.*]

Stand. Now where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousie; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding faults as in excusing them?—I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since Jealousie that magnify'd my Suspicion is as much the Effect of Love as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suspensions, and feed upon your Jealousie: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish stomach.

*With me all Women shou'd this Rule pursue:
Who thinks us false, shou'd never find us true.*

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettiest pleasanest thing for a Man of my Parts:—How shall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone?—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,——to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Aldermen. [*Aside.*]

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge:—O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:—Well Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair, have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him! Yes Sir.—No Sir.—I have Sir.—I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [Strikes him.]

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,—I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal? [Strikes him again.]

Clin. Hold Sir, hold, He did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal.

[Beats him off, and Exit.]

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. *Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon,* This is better than I expected; but Fortune still helps the Industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes:—That curs'd Colonel has got such a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet:—But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you? And with my Cloaths? my fine Jubilee Cloaths?—O, the Rogue, the Thief!—I'll have him hang'd for Murder:—But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off! Was ever Man so manag'd! to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat too? [Exit.]

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet spoke Truth.

*Nothing sutes worse with Vice than want of Sense :
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.*

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Parl. Methinks Madam, the Injuries you have suffer'd by Men must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lur. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels: But, destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lur. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lur. Leave Trifling;——'tis a Subject that always sowres my Temper; but since by thy faithful Service I have some Reason to confide in your Secresie, hear the strange Relation:—Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the Female Sex; Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are——Villains. Then it hapned that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Parl. Which they accepted, no Doubt: Oh! these strouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs, two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour, but the third!

Parl. Ay! the third, Madam,—the third of all things, they say, is very Critical.

Lure. He was——but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing; ——he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruine: His very Looks were Witty, and his expressive Eyes spoke softer prettier things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Mischief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, rose in the Morning, and made Verses;

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

so fell desperately in Love——my Father was so pleas'd with his Conversation, that he beg'd their Company next Day; they consented, and next Night, *Parly*——

Par. Ay, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid with his Gold out of her Honesty, and me with his Rhetorick out of my Honour——she admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wep't, and sigh'd——and conquer'd.

[Weeps.

Parl. Alack a day, poor Fifteen!

[Weeps.

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old bait! the old bait——I was cheated just so my self [*Aside.* but had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? he told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted; but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to Three Thousand Pounds a Year; at last my Love for this single Dissembler, turn'd to a hatred of the whole Sex, and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to Travel, where in most Courts of *Europe* I have done some Execution: Here I will play my last Scene; then retire to my Country-house, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in View; and makes my Resentments work.——We shall have that old impotent Lecher *Smuggler* here to Night: I have a Plot to swinge him and his precise Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*, those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; There's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases: I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous,

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

and soon satisfied: But he's a Man still.——When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's: He swore indeed that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasie to me.——But, hang him, I have teized him enough:——Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge;——but this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more: I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink; I must write to *Vizard* too.

*Fortune this once assist me as before.
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE [I], *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair and Standard meeting.

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you 'ere this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough: It shows courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will draw: But the Devil take me if I fight——Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Mad-man as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a Red Coat: Because 'twas fashionable.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; he was a Beau, like my self: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; And I think it down-right Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more Dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods if you don't show your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there agen now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But, pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first: You know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement.—

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfie you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard.—But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction.—We must fly this Place; else that Cluster of Mobb will overwhelm us. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mobb, Tom Errand's Wife hurrying in Clincher senior in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy*! [Crying.]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*;—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?—Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy's* Coat and Apron?

Mobb. Ay, ay, 'tis the same.

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mobb. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle* now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he must not be abus'd.—Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perswaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well, the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court.—Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: so I put on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

Const. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.]

Clin. O *Gemin!* my Jubilee Pistols.

Const. What, a Case of Pistols! Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? whence come you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate straight.

Clin. I shall go to the Jubilee now indeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsense: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House; if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snush-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid's Dart*:—You shall look big; I'll ogle;—You shall swear; I'll sigh:—You shall *sa, sa*, and I'll *coupee*; And if she flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Pearch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen you're out. They're all alike, Sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all; And *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: but his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:—But will you be convinc'd if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, faith,—I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Dick. Ay, Sir, He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think, lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! my Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! he's bewitch'd sure.

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher Senior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Erra. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. *[Aside.]*

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! O *Gemini*? are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Erra. O Lord, shou'd this prove some Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak you Rogue, what are you?

Erra. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? speak you Rogue.

Erra. A Fools Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Erra. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murther'd my Brother! O *Crimini*! O my poor Jubilee Brother!—stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir: Tho' speak Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Erra. Who I, Sir? alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be Hang'd, but confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Erra. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lye can do no harm, besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it agen—Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,—but are you sure you kill'd him dead.

Erra. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*.

Erra. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*. But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Erra. I suppose he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey!—then I go to the *Jubilee*—Strip, Sir, strip.
By Jupiter Ammon Strip. [Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir.

Clin. Swear, Sir, *Zoons*, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.——

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you must first do me the Favour, to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths——Hey, call me a Coach somebody.

Erra. Ay, Master let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. [Exeunt Dick and Errand.

And I'll go see *Angelica*. Now that I'm an Elder Brother, I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them.

[Exit.

SCENE [II], Lurewell's House.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter.

Par. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyships Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine; and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception.

Par. Exactly to your Ladyships Order, the Alderman too is just come dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Parl. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[As Parly goes to put out the Candle, somebody Knocks.

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. [Sings.]

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore,*

The Sign was so,

[knocks]

She answer'd, No,

[knocks thrice]

No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

No, Damon, no, I am afraid,

Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid,

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid.

No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key,

Come in, said she, but do not stay.

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

[Exit Parly.]

Enters.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper, there's an harmonious consent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour.

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizens Wife to Cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

[*Wild. taking her by the Hand.*]

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft desires, is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty Fires.

Lure. O Villain! what Privilege has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruine? [*Aside*] If this be a Love Token, your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

[*Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.*]

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. To design upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed.

[*Aside.*

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine thing.

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing.

{*Both*

sing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the favour to see you some other time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your most humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard*. [*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, leading in Smugler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Parl. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a pair of silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you——What are you fumbling about my Pockets for——?

Parl. Only settling the Plates of your Gown, here, Sir; get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[*Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.*

Viz. Where wou'd'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almost in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought.

[*Kisses her.*

Parl. Pshaw! who has hir'd me best? a couple of Shillings, and a couple of Kisses. [*Exit.*

Viz. Propitious Darkness guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Persian* Monarch, hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World. Under thy easie Reign Dissemblers may speak Truth; all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villainy may act without Constraint.

Smug. [*peeping out of the Closet.*] Bless me! what Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour abroad, to gorge their craving Maws; the pleasure of Hypocrisie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke loose, wildly indulges in new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as prophanelly, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam,—my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard*?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject—I left it where it has only business, with Day-light, 'tis needless to wear a Mask in the Dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!—The World takes you for a very sober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleasures—with me a Cully-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift—With me a Holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer—But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour—she who with scornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, disdains the Name of Whore, with me can Wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep but invisible, not like those fluttering noisie Sinners, whose Pleasure is the proclamation of their Faults, those empty Flashes who no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleasures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*—she has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be reveng'd of both—Well, Sir, what are these you are so intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well—those who stand so high, that the vulgar envy even their Crimes, whose Figure adds privilege to their Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd warm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, lovely, soft, and kind, like you.)

Smug. I am very lovely and soft indeed, you shall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend—Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest—you must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

✓ *Viz.* 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Pelf—and yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd stick at no profitable Villainy himself, loves Holiness in another—he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past—he spends all Dinner-time in too tedious Graces, and what he designs a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family—he's the most——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to Purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and shou'd lose it by Deceit. By the pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. *[Aside.]*

Viz. And no sooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteelly I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. *[Aside.]*

Viz. Bless, me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I must fly immediately, when shall I see you, Madam.

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleasure, than my Reputation. *[Exit.]*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word suffers a great deal—Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him the Fee-Simple of a Rope and a Shilling——who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischief—I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties——I'll hide my self. *[Stands close.]*

Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say there are Two Spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole House——Two Spoons will be no small gap in my Quarter's Wages——

Serv. When did you miss them, *James*?

But. Miss them. Why, I miss them now; in short they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about. *[Search and discover Smugler.]*
Ah! who's this?

But. Hark'ee, good Woman, what makes you hide your self? What are you asham'd of.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Smug. Asham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest Old Woman that never was asham'd of any thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them, and I'll shake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty-Larceny*!——why, search me, good People, search me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will search you Mistress.

[*They search and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*]

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us, she is a Witch in good earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some *Covent-Garden*, or *St. James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurse.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two silver Spoons, and says, she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the Impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught. O Madam! Madam don't you know me? Don't you remember Buss and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box——Take her before a Justice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! consider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Consider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisy, and Knavery? and must be punish'd accordingly——You must be in Petticoats, Gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too, you must tempt a Ladies Honour, old Satyr, away with him. [*Hurry him off.*]

*Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,
Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes,
May Honour Rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

ACT V.

SCENE [I], *Lady Darling's House.*

Darling and Angelica.

Darling. **D**Aughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, *Madam*, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to Enslave, than Bracelet to Adorn us——It shou'd show, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry's* Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Tho Modesty, *Madam*, may Wink, it must not Sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad—I must confess, that of all Mens, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour——but, *Madam*, in sight of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry's* Designs are only to court and marry you.

Angel. His pretence, perhaps, was such, but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same——Pray, *Madam*, by what means were you made acquainted with his Design?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*]

Angel. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in earnest——wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? no, I can't suspect him of so ungentle a Crime——this Letter will trace the Truth——[*Aside.*] my suspicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I wont doubt your discretion.

[*Exit Darling.*]

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*——! *Madam*, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches, to every Glass.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unless by quenching quick my Flame you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, *Madam*.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault:—— Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon occasion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, if you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better service.——Come, come, *Madam*, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay then, who waits there? *[Enter Footmen.]*
Take hold of that Mad Man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy's* the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold,——do you know, Scoundrils, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? *[Draws.]*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistriss commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs.

[Throws Money among them : They scramble and take it up : He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.]

Rascals, Poultrons,——I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to flight: And, now take the General Prisoner. *[Laying hold on her.]*

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mothers Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.——Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire could prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well.——The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

in my Face, that it shou'd dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against your self: I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul; My Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*mimicking*] Tall ti dum, ti dum, tall ti didi, didum.
A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queen*——I gad, I'll at her in her own cant——

O my Statyra, O my Angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir, View me with a sober thought, free from those fumes of Wine that throw a mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching Eyes is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a vertuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with, [*Aside*] look ye Madam, as to that slender particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it, you may be as vertuous as any Woman in *England* if you please; you may say your Prayers all the time——but pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Vertue that you make such a mighty Noise about——Can your Vertue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No: for the Players can't live upon Vertue. Can your Vertue keep you a Coach and Six? no, no: your Vertuous Women walk a foot——Can your Vertue hire you a Pew in a Church? Why the very Sexton will tell you, no. Can your Vertue stake for you at Picquet? no. Then what business has a Woman with Vertue?——Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guinea's——there's a hundred——the Devil! Vertuous still! Why 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guinea's.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus; but the Mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self, our Sex still strikes an awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guinea's will set you up at Basset; a hundred Guineas will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guinea's will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guinea's will buy you a rich Escritore for your Billet deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Virtue. A hundred Guinea's will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen, and fine Gentlemen are——I Gad this Burgundy makes a Man speak like an Angel——Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it, as I wou'd the base unworthy Giver, thus.

[*Throws down the Purse, and Stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament Man, spight of my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under Foot, that Deity which all the World adores.——O the blooming pride of beautiful Eighteen!

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P'shaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Markets with the Old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better,——[*Goes to the Door*] here you friend, pray desire the Old Lady to walk in.——Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and d'ye like my Daughter, pray.

Wild. Like her Madam!—hearkee, Will you take it? Why faith Madam!——take the Money, I say, or I gad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam——in short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How Sir?

Wild. Why Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guinea's! upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these Old Women love to hear Bawdy! Why faith, Madam, I have ne're a double Entandie ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

*Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take 'um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall.*

A Modish Minuet Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright English, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guinea's, to——

Ang. Hold Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for Modest Ears to bear.——Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this Mighty Man of Wit and Humours, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How Sir, come to Affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who ye are? Why, your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard's* Cousin, I suppose;——and for you Madam——now to call her Procuress Alamode France. [*Aside.*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray Sir speak English.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode *Londre*! [*Aside*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those Civil, Obliging, Discreet, Old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

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Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what injury have you e're receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion.

Ang. Yes, Sir, what cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank.

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles, *Vizard's* Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Ang. Here Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [*to Darling*] before I read, I'll make some Condition—Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I wont scruple 30 or 40 pieces; Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Ang. Now can't I tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! [*Reads.*]

Out of my Earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica,—Ah, ay, the very Words, I can say it by heart—I have sent Sir Harry Wildair—to court my Cousin.—What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin—he read to me a quite different thing—*He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune*—He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal,—and wou'd make your Daughter very Happy, [*Whistles*] in a Husband. [*Looks foolish, and hums a Song.*]
Oh poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry Stars design'd?

Ang. Now Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to Redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam.

[*Bows to her.*]

Ang. Consider, what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam.

[*Bows to i'other.*]

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam.

[*Bows again.*]

Ang. Remember the base price you offer'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Very true, Madam, was ever Man so Catechis'd.

Darl. Then think that, *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives, that's all, farewell.

[*Going.*]

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Wild. Stay, *Madam*, [*to Darling*] one Word, is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by Fighting.

Darl. Only one, Sir; which, if you can think of, you may do: you know the business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, *Madam*. [*Exit Darling.*] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony, which is best now? A license from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self;—but, Dam it,—Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two, so my dear Cousin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE [II], *Newgate*.

Clincher Senior Solus.

Clin. **H**OW Severe and Melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? last Week my Father died: Yesterday I turn'd Beau: To day I am laid by the heels, and to Morrow shall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing with a Bookseller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; But now, the History of my Travels thro' *Holborn* to *Tyborn*,—*The last dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee.*—*Come, a Halfpenny a piece.* A sad Sound, a sad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one way to have a Man's Death make a Great Noise in the World.

Enter Smugler and Gaoler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So send these Letters into *Thames-street*, as directed, they're to Gentlemen that will Bail me.

[*Exit Gaoler.*

Eh! this *Newgate* is a very Populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.—Well, Friend, What are you, a Cut-throat, or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, *Mistriss*, a Bawd, or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-staff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee*! O, you young Rake-hell, What brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you Old Rogue, What brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing, and your Frisking wou'd come to.

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Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom-Wig, must you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You design to swing in Masquerade, Master, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you must go to the Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house, unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and his Mistriss a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but some malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this *Month*: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honest sober *Man* can't Sin in private for this Plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman Five Guineas my self towards Writing a Book against it: And it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, *Master*, take Courage; our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave: and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a *Messenger* for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by.—Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. [Exit *Smug*.

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking, when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.—Ah, this Cursed Intriguing! Had I Swung handsomely in a Silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to Hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very Ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve thou dear, dear—damn'd Rogue, Where have you been? Thou art the most welcome—Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Erra. Sir, I see where mine are: Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Erra. A Gentleman! ha, ha, ha, D'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all Gentlemen here,——I stand up for Liberty and Property.—*Newgate's* a Common-wealth. No Courtier has Business among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay till I send for own Cloaths: I shall get out presently.

Erra. No, no, Sir, I'll have you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm twenty thousand strong.

[*Exeunt Struggling.*

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

[SCENE III.]

The SCENE changes to Lady Darling's House.

Enter Wildair with Letters, Servants following.

Wild. **H**ERE, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,—you to *St. James's*—and you into the City.—Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces. Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend: my Pleasure's now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back agen; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*; but this transcends your self; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess? my Friend—whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure?—*Woman*—What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman*.—What is the Master stroak and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming Vertuous Woman*?—When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasie: The blest, the fair Production—Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess?—What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*?—What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshiping? *Treacherous Woman*:—What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman*.—Woman, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentments against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex—I have found one, whose Vertues—

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Show of Complaisance at least.—Here comes my Charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. [*Saluting Angelica.*] I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound Sir: I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me Cousin! how came ye by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha, I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the Matter, Cousin?

Clin. The matter! Ha, ha, ha: Why an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, Let me see e're a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Ang. You appear'd a sober Pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. P'shaw, I was a Fool then: But now, *Madam*, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.—As for your part, *Madam*, you might have had me once:—But now, *Madam*, if you shou'd chance to fall to eating Chalk, or knawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault—Now, *Madam*—I have an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher senior in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must you?—you will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost!—Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law,

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

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Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him——

Clin. sen. Truly the apprehensions of Death may have made me savour a little——O Lord——the Colonel! the apprehension of him may make me savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*! go to the *Bear-Garden*——The Travel of such Fools as you doubly Injures our Country, you expose our Native Follies, which Ridicules us amongst Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices which you vend here for Fashionable Gallantry; a Traveling Fool is as dangerous as a Home-bred Villain——Get ye to your Native Plough and Cart, Converse with Animals, like your selves, Sheep and Oxen, Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other time; I hear some Fiddles Tuning; let's hear how they can Entertain us: Be pleas'd to sit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant Whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, Shall I beg you to Entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [to Darling.

Darl. With all my heart——Come, Gentlemen. [Ex. Omnes but Wild.

Wild. A Lady to Enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding——What d'ye gaze at *Madam*?

Lure. A Monster——if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you, I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame——Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood.

[Shews a Ring.

Methinks the Motto of this sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face——Read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your Perfidious Eyes——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring Mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past redress; to let me know you, only to know you false——had not curs'd Chance show'd me the Surprizing Motto, I had been happy——The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. What the Devil's all this! Madam, I'm not at leisure for Raillery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure; Madam, any other time—— [Going.]

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, hark'ee, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [Exit.]

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heav'ns, or I shall Burst— Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain,^o at once swell up my breast—Words, Words or I shall burst. [Going.]

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The charge of Guilt! What? making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act, the height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown, dissembling to the prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sigh, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is Meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly—if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, Madam, you know that you're discover'd; and being sensible, you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay. That Ring, Madam, proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not—yes, speak it out, 'tis so just Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busie Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be the pure result of his own Vanity: at last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that purpose——no denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Lure. The just Owner, think Sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it, if you have Love and Honour in your Soul. 'Tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stoln it basely.

Stand. Ha—your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to show me something strange—but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about Twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was, [*runs to her, and embraces her*] the blest remembrance fires my Soul with transport—I know the rest—you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd since, 'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge my self from the stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the University, my Elder Brother and I quarrel'd; my Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to Travel: I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you, by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause—You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most Generous and Brave—and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your acceptance; and if I can satisfie you in my past Conduct, and the reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay, not Fame, nor Glory, e're shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles, the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this. That Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not show his Face among such Honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is a——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have Disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as to the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*to Angel.*] how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequences of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as Hypocritical——

Lure. As your self, Mr. Alderman, how fares my good old Nurse, pray, Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman, do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading [*Aside*] how came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's House, yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandizing; among the rest, the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bordeaux*, about Transporting *French* Wine in *Spanish* Casks——First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider, whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Chm. sen. Hark'ee, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee*, now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise; Wou'd you be thought an Honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering quality of the Soul, and will as certainly Cheat, as a Thief wou'd Steal——Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

Wild. Right, Madam, Vertue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion, of which, Colonel, your Conversion and Mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules ;
Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.*

But Woman——

*Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teachers sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

NOW all depart, each his respective way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's, one homeward goes,
And one, with loving she, retires to th' Rose.
The amorous Pair, in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in number three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others more generous damn the Play at Lockets.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne're spoke in generous Champain.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may
Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World should know it,
Sit down, and for their two pence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a Play—too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhil and Cheapside:
But those I think have but one Rule for Plays;
They'l say they'r good, if so the World says.
If it should please them, and their Spouses know it,
They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two I' engage their Vote :

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

*But that way's old, below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is Complement to them.
For their sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their Faces.
Our Business with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

S i r H a r r y
W I L D A I R

Being the Sequel of the
Trip to the J U B I L E E

A
C O M E D Y

As it is Acted at the
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L
I N
D R U R Y L A N E

B Y
H i s M A J E S T Y ' s S e r v a n t s

Source

IN *Sir Harry Wildair*, Farquhar attempted, without success, to recapture the spirit of *The Constant Couple*, of which it was the sequel. Lady Lurewell, in this piece, may be a reminiscence of Lady Lovemore in Thomas Jevon's *The Devil of a Wife* (1686).

Theatrical History

S*IR HARRY WILDAIR* enjoyed none of the popularity which was the lot of its predecessor, *The Constant Couple*. When it was first produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane late in April, 1701, it ran for nine nights only. The only record we can find of its revival was at Lincoln's Inn Fields, February 1st, 1737, and on three other nights in the same month

To the Right Honourable the
Earl of *Albemarle*, &c.

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter

My Lord,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raise it self to the Stile of Panegyrick, than it can stoop to the Art of Flattery; but if in the plain and simple Habit of Truth it may presume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's Favour, please to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatness.

This distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice, and Metaphysical to the World, who know your Lordship's Merit and Place to be so inseparable, that they can only differ as the Cause from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond dispute, as that your Royal Master, who has made the noble Choice, is the most wise, and most discerning Prince in the Universe.

To present the World with a lively Draught of your Lordship's Perfections, I should enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on those shining Qualifications for which his Majesty is so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the business of voluminous History, and your Lordship's Character must attend the Fame of your great Master in the Memoires of Futurity, as your faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their Judgments; or sometimes to ease their Carcs by imparting them. The great Augustus, we read, in his project of settling the unwieldy Roman Conquests on a fix'd Basis of Government, had the design laid, not in his Counsel, but his Closet; there we find him with his two Friends Mecænas and Agrippa, his Favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the noise of Faction, and constraint of Formality, and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government that soon recovered their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and stil'd its Monarch, Pater Patriæ.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our Cæsar too, no less renowned than the foremention'd Augustus; he first asserted our Liberties at

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home against Popery and Thraldom, headed our Armies abroad with bravery and success, gave Peace to Europe, and security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his Mecænas, the private Councillour to those great Transactions which have made England so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the favour of your Master without the envy of the Subject ; your Moderation and even Deportment between both has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People, the Nation has voted you their Good Angel in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the influence of your Favour. The Polite Mecænas, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his Virgil, and his Horace, and his time was mostly divided between the Emperor and the Poet ; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as Augustus made him Great, so the Muses fix'd him Immortal ; and Maro's Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my access to your Lordship, I have only this to recommend me without Art, void of Rhetorick, that I am a true lover of my King, and pay an unfeign'd Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants and faithful Ministers ; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

and most obedient humble Servant,

George Farquhar.

PROLOGUE

O *Ur Authors, have in most their late Essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays ;
Made great Harrangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for Humour, and go down for Wit.
Athenian Rules must form an English Piece.
And Drury-Lane comply with ancient Greece.
Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the Pit.
Our youthful Author swears he cares not a-Pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin :
He leaves to learn'd Pens such labour'd Lays,
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From musty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull reading, but he Studies You.
First, from you Beaux, his Lesson is Formality,
And in your Footmen there,—most nice Morality ;
To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
Because they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Stile,
And learns, without a blush, to make 'em smile ;
A Lesson only taught us by the Fair,
A waggish Action—but a modest Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modish W'riter needs.
He learns from every Covent-Garden Crinck's Face,
The modern Forms, of Action, Time, and Place.
The Action he's asham'd to name—d'ye see,
The Time, is seven, the Place, is Number Three.
The Masques he only reads by passant Looks,
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit and Boxes are his Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks censure then, and hiss like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's Beaux, and Covent-Garden Rakes.*

Dramatis Personæ

Sir <i>Harry Wildair</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
Col. <i>Standard</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Fireball</i> , a Sea-Captain,	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
Mons. <i>Marquis</i> , a sharpening Refugee,	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Beau-Banter</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Clincher</i> , the Jubile-Beau turn'd Politican,	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Dicky</i> , Servant to <i>Wildair</i> ,	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Shark</i> , Servant to <i>Fireball</i> ,	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .
<i>Ghost</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
Lord <i>Bellamy</i> ,	Mr. <i>Simpson</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Lurewell</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Angelica</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Parley</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *James's*.

Sir Harry Wildair

Being the Sequel of the
Trip to the J U B I L E E

A C T I.

S C E N E, *The Park.*

Enter Standard and Fireball meeting.

Stand. **H** Ah, Brother *Fireball*! Welcome ashore. What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and Frigat safe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wish.

Stand. And what News from the *Baluck*?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th North, that have got Globes and Scepters to play with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the *English* came in like *Robin Goodfellow*, cry'd *Boh*, and made 'em be quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Success: You have heard, I suppose, that I've Marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay; 'twas my first News upon my Landing, That Coll. *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewel*—A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady!—But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Vessel you're Master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail, and no Ballast—Shall I tell you, the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the loss of a Lap Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cause, and pleas'd without a Reason. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Chollick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the merit of an understanding Head; yet her Vanity will stoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, A fine Lady goes to Church for fashion's sake, and to the Basset-Table with Devotion; and her passion for Gaming

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exceeds her vanity of being thought Vertuous, or the desire of acting the contrary.—We Seamen speak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always Tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then, give me thy Hand, honest *Frank*; and let the World talk on, and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, say you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all—They only say what's usual upon such Occasions: That your Wife's the greatest Coquet about the Court, and your Worship the greatest Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir!

Fire. That she's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in her self, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her self, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I'gad, Brother it shall be so, I'll back again to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter scandal of my Brother and Sister, I'll dash his Ratefia in's Face, and call him a Lyar. [Going.]

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The world is too strong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be thorowly reveng'd, we must murder all the Beaux, and poyson half the Ladies: Those that have nothing else to say, must tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, must have something that's sharp to relish their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of such Conversation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty insipid.—Now, Brother, why shou'd we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Because that all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst Reason in the World.—Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lyon, because a Lyon wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd.

Stand. Ay, that's right; If you cou'd! But since you have neither Teeth nor Paws for such an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But I say, that whoever abuses my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother; that's a contradiction: There's no such thing as Villany at Court. Indeed if the practice of Courts were found in a single Person, he might be stil'd Villain with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accusers. In short, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-adays, pleads liberty of Conscience; every Man's Conscience is his convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment.—As for instance, Who would be so complaisant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's

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the Condition of his Pay? And who can be so ill-natur'd as to blame a Courtier for espousing that which is the very tenure of his Livelyhood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cause!—But, Sir, my bus'ness is not with the Court, but with You; I desire you, Sir, to open your Eyes, at least, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard just now at the *Chocolate-House*.

Stand. Brother.

Fire. Well, Sir?

Stand. Did the Scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why shou'd you think it shou'd please me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your Self, sweet Sir: If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pshaw! If they abus'd me, they're my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Pot-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were so raillyd, so torn! there were a Hundred Ranks of sneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once; which so mangl'd your Wife's Reputation, that she can never patch up her Honour while she lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you say?

Fire. Very white! Blood, Sir, I say, they mangl'd your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I say, That if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it?

Stand. Not a Syllable. Listning after Slander, is laying Nets for Serpents, which when you have caught, will sting you to Death: Let 'em spit their Venom among themselves, and it hurts no body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together!—Fye, fye, Sir! consider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a Noble Post; distinguish'd by brave Actions, an Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies—Hell! That a Man who has storm'd *Namur*, shou'd become the Jest of a Coffee-Table!—The whole House was clearly taken up with the two important Questions, Whether the Coll. was a Cuckold; or *Kid* a Pyrate?

Stand. This I cannot bear.

[*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering Coxcomb) the Coll. has made his Fortune with a witness; he has secur'd himself a good Estate in this Life, and a Reversion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's oblig'd to your Lordship's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others (says a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell*

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at Picket, besides my Lord; I have Capotted her my self two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience assist me!

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Pestilence.—Shake off these drowzy Chains that fetter your Resentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Person be as publick as her Character: If she be honest, revenge her Quarrel.—I can stay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy Office*; I'll come and Dine with you; in the mean time, Revenge; think on't. *[Exit Fireball.]*

Stand. *[Solus.]* How easy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to observe it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Gospel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work to pieces.—That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parley, running cross the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. Parley, Whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master!—Sir, I was running to Mademoiselle *Furbelo*, the French Milliner, for a new Burgundy for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettiest fashion lately come over! so airy, so *French*, and all that!—The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve pleats of a side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizl'd all up round the Head, and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the temples, with a languishing lock in the middle. Then the Caul is extremely wide, and over all is a Cor'net rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind.—I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first—What Wages does my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir; which Gad knows is little enough, considering how I slave from place to place upon her occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two Hundred Pound a Year of her Old Cloaths.

Stand. Two Hundred Pound a Year by her Old Cloaths! What then must her New ones cost?—But what do you get by Visiting Gallants and Picket?

Par. About a Hundred Pound more.

Stand. A Hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honest, when she gets so much by being a Jade?—What Religion are you of, Mrs. Parley?

Par. I can't tell.

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Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where were you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever Christen'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptists*: they dy'd before I was Dipt; I then forsook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the worth of your Extraction sooner, that I might have pay'd you the Respect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five Hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your Maidenhead?—[*She puts on her Masque and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return: Never to come near my House again. Be gone, Monster, fly—Hell and Furies! never Christen'd! her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious. Never Christen'd! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose.—Turn me off! Sir, you sha'n't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's business to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for ye now! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a Hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets.—Be gone, I say.—My Wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she shan't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistriss, not She.

Stand. You the Mistriss!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph! Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband!—Very pretty Faith!—Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a *Jew*; Tho' I was never Christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection or Interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian Lye, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

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Par. Why then Interest, Interest. I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one.—Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me as much as to others?

Par. Honest to you! Marry for what? You gave me indeed two pityful pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver since. One Gallant gives me Ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my Noble Master gives me——his Linnen to mend.—Faugh!—I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than ill nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley*?

Par. No, Faith, not yet; tho' in a very fair way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you shall be my Pensioner; you shall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping of a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You shall find a Husband once in your Life outdo all your Gallants in Generosity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes; give 'em hopes, make 'em Assignations; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means she will be kept Chaste; you will grow Rich, and I shall preserve my Honour.

Par. But what security shall I have for performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready payment, Child.

Par. Then give me earnest.

Stand. Five Guineas.

[*Giving her Money.*]

Par. Are they right? No *Grays-Inn* pieces amongst 'em?—All right as my Leg.—Now, Sir, I'll give you an earnest of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair*.

Stand. Impossible!

Par. Yes, Faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a Year.—He appear'd in the Ring last Night with such Splendor and Equipage, that he Eclips'd the Beaux, dazzl'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of Six *Flanders* Mares, Seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittle-cock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promises and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her self a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

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Par. She might as safely Swear, Sir, That this Day se'night at four a Clock the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it; and once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some hopes, that by constant disappointment and crosses in her Designs I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Basset-Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the usual Company: They have made up a Bank of Fifteen Hundred *Louis-d'Ors* among 'em; the whole design lies upon Sir *Harry's* Purse, and the *French Marquis*, you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French Marquis*; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*——the Persecution of *Basset* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that *Refugee*, but the character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real sufferers for their Religion.——But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes.——There's more Earnest for you; Be Rich and Faithful.

[Exit Standard.]

Par. [Solus.] I am now not only Woman to the Lady *Lurewel*, but Steward to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purse. A very pretty Office in a Family! For every *Guinea* that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.—My comings-in at this rate will be worth a Master in *Chancery's* place, and many a poor *Templar* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

[Going.]

Enter Dicky, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. *Dicky*!

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude; not a bit diminish'd, nor a Hair's breadth increas'd.——Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, I han't tasted a bit this Year and half, Woman; I have been wandering about over all the World, following my Master, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me if I had not rather kiss an *English* pair of Pattins, than the finest Lady in *France*.

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Par. Then you're overjoy'd to see *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a Consumption, till the sweet smoke of *Cheapside*, and the dear perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Master?

Dick. Oh! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd *Him* away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the loss of your Mistriss, Sir *Harry's* Lady? They say, she was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest Woman that ever the Sun shin'd upon. I cou'd almost weep when I think of her. [Wiping his Eyes.

Par. How did she die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buss then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then——Courage!——Now for a doleful Tale.——You know that my Master took a freak to go see that foolish *Jubilee* that made such a noise among us here; and no sooner said than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *English* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.—Well; so far, so good——But scarce was my Master's back turn'd, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short, fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well; I know all this already; and that she pluck'd up her Spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far, and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a place call'd *Montpellier*, in *France*; a goodly place truly.—But, Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor Lady, with the tiresomness of Travelling, fell sick—and dy'd. [Crying.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the Story.—Those cursed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, She was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground.—Oh! Damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan as I am, then such a Christian as one of these?——But how did you dispose the Body?

Dick. Why there was one Charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to visit my Lady in her sickness: She contriv'd the matter so, that she had her bury'd in her own private Chappel. This Lady and my self carry'd her

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out upon our own Shoulders through a back-door at the hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Priests, we had gone to the Gallows without the benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em.—But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; some sort of a *Cannibal*, I believe. I know there are some *Cannibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Playhouses in Masques; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you must know, that my Lady after she was bury'd sent me——

Par. How! after she was bury'd!

Dick. Pshaw! Why Lord, Mistress, you know what I mean: I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monastery amongst a Hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was surpriz'd to see honest *Dicky*, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *English* Oaths upon the spot, and swore that he would set fire on the Pope's Palace for the injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himself up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he call'd for his best Linnen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily swore again he wou'd be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in the matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Bastards.—Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts.—So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we pass'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has some designs of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, Faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buss you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me you Rogue.

Dick. Allons.

[Runs off.

[Follows.

The End of the First Act.

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ACT II.

SCENE [I], *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chambermaids.

1. *Cham.* ARE all things set in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in form, and the Chocolate ready?

2. *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our Lecture; I wish, for my part, that my time were out.

1. *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a Hundred to One but we may run away before our time be half expir'd; and she's worse this Morning than ever.—Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lur. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was last night? A wrinkle on one side, and a rumple on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew.—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the sheets all night long.—Oh!—my bones ake this morning as if I had lain all night on a pair of *Dutch Stairs*.—Go bring Chocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an Hour or two at least.—Well! these *English Animals* are so unpolish'd! I wish the Persecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of these *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this *Chocolate*.—
And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

Lur. Only an hour and a half by the slowest Clock in *Christendom*.—
And such Salvers and Dishes too! The Lard be merciful to me; what have I committed, to be plagu'd with such Animals?—Where are my new Japan Salvers?—Broke, o' my Conscience! all to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband—

Lur. How! Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners.

[*Gives her a box on the Ear.*]

Husband! Is that your *Welsh* breeding? Han't the Coll. a name of his own?

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Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this morning, and we han't got 'em since.

Lur. How! the Coll. use my Things! How dare the Coll. use any thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education must be pardon'd.—And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty Levee of Disbanded Officers?—Faugh! the very thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd up Wigs, and tuck'd in Crevats makes me sick as Death.—Come, let me see.— [*Goes to take the Chocolate, and starts back.* Heav'ns protect me from such a sight! Lord Girl! when did you wash your Hands last? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fists of yours? [*Runs to the Glass.*—I must dress all over again.—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my Tailer; and, d'ye hear? you Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if the Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Tayler.

Oh Mr. *Remnant*! I don't know what ails these Stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I'm very sorry for that, Madam. But what fault does your Ladiship find?

Lur. I don't know where the fault lies; but in short, I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like 'm.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lur. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps.

Lur. Not at all; they fit me very well; but—Lard bless me! can't you tell where the fault lies?

Rem. Why truly Madam, I can't tell;—But your Ladiship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

Lur. How! too slender for the Fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, Madam; there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Wastes are clear out, clear out, Madam.

Lur. And why did you not plump up my Stays to the fashionable size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lur. Fit me! fit my Monkey.—What, d'ye think I wear Cloaths to please my self? Fit me! Fit the Fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted of Quality-Air.—Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a bulk of Quality, a spreading Countour. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Appartments, the Birth-night were most of 'em two Yards about.—Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my Things any more with your scanty Chambermaids Air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your Ladiship for the future. [*Exit.*

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Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master desires——

Lur. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's sake hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco breath of thine, I shall poyson the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door pray, and speak.

[Servant goes to the door and speaks.]

Ser. My Master, Madam, desires——

Lur. Oh hideous! Now the Rascal bellows so loud, that he tears my Head to pieces.—Here, Awkwardness, go take the Booby's Message, and bring it to me.

[Maid goes to the Door, whispers and returns.]

Cham. My Master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Visit this Morning?

Lur. Ay.—Why this is civil.—'Tis an insupportable toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good Morrow my dearest Angel. How have you rested last night?

Lur. Lard, Lard, Coll! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bless me, Sir! will you never be reclaim'd from your slovenly Campaign-Airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly thing in nature to make a sliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeness upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly!—I'm very sorry, Madam, that the offences of my Feet should create an aversion to my Company: But for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's Appartment as the Sepulcher at *Jerusalem*, and always come in barefoot.

Lur. Sepulchers at *Jerusalem*! Your Complement, Sir, is very far fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very Travelling-Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no serious disputes upon Trifles, since you know, I never contend with you in matters of Consequence. You are still Mistriss of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more absolute in your Pleasure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Desires.—Come, clear your brow of that uneasy Chagrine, and let that pleasing Air take place that first ensnar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome look. Let their Entertainment shew how bless'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lur. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality?

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lur. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my

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Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept such Company, 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends.—But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lur. Sir, I shall not be at leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.—

Enter Parley, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some business with my Woman; You may entertain your Sea-monster by your self; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a bowl of Punch, I suppose; and so, Sir, much good may do you.—Come
Parley. *[Exeunt Lur. and Par.]*

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart.—Where's your Wife; Brother?—Ho'now Man? What's the matter?—Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No.—I don't know.—Hang it; I'm sorry that I invited you:—For you must know that my Wife is very much out of order; taken dangerously ill of a sudden—so that—

Fire. Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage qualm; breeding Children, or breeding Mischief? Where is she, Man? Prithee let me see her; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my word she's very ill, and can't see any body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any body! What, she's not in labour sure! I tell you, I will see her.—Where is she? *[Looking about.]*

Stand. No, no Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! Dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see no body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World!—Ay, you have made your Fortunes with a Vengeance!—Then, Brother, you shall Dine with me at *Locker's*; I hate these Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam! No Apology, dear Sir.—'Tis very good indeed, Madam.—For your self, dear Madam.—Where between the rub'd Floor under foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasses in another, a Man can't make two strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming, Sir. Much noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family-Dinners; Come along with me.

As they are going out, Enter Banter; who seeing them, seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your business, pray Sir?

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Ban. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my self.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has some bus'ness with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gadso! a pretty fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him; I wou'd fain see his Forehead tho'.—Sir your humble Servant.

Stand. Yours, Sir.—But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, That the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother.

[*In his ear.*]

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right! I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable.—But pray, Sir, by what marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to *Sir Harry Wildair*; and I hope to Inherit his Estate with his Humour; for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well; for what's Nature in Him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh Lard Sir! 'tis rather Nature in Me what is acquir'd by Him; He's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was establish'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. } At Oxford!

Fire. }

Ban. Ay; There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven Years: Yet, in defiance to Legs of Mutton, small Beer, crabbed Books, and sour-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistriss, play at Picket, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Christendome*. In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman.—Coll. Where's your Wife?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] *In spite of the University I'm a pretty Gentleman.*

—Then, Coll. *Where's your Wife?*—Hark ye, young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have, your nose slit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, Which will you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

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Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no bus'ness upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions; Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I received just now six Months Pay, and by this Light I'll give you the half on't for one fair blow at your Scull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; If you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose; you may find opportunity for your Revenge, my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the time will come.

[*Exit.*]

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither Him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm priviledg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the freedom of your Condition.—But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban. I han't seen my Brother these Seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon, with a desire of meeting me here. Upon this I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his House, but that was all in Sables for the death of his Wife; there I was told, that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all remembrances that might disturb his quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the bus'ness that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read Ten thousand Lies in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the truth my self; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir?

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say my Wife, Sir.—What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; You may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either Ancient or Modern, that She's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young Fellow, she lik'd you; she marry'd you; and

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tho' the Priest made you both one Flesh, yet there's no small distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below says he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot.—*Coll.* your humble Servant. *[Exit.]*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.
An impudent young Dog. *[Exit another way.]*

SCENE [II] *changes to another Apartment in the same house.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Mons. Marquis and Fireball, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.

Lur. Ruin'd! Undone! Destroy'd!

1. *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2. *La.* What will my Husband say?

Mons. Oh malheur! malheur! malheur!

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Mons. A Hundred and ten Pistols, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two Hundred and ten Pistols.—Sink you indeed!

Lur. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Mons. Because me had lose by de Card tree times before.—Look dere Madam, de very next Card had been our. Oh *Morbleu! qui sa?*

Lur. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards; you us'd to *Tailée* with success.

Mons. *Morbleu*, Madam, me nevre lose before: But dat Monsieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil.—Where is de Chevalier?

Lur. Counting our Money within yonder.—Go, go, be gone; and bethink your self of some Revenge.—Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *Louis d'Ors*.—Tall dal de rall [*sings.*]
Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune,—Tall dall de ral.

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I dance to the Tune of Fifteen hundred Pound, the most elevated piece of Musick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettiest Castagnets in the World.

[Chinks the Money.]

Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you; *[Gives the Servants Money.]* Mrs. Parley—here's Hoods and Scarfs for you; *[Gives her Money.]* And here's fine Coaches, splendid Equipage, lovely Women and victorious Burgundy for me.—Oh ye charming Angels! the Losers sorrow, and the Gainers joy; Get ye into my Pocket.—Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant.—You'll excuse me, I hope, the small Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune.—Ho'now! Mute!—Why, Ladies, I know that Losers have leave to speak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb.—*Monsieur!* Ladies! Captain!

[Claps the Captain on the shoulder.]

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye strike me, Sir? *[Drawing.]*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir——Your Ear, Capt.—The King of Spain is dead.

Fire. The King of Spain dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæsar*; I had a Letter on't just now.

Fire. Tall dall derall *[sings.]* Look ye, Sir, pray strike me again if you please.—See here, Sir, you have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World *[Puts it in his Mouth.]* Down it goes i'faith.—Allons for the Thatch & House and the Mediterranean.—Tall dall derall. *[Exit.]*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha.—Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Lur. Bless me, Sir Harry! I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm so much concern'd!——

Wild. At the loss of your Money, Madam. But why, why should the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate're they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for You. Your Eyes unty the Miser's knotted Purse. *[To one Lady.]*

Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy Chain.—Youth mints for you hereditary Lands. *[To another.]*——And Gamesters only win when they can lose to you. *[To Lurewell.]*——This Luck is the most Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lur. I have a great mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1. *La.* And I.

[Exit.]

2. *La.* And I.

[Crying, and Exit.]

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade.—I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Ministers of Fortune's Power; that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King.—

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What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And then the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Picket, the Paroli at Basset;—And then Ombre! Who can resist the charms of Mattadors?

Lur. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va*, *Quinze le Va*, & *Trante le Va*!

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lur. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbage, and Pam in Lanterloo, Sir *Harry*!

Wild. Ay, Madam, these are Charms indeed—Then the pleasure of picking your Husbands Pocket over Night to play at Basset next Day! Then the advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's necessity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Pistols, which a Hundred Years Courtship cou'd never have produc'd.

Lur. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game, and I have play'd it so in *France* a Hundred times.

Lur. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three words, That rather than forego my Cards, I'll forswear my Visits, Fashions, my Monkey, Friends, and Relations.

Wild. There spoke the spirit of True-born *English* Quality, 'tis a true *French* Education.

Lur. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune; he shall Mortgage, or I will Elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam; there's no occasion for that. See here, Madam!

Lur. What, the Singing Birds, Sir *Harry*? Let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few.—But I cou'd wish, *de tout mon cœur*, for *quelque Commodité*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lur. Ah! *Chevallier!* tous jour obligeant Engageant & tout sa.—

Wild. Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre service. [*Pulls her.*]

Lur. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this time o'day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French-Pocket-book*, with some Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [*Exit.*]

Lur. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French-Pocket-book*, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author, I find—What's here?—Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a Hundred Pound.—The new way of making Love!—*Pardie cêt fort Gallant.*—One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in all my Life! Well now, that *Wildair's*

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

a charming Fellow,—Hi, hi, hi.—he has such an Air, and such a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a Hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come,—Madam, I'll give you a Hundred Guinea's if you'll let me.—Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings.—Here's a Hundred pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of modesty with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

[SCENE I.]

SCENE *continues.*

Lurewell and Monsieur Marquis.

Lur. WELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Mons. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bich. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? ave I not de Personage? ave I not de understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I? can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset better dan I? Den why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lur. Why? Because Fortune is blind.

Mons. Blind! Yes begar, and dumb, and deaf too.—Vell den. Fortune give de Anglis-man de Riches, but Nature give de France-man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lur. But how can you correct it *Monsieur*?

Mons. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Wife is dead.

Lur. And what advantage can you make of that?

Mons. Begar, Madam.—Hi, hi, hi.—De Anglis-man's dead Wife sall Cuckol her Usband.

Lur. How, how, Sir! A dead Woman Cuckold her Husband!

Mons. Mark! Madam. We France-men make a de distinction between de design and de term of de Treaty.—She canno touch his Head, but she can Cuckol his Pocket of Ten tousan Livres.

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Lur. Pray explain your self, Sir.

Mons. I have Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lur. How! Sir *Harry's* Wife in your Pocket!

Mons. Hold, Madam; dere is an autre distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty.

Lur. Pray, Sir, no more of your Distinctions, but speak plain.

Mons. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but distinction upon his Tongue.—See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry Vife* in my Pocket.

Lur. Is't possible?

Mons. Voyez.

Lur. The very same, and finely drawn. Pray, *Monsieur*, how did you purchase it?

Mons. As me did purchase de Picture, so me did gain de Substance, de dear, dear Substance; by de bon mien, de France Air, Chantant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and Dançant à la Pie.

Lur. Lard bless me! How cunningly some women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now as I hope for mercy I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more Vertuous than my self.—Here was such a work with my Lady *Wildair's* Piety! my Lady *Wildair's* Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair's* Fidelity forsooth!—Now dear *Monsieur*, you have infallibly told me the best News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and she was but one of us? heh?

Mons. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no scandalize de dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture say noting.

Lur. Come, come, Sir, no more distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I wou'd have given the World for such a story of her while she was living. She was Charitable forsooth! and she was Devout forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair's* Reputation; And why don't you mark *her* Behaviour, and *her* Discretion? She goes to Church twice a day,—Ah! I hate these Congregation-women. There's such a fuss and such a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noise than all the Bells in the Parish.—Well, but what advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Mons. De advantage of ten tousan Livres, pardie.—*Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady she die at *Montpeher* in France; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she dye in dat City, and dat she send me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a Tousan Base mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon ceur le Marquis.

Lur. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion! here was Fidelity! Mon ceur le Marquis! Ha, ha, hi.——Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Mons. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Lur. Ay, what is the French Politick.

Mons. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.—Madam, je sui vôtre serviteur. [Runs off.]

Lur. Hold, hold, Sir; we shan't part so; I will have it. [Follows.]

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! look! Look ye there, Brother! See how they Cocquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marqui's at it. *Mon eur, ma foy, pardie, allons.* Don't you see how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [Walking in Disorder.] Where's my Reason? Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are; in your Forehead, Sir.—Blood! I say, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why, stab him, stab him now.—*Italian, Spaniard*, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why, Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thousand Heads; and tho' I shou'd cut this one off, the Monster still wou'd sprout. Must I murder all the Fops in the Nation? and to save my Head from Horns, expose my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff?—Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horses.

Stand. A noble Plot.—But now it's laid, how shall we put it in execution? for not one of these Fellows stirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're stout as Heroes; for I can assure you that a Beau with six Footmen shall fight you any Gentleman in *Christendom*.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. Clincher below, who begs the Honour to kiss your Hand.

Stand. Ay, Why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a Beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a simple inoffensive Fellow, that will rather make us Diversion.

Fire. Diversion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diversion.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave *him* a surfeit of Intriguing some Months ago before I was marry'd.—Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A fellow of a strange Wethercock-head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; constantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up some humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all occasions; but lately, since the new Revolution in *Europe*, another spirit has possess'd him, and he runs stark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, news, Coll! great——Eh! what's this Fellow? me-thinks he has a kind of suspicious Air.—Your Ear, Coll.—The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News.

[*Whispering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha.——And why d'y'e whisper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true.——But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, just come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odso! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecastle.——Nay, a kiss o' 'tother side pray.—Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.——Odso! I'm so pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain.——You sail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*.——Well, and what then? eh?

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clin. Did you faith?—Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right Sea-Captain.—But what did you do? how did you Fight? what Storms did you meet? and what Whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coast of *Jutland*.

Clin. *Jutland*! Ay, that's part of *Portugal*.——Well, and so—you enter'd the *Sound*——and you maul'd *Copenhagen* 'faith.——And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty King of *Sweden*! What sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and Slender! much about my pitch? heh?

Fire. Not so gross, nor altogether so low.

Here Parley enters, and stands at the door; Clincher beckons her with his Hands behind going backwards, and speaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.

Clin. No! I'm sorry for't; very sorry indeed.—Well, and what more? and so you Bombarded *Copenhagen*.——[*Mrs. Parley*]*—Whiz, slap*

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

went the Bombs. [Mrs. Parley]—And so—Well, not altogether so gross, you say.—[Here is a Letter you Jade]—Very tall, you say? Is the King very tall?—[Here's a Guinea you Jade.]—[She takes the Letter, and the Coll. observes him.] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubl'd with the Pty sick of late.—Hem! hem! a strange stoppage of my breast here. Hem! But now it is off again.—Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and still you are a stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! what can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! witty, witty Sea-Captain. Odso! And I wonder, Captain, that your understanding did not split your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir?

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's Wit for you Sir.—

Enter Parley, who gives the Coll. a Letter.

Odso! a Letter! then there's News.—What, is it the Foreign Post? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye Mrs. Parley.

[He talks with Parley while the Coll. reads the Letter.]

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he? *[Looks at Clincher.]*
[Reads.] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I shou'd violate the work of your fair Hands.—[Oh! fulsome Fop.] I therefore with the warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it asunder. [Ay, here's such a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send to my Correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all bus'ness, and hasten to wait on you at the hour appointed, with the wings of a Flying-post.

Yours.

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. Toby.—Hark ye, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A Damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. 'Sdeath! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no; We'll manage him to more advantage. Take him with you to *Locker's*, and invent some way or other to fuddle him.—Here, Mr. Clincher, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a very particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locker's*.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Clin. His own Journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Cli. Now for News—[*Reads.*] *Thursday, August the 7th*, from the 6th Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses *per* Traverse, true Course protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 Degrees, West 60 Miles, difference of Latitude 42 Miles, departure West 40 Miles, Latitude *per* Judgment 54 Degrees 13 Minutes Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is 88 Miles.—Odso! great News faith.—Let me see.—At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.—Odso! a Whale! great News faith.—Come, come along, Captain.—But, d'ye hear? With this Proviso, Gentlemen, That I won't drink; for hark ye, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the—

Fir. A fine Lady!—Ah the Rogue! [*Aside.*]

Cli. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady.—Come, no Ceremony, good Captain. [*Exeunt Fireball and Clincher.*]

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, how go the rest of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's Brother has commenc'd his Suit, and fee'd Counsel already.—Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive Four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guinea's for the good news of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Mony in Debauching other Mens Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune!—Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Bus'ness be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her Pride will preserve her against the first Assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay. [*Ex. Col. & Par.*]

SCENE [II] *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Wildair and Lurewell.

Lur. Well, now, Sir Harry, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the best penn'd Piece I have seen a great while. I don't know any of our Authors have writ in so florid and genteel a Style.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expressions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rhapsodies of Flames and Darts, their barren Sighs and Tears, their speaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer's* time, perhaps, have pass'd for Love; but now 'tis only such as I can touch that noble Passion, and by the true, persuasive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Stile of *Louis-d'Ors*, can raise the ravish'd Female to a Rapture.—In short, Madam, I'll match *Cowley* in softness, o'ertop *Milton* in sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that most ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lur. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old Thing call'd Love; they say 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no Body wears it! And here too, Honesty went out with the slash'd Doublets, and Love with the close-body'd Gowns. Love! 'tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable Picture of *Patient Grizell* at the Head of an old Ballad—Faugh!

Lur. Ha, ha, hi.—The best Emblem in the World.—Come, Sir Harry, faith we'll run it down.—Love!—Ay, methinks I see the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madness, and her Mouth full of Nonsense—Oh! hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poysons!—

Lur. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man must kneel, and a Man must swear.—There is a Repose, I see, in the next Room. [Aside.]

Lur. Unnatural Stuff!

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural thing in the World; as fulsome as a Sack-Posset, [Pulling her towards the Door] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. [Pulls her again.]

Lur. Ay, Sir Harry; I hate Love that's impudent. These Poets dress it up so in their Tragedies, that no modest Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of countenance. [Pulling her.]

Lur. Truly so it does.—Hang their Impudence.—But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam.

[Pulls her in.]

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! who's here?

[Lurewell comes back]

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Lur. Pshaw! prevented! by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now.—Pshaw!—Very fam'liar, Sir.

[*Banter takes up Wildair's Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lur. Discover'd too by a Stranger!—What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*—Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the Superscriptions of your Letters for you?

Lur. Bless me, Sir *Harry*! don't you know that the Colonel can't write French? Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris*?

Lur. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume 'tis right.—This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam?—Dem him. [*Aside.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother; By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! how the fellow strings his Genealogy!—Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother, I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an hour or two longer.

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own hand, there 'tis.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! pray, Sir, let me consider you a little.—By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good shape, [*Walks about and views him*] well dress'd.—The Rogue has a good leg too!—Come kiss me, Child.—Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip.—Can'st thou Dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lur. Hey-day! French too! Why sure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford*!

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London*.—Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to communicate, which require a little privacy.

Lur. Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon, I'll leave you.—Sir *Harry*, you'll stay Supper? [*Exit.*

Wild. Assurance Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Wild. Both!—Sir, I'll send you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better Mutton-Commons by messing with You, Brother.—Come, Sir *Harry*: If you stay, I stay; If you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young fellow.—Why *Sirrah*, hast thou any thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to Pimp for me; you shou'd keep a Pack of Wenches o' purpose to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in Me is certain Poverty to You? Look ye, *Sirrah*, come along; and for my disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new Mistress to night, I'll marry to morrow, and won't leave you a Groat.—Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[*Pushes him out, and Exit.*]

[*The End of the Third Act.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE [I], *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball hauling in Clincher.

Fir. Come, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, faith!

Fir. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir—Sir, your humble Servant.

[*Going.*]

Fir. Well! the Death of this Spanish King will——

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh! What's that of the Spanish King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fir. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don *Carlos* is Dead.

Clin. Dead!—Nay, then——[*Sits down*]—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink presently; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales Strait*.—Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*]

Fir. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fir. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succession!—Not mind the Succession!

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Fir. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settl'd upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, settl'd already!—The best News that ever came into *England*—Come, Captain, faith and troth Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fir. Burn the Succession, Sir. I won't drink it—What! Drink Confusion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means.—As for Trade, d'ye see! I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. These Tradesmen are the most impudent Fellows we have, and spoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fir. A trim Politician truly!—And what do you think of our Religion, Pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi—Religion!—And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion pray?—And to hear a Sea-Captain talk of Religion! That's Pleasant, Faith.

Fir. And have you no regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pshaw! Liberties! That's a Jest. We Beaux shall have liberty to Whore and Drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.—

Enter Standard.

Dear Collonel, the rarest News!

Stan. Damn your News, Sir; why are not you Drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Question truly!

Stan. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy—Fill.

Clin. This is a Piece of Politicks that I don't so well comprehend.

Stan. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay; this comes o'the Succession; Fire and Sword already.

Stan. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stan. Drink, Sir, I say——Brother, manage him, I must be gone.

[*Aside to Fireball, and Exit.*]

Fir. Ay, Drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land!—Look ye, Gentlemen, if I must be Poyson'd, pray let me chuse my own Dose——Were I a Lord now, I shou'd have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm a Gentleman, pray stifle me with Claret at least; don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fir. Brandy! You Dog, abuse Brandy! Flat Treason against the Navy-Royal.—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the Fleet.—Here, Shark.

Enter Shark.

Get Three or Four of the Ships Crew, and Press this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub*.

Sha. Ay, Master.

[*Exit.*]

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Clin. What, aboard the Belzebub!—Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the Devil this way—Here, Sir, your good Health;—and my own Confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimstone and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*]

Fir. Here, quench it, quench it then.—Take the Glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadside! Nay, then I'm sunk downright.—Dear Captain, give me Quarter; consider the present juncture of Affairs; you'll spoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fir. Here, Shark.

Clin. Well, well, I will drink.—The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks.* Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron.—Eh! Bless me, how the Ship rouls!—I can't stand on my Legs, Faith.—Dear Captain, give me a Kiss—Ay, burn the Succession.—Look ye, Captain, I shall be Sea-Sick presently.

[*Falls into Fireball's Arms.*]

Enter Shark and another with a Chair.

Fir. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir—Avaßt, avaßt.—Here, Boy.—No Nants left.—
[*Topes the Glass.*]

Fir. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy Politicks.

SCENE [II] *changes to Lurewell's Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lur. Did you ever see such an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter*? He follow'd his Brother up and down from Place to Place so very close, that we cou'd not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon, Sir *Harry* will dispose of him now, Madam, where he may be secur'd.—But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not, according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lur. I wish, *Parley*, that no harm may befall me to Day; for I had a most Frightful Dream last Night; I dreamt of a Mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, Madam, you shou'd be so much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lur. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us some darling Fright.—I now hate a Mouse; my Lady *Lovetards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Countess of *Picquet* abominates a Frog; and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Enter Marquis running.

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.—L'Argent! L'Argent! [Shews a Bag of Mony.

Lur. As I hope to breathe he has got it.—Well, but how? How, dear Monsieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau.—Voyez, Madam; me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furnise his Lady wid ten tousan Livres for de expence of her Travaille; and dat she not being able to write wen she was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Mony from her Husband. Mark ye?

Lur. The best Plot in the World.—You told him, that your Brother lent her the Mony in *France*, when her Bills, I suppose, were delay'd.—You put in that, I presume?

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lur. And that upon her Death-Bed she gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that she had receiv'd the Mony, which Picture your Brother sent over to you, with Commission to receive the Debt?

Mar. Assurance.—Dere was de Politique, de *France* Politique!—See, Madam, wat he can do, de *France* Marquis! He did make de Anglise Lady Cuckle her Husband wen she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha.—Oh! Pardie, cette bon.

Lur. Ay.—But what did Sir *Harry* say?

Mar. Oh! begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he say, dat if she take up a hundre tousan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he say, and order me de Money from his Stewar.—Oh notre Dame! Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lur. Well but, Monsieur, I long to know one thing. Was the Conquest you made of his Lady so easy! What Assaults did you make? And what Resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de *France* Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere was tree deux-yeux, one Serenade, an' two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lur. Chatillionte! There's nothing in nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story.—Well, Monsieur! 'tis about a thousand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me will give you de Present of fifty *Louis-d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lur. And you'll give me no more?—Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, begar, 'tis ver' well.—Considre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious Charite and de *France* Politique, de fruit of my own Address, dat is all.

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Lur. Ay, an Object of Charity with a Thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh Monsieur! that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.* He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by; [*Hurries him in.* and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France Politique*, then have I no English *Politique*—Hang the Money; I wou'd not for twice a thousand Pound forbear abusing this Virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lur. As I cou'd wish. Chairs.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the first place I sacrifice a *Louis-d'Or* to thee for good luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child; French Money is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, and runs to Sir Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! shall I order your Chair to the back-door by five a Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone.—[*Dicky runs out.* Now, dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd the Colonel, and we may rail at Love till we han't a Word more to say.

Lur. Ay, Sir *Harry*.—Please to sit a little, Sir.—You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions.—How do you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her!—Ha, ha, ha.—So very well faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lur. And did Matrimony please you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lur. Oh, Sir *Harry*! This is Raillery. But your serious Thoughts upon the Matter pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, she was Vertuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education an Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of Five and Twenty in her Lap.—I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night; she was my Mistress one Day, my Wife another: I found in One the variety of a Thousand, and the very confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleasure of Change.

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Lur. And she was very Vertuous?

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was Beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, sparkling Wit in her Forehead, and sprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lur. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't answer my Question, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was Young and Beautiful, I was Rich and Vigorous; my Estate gave a Lustre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleasures circl'd without end.

Lur. Golden Pleasures! Golden Fiddlesticks.—What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was she Vertuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.* So, Madam, I powder'd to please her, she dress'd to engage me; we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonsense, loll'd away the Evening in the Park or the Play-house, and all the Night——Hem!——

Lur. Look ye, Sir, answer my Question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a Pattern of Unity.—Her Wants were still prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whisper'd me her Desires, 'cause she her self was there; no Contention ever rose, but the dear Strife of who shou'd most oblige; no Noise about Authority; for neither wou'd stoop to Command, 'cause both thought it Glory to Obey.

Lur. Stuff! stuff! stuff!——I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, because our Inclinations made us One; a Power superiour to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage-Torch had lost its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then——

Lur. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lur. Yes, Sir; 'tis an affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will resent it.—In short, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a——

Wild. Buz, Madam.—No Detraction.—I'll tell you what she was.—So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I saw another in her Arms, I shou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conscious Reason had given my Eyes the Lye.

Lur. Very well! Then I an't to be believ'd, it seems.—But, d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you 'tis not in the power of Malice to cast a blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex and the Envy of yours conspir'd both against her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*]

Lur. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it.—The Picture! the Picture! the Picture! [*Bawling aloud.*]

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Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Pistol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lur. That Picture which you had just now from the French Marquis, for a thousand Pound; that very Picture did your very Vertuous Wife send to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very vertuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money.
[*Aloud.*]

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lur. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll Swear it.—She Vertuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings*] Fal, al, deral.

Lur. Was ever the like seen! He won't hear me.—I burst with Malice, and now he won't mind me!—Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lur. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a Crying*].—Sir, I must say that you're an unworthy Person, to use a Woman of Quality at this rate, when she has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me Miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have seen it with my Eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beseech thee. How shall I 'scape!

Lur. Will you hear me yet? Dear Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh! I have it.—Hush, hush, hush.

Lur. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouse! a Mouse! a Mouse!

Lur. Where? Where? Where?

Wild. Your Pettycoats, your Pettycoats, Madam.

[*Lur. shrieks, and runs off.*]

Wild. Oh my Head! I was never worsted by a Woman before.—But I have heard so much as to know the Marquis to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I must run for't. [*Runs out and returns.*].—The Entry is stopt by a Chair coming in, and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide my self. [*Goes to the Closet-door.*] Fast! I have Keys about me for most Locks about S. *James's*,—Let me see.—[*Tries one Key.*].—No, no; this opens my Lady *Planthorn's* Back-door.—[*Tries another.*].—Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall's* Garden. [*Tries a Third.*] Ay, ay, this does it Faith.

[*Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.*]

Enter Shark and another with Clincher in a Chair; Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Orders to lug in your dirty Chair into the House?

Shar. My Master, Sweetheart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence?

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Sha. Every Body, Sawce-box.—And for the present here's my Master; and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs Clincher out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, *Tom*. [*Exeunt.*]

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilé*, is it you?

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lur. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher*?

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lur. Oh! then 'tis well enough.—Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lur. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues, miscarry.—Faugh! the Beast! But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. *Shark*?

Lur. What shall we do with him, *Parley*? If the Colonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! what's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam!—Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as He are all those Top-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet.—I urge not the Sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Ballance; and see whose Merit bears the greater weight, his or mine?

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel.

Stand. Suppose your self freely disengag'd, unmarried, and to make a choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man?—Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beast disgorge his fulsom Load in your fair lovely Bosom, snore out his Passion in your soft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his sick Debauch perfume your sweet Apartment.

Lur. Ah nauseous! nauseous! Poyson!

Stand. I ne're was taught to set a value on my self: But when compar'd to him, there Modesty must stoop, and Indignation give my words a loose, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemish'd in my Honour,

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have nobly serv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I shou'd think so too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as He, my Person too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you.—Your Sex have bless'd our Isle with Beauty, by distant Nations priz'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as They the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ay, now he coaxes.—He will conquer unless I relieve her in time; She begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I swear, the constant study of my Days and Nights have been to please my dearest Wife. Your Pleasure never met controul from me, nor your Desires a frown.—I never mention'd my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your discretion so as e're to think you made him an appointment.

Lur. Generous, generous Man!

[Weeps.]

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.—[*He steals out of the Closet, and coming behind Standard, claps him on the Shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble Servant.—

Stand. Sir Harry? How came you hither?

Wild. Ah poor Fellow! Thou hast got thy Load with a Witness; but the Wine was humming strong; I have got a touch on't my self.

[Reels a little.]

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry! What Wine?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff: But the Dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you it seems? Eh?

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'Tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He wou'd needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the Jubilee. The Humour was new to me; so to't we went.—But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb; two or three Bumpers did his Business.—Ah Madam! What do I deserve for this?

[Aside to Lurewell.]

Lur. Look ye there, Sir; you see how Sir Harry has clear'd my Innocence.—I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I must leave you to make it out.

[To Wild. & Ex.]

Stand. Yes, yes; he has clear'd you wonderfully.—But pray, Sir.—I suppose you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my House? Eh?

Wild. Ay. Why, you must know that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum: so I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him Home. Now you must know he lodges but three Doors off;

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but the Boobies it seems mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. Oh, yes! Sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in *James's* for a House in *Covent-Garden*.—Here.

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.— [*Servants carry off Clincher.*
And you say 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very strong?

Wild. Egad there is some trick in this matter, and I shall be discover'd.
[*Aside.*] Ay, Colonel; but I must be gone, I'm engag'd to meet.—
Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat? Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. I'll never Intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off?—Hark ye, Colonel in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it.—You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running a-cross that Closet-door. I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frighted, but with all my force (d'ye see?) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Closet?

Wild. Ay, ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out. [*Goes into the Closet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lyes in a Breath.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[*Standard comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the Marquis with the other.*

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look ye, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Wat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I have but one Troat.

Enter Parley, and runs to Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is Innocent; he came upon another design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and if you make any noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have too great a confidence in the Vertue of my Wife, to think it in the power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my

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Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation so that no attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal; Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you 'tis time to desist. [Exit.

Wild. Ay, ay; so 'tis faith.—Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir. [Exeunt.

[The End of the Fourth Act.]

ACT V.

SCENE [I], Standard's House.

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. **I**N short, Brother, a Man may talk till Dooms-day of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; but your Rhetorick will ne're convince a Lady that there's any thing of the Devil in a handsome Fellow with a fine Coat. You must shew the Cloven-Foot, expose the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Vertue sleeps, her Pride will surely take th' Alarm.

Fir. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you sent him away.—

Stand. No, no; the Fool has serv'd my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Resentment; and the effect has shewn that my Design was right; I've touch'd her very heart, and she relents apace.

Enter Lurewell running.

Lur. Oh! my Dear, save me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fir. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you?

[Draws his Sword and stands before her.

Lur. Oh, Sir! A Ghost! A Ghost! I have seen it twice.

Fir. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghosts; send for the Parson. [Sheaths his Sword.

Stand. 'Tis fancy, my Dear, nothing but fancy.

Lur. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again; I'm frighted to death; I saw it twice; twice it stalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is strange! Ghosts by day-light!—Come, my Dear, along with me; don't shrink! we'll see to find this Ghost. [Exeunt.

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SCENE [II] *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, and Dicky.

Wild. Dicky.

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a French Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monsieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentilman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think for my part that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the Devil a one of 'em cou'd lend a thousand Pence, much less a thousand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, que dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray answer me one Question. What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*, and are a downright Atheist in *England*? A very tender Conscience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monsieur, my Conscience be ver' tendre; he no suffre not his Mastre to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parle *François*, Monsieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain English, return my Mony, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir *Arry*.—Voyez sa.—De *France* Marquis scorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Mony, and here is my Witness. [Draws.]

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cause; we'll cross the Park into the Fields; you shall throw down the Mony between us, and the best Title, upon a fair hearing, shall take it up.—Allons! [Exit.]

Mar. O! de tout mon cœur.—Allons! Fient à la tate, begar. [Exit.]

SCENE [III], *Lurewell's Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lur. Pshaw! I'm such a frightful Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.
—Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* shall know

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what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Letter sure. [Sits down to write.]

Ghost. [From within.]——Hold.

Lur. Protect me!—*Parley*, don't leave me.—But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold.

Lur. Defend me! don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lur. It call'd to hold. I will venture once more. [Sits down to write.]

Ghost. Disturb no more the quiet of the Dead.

Lur. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! what is it?

Ghost enters, Lurewell and Parley shriek, and run to a corner of the Stage.

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,

Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.

Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load

With scandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.

Repent, vain Woman!

Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,

And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith

Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.

Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,

Disturb no more the quiet of the Dead.

[Stalks off.]

[Lurewell swoons, and Parley supports her.]

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, Fainting! What's the matter!

Fir. Breeding, Breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad sure! What Ghost?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair's* Wife.

Stand. *Angelica!*

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Mistress with meer Morals.

Fir. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*.

[Parley leads out Lurewell.]

What can this mean, Brother?

Fir. The meaning's plain. There's a design of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*, so his Wife is come to forbid the Banns; that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has

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broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneasy in her Grave.—But whatever be the cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV], *The Park.*

Company Walking; Wildair and Marquis passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.

Lord. Sir *Harry*.

Wild. My Lord?—Monsieur, I'll follow you, Sir. [Ex. Marq.]

Lo. I must talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short; for I was never in more haste in my Life.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the cause that detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More mischief again!—Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your Face.—But, if you must know, your Lady owes me Two hundred Guinea's, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guinea's! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Shew for it, my Lord! I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha.—'Tis very strange! that some Men, tho' their Education be never so Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding!—Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beau-monde*, and the *Belle-esprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why shou'd you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troublesom and impertinent Thing.—Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you Dine with me, I Sup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.—Honour! That's such an Impertinence!—Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think

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of murdering your Friend's Reputation? making a Jest of his Misfortunes? cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like?

Lo. Why, rank Villany.

Wild. Pish! pish! Nothing but good Manners, excess of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only practice to shew our Wit and Breeding.—As for Instance; your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; railles you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Picquet, to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of Things. Shou'd a Man with a handsom Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet, and Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns, and Chocolate-houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than Four Shillings in the Pound.—Come, come, my Lord; no more on't, for Shame; your Honour is safe enough; for I have the Key of its back Door in my Pocket.

[Runs off.]

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time.

[Exit.]

SCENE [V], *The Fields.*

Enter Marquis with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.

Mar. Sa, sa, sa; fient a la Tate. Sa; Embaracade; Quart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; The Devil! Must I fight with a Tumbler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! allons! Stripe, stripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir; I never strip to engage a Man; I Fight as I Dance.—Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie. [*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*—Allons!—

Enter Dicky, and gives Wildair a Gun.

Morbleu! que sa?

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Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.—*Dicky*, take up the Money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is faith. And if my Master be kill'd, the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Where is your *France Politique* now? Come, Monsieur; you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own; but now we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I must requite your pains. So come on, Sir.

[*Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.*]

Mar. Come on! For wat? Wen de Money is gone! De France-man fight where dere is no profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie.

[*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*]

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you must Fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de Money be gone, me will speak de verite;—Pardie, Monsieur, me did made de Cuckle of you, and your Vife send me de Picture for my pain.

Wild. Look ye Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd shake hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain scandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat.

[*They Fight.*]

Enter Standard and Fireball, who part 'em.

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.—Brother, secure the Marquis.—Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[*As they talk, Marquis dresses, and Fireball helps him.*]

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. Pshaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me, What made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. I knew it.—Pray, Colonel, What makes you stay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you must know we were a pair of the most happy, toying, foolish people in the World, till she got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealousy in her Head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne're an angry word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.—But pray no more on't.—Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be serious when I tell you that her Ghost appears.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Wild. Her Ghost! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant faith.

Stand. As sure as Fate, it walks in my House.

Wild. In your House. Come along, Colonel. By the Lard I'll kiss it.
[*Ex. Wild. and Stand.*]

Mar. Monsieur le Capitain, Adieu.

Fir. Adieu! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fir. For what? Why, d'ye think I'm such a Rogue as to part a Couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see 'em make an end on't; I think it a less Sin to part Man and Wife.—Come along, Sir.

[*Ex. pulling Monsieur.*]

SCENE [VI], *Standard's House.*

Enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. Well then! This, it seems, is the enchanted Chamber. The Ghost has pitch'd upon a handsome Appartment however.—Well, Colonel, When do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghost walks cross the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is!—Emh! Blood, I'll speak to't.—Vous, Mademoiselle Ghost, *parle vous François?*—No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect due to your Quality? [*Ghost returns.*]

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you faith? Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her and Embraces her.*—Ha! 'tis Substance I'm sure.—But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, Whether you are alive or dead?

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shroud.*—Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd so much as in this moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Colonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis amazement truly—Look ye, Madam; I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive; indeed I am.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Wild. I don't believe a word on't.

[*Moving away.*]

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*]

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall dye in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your sight.

[*Weeping and going.*]

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning Bride* upon this occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Pawlet* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abell's* Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Senses tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there——Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural and more moving than all the Plays in *Christendom*——I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I cou'd not live with You, to die to all the World besides; I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickness at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your return.——Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your busie Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghost have reveng'd the Scandal she this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how Extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head!——But by what means, my Dear, cou'd you purchase this double Disguise? how came you by my Letter to my Brother?

Ang. By intercepting your Letters all since I came home. But for my Ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Enter Fireball and Marquis.

Fir. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; If not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some oder Countrey now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him; and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every Body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it.—But no matter; my Neighbors shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels this alone I kept, 'cause 'twas given by you.

[Shews the Picture.

Wild. Eh! wonderful!—And what's this? *[Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So like, that one might fairly pass for t'other.—Monsieur Marquis, *écoutez*.—You did lie wid my Vife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain? Eh? Come, Sir, add to your *France Politique* a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de *France*-man can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute.—I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an' I give him ten Pistole for de Copy.—And so me have de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis *Politique* me have de Reputation to lie wid dem all.—

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reach'd above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An' begar, for dat matre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de *France*.

[Struts out.

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and Ostentation of thy Country.—Look ye, Captain, give me thy hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King in *propria persona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir Harry: And if all the Beaux in the Side-boxes were of your mind, we wou'd send 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and shew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, and Parley.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such Discoveries!

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then, let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir! I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance.—Strike up. *[A Dance here.]*

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives; Yours from Death, and mine from the Devil; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep 'em so?

Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles; for we are but Babies at best, and must have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our China, our Fashions, our Washes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle, and Impertinence; therefore I say 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lur. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me advise you to observe, Never to be Jealous; or if you shou'd, be sure never to let your Wife think you suspect her; for we are more restrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdness, than by the Wickedness of the Fact; and once a Woman has born the Shame of a Whore, she'll dispatch you the Sin in a moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice; and, in return, give me leave to give you the definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Conversation never outstrips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry; then sorry, not sullen: The Park, Play-house, and Cards, she frequents in compliance with Custom; but her Diversions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, she is beautiful to a Wonder, scorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uses all Arts to please her Husband.

*So, spite of Satyr 'gainst a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly blest with such a Wife.*

EPILOGUE

By a Friend.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere?
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear :
Je suis Enrage—now he is not here. }
He has affront de French! Le Villaine bête. }
De French! your best Friend!—you suffre dat? }
Parbleu! Messieurs a serast fort Ingrate! }
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own? }
Vat have you of grand Plaisire in dis Towne, }
Vidout it come from France, dat will go down? }
Picquet, Basset ; your Wine, your Dress, your Dance;
'Tis all you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick, knack ;
He carry out Wit, but seldome bring it back :
But den he bring a Snuff-Box Hinge, so small
De Joynt, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistole, dat is sheap enough,
In tree year it sal save, alf an ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet she ave her Ratafia dere, }
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere ; }
As for de Cuckold—dat indeed you can make here. }
De French it is dat teach the Lady wear
De short Muff, wat her vite Elbow bare ; }
De Beau de large Muff, with his sleeve down dere.* }
We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husbands Purses,
To put de Furbalo round dere Coach, and dere Horses.
Garzoon! vee teach you every ting de Varle :
For vy den your damn Poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre tousand Refugee (Parbleu ce'st vray) }
Sal all come here, and dam him upon his tird day. }

* Pointing to his
Fingers

[FINIS]

THE
INCONSTANT
OR

The Way
to Win Him

A
COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane*

By his Majesty's Servants

In nova fert Animus Mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ————— Ovid Met.

Source

BY the author's own statement, *The Inconstant* is adapted from Fletcher's *The Wild Goose Chase*. The textual notes show just where and how closely he approached Fletcher verbally, and how and where he paraphrased Fletcher's verse. Where no parallel passages in Fletcher are shown, Farquhar may have the credit of his own invention, as in the scene of the monastery (Act IV. Sc. II). The last act is based upon an actual adventure which befell the Chevalier de Chastillon.

Theatrical History

THE *INCONSTANT*, which Farquhar adapted from Fletcher's *The Wild Goose Chase*, was first produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane about the first of March, 1702. There was considerable confusion on the first night, and the play was roundly hissed, though Wilks, as Mirabel, again, "out-acted himself."

The later popularity of *The Inconstant* goes to show that its original failure was not due to its own faults, but that Rich had chosen an unlucky moment at which to produce it. March was a bad month, coming shortly before the closing of the theatres for Lent, and, in addition, the stage proper was suffering from an invasion of competing attractions—L'Abbe, Balon, Mlle Soubigny; Opera and Italian Singers, Pierrots and Columbines; even troupes of French Tumblers. As Rowe lamented—

*Must Shakespear, Fletcher and laborious Ben
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?*

The public had an orgy of feasting its eyes and not its mind, forgetting its old idols. And while "your French virgin-pullet," Mlle Soubigny, was "garnish'd round, and dress'd with sauce of some four hundred pound," gallery and pit rose to their feet to decry the author of *The Trip to the Jubilee*.

Some twenty years of total neglect elapsed before *The Inconstant* was revived (October 16th, 1723) by Wilks and Pinkethman of the old company. Mrs. Booth, "a beautiful woman, lovely in her countenance, delicate in her form, a pleasing actress, and a most admirable dancer," played the rôle of Oriana. Mrs. Thurmond was Bizarre; Mrs. Heron, Lamorce; Miller, Duretete; Theophilus Cibber, Petit.

From 1730 onwards *The Inconstant* was acted fairly regularly. Garrick made his first appearance as Duretete on the occasion of Yates' benefit at Goodman's Fields, March 22nd, 1742. After an absence from Drury Lane of eight years it was again revived by Yates, as Old Mirabel, with Giffard as the Inconstant, Philips as Duretete. Mrs. Giffard played Bizarre, with Peg Woffington as Oriana.

After another lapse of seven years, Garrick appeared as Duretete opposite Catherine Clive as Bizarre. The quarrel scenes must have been amusing to the audience on this occasion, for it was no secret that Mrs. Clive continually bullied Garrick who "dreaded an altercation with this actress as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected; and whenever he had a difference with Mrs. Clive, he was happy to make a drawn battle of it."

Shortly afterwards Covent Garden took up the play with Smith as Young Mirabel; Shuter as the father; Dyer as Duretete; and Mrs. Bland as Bizarre. The Drury Lane cast of 1751 were still playing the same rôles in 1761, with the exception of Mrs. Ward, whose place had been taken by Mrs. Davies. Smith and Shuter, of Covent Garden, also kept the same parts, Woodward taking the place of Dyer, and Miss Elliott and Mrs. Vincent playing Bizarre and Oriana.

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After some interval *The Inconstant* was revived at Covent Garden, November 4th, 1779, "Not Acted Six years," and at Drury Lane, Dodd's benefit, on April 3, 1780, advertised as "Not Acted Twenty years." The Covent Garden cast included Wroughton as Young Mirabel; Lewis as Duretete; Edwin, Old Mirabel; Mrs. Mattock, Bizarre; and Mrs. Lessingham as Oriana. At Drury Lane, Farren, Dodd, Parsons, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Robinson, respectively, took the same parts.

Another interval occurred, until the next revival at Covent Garden on December 10th, 1787, on which occasion there was an entirely new cast; Young Mirabel, Pope; Duretete, Ryder; Old Mirabel, Quick; Dugard, Macready; Bizarre, Mrs. Abington; Oriana, Mrs. Bernard. Drury Lane produced the play on November 5th, 1789, with Wroughton and Dodd as Young Mirabel and Duretete; Aiken as Old Mirabel; and Miss Farren and Mrs. Goodall as Bizarre and Oriana. Wroughton, Aiken, and Mrs. Goodall were still playing the same parts when the play was revived in three-act form at Drury Lane, May 7, 1798. Mrs. Jordan played Bizarre for the first time on that occasion, with the younger Bannister as Duretete.

Though Genest makes no mention of Kemble's taking part in *The Inconstant* until January 18th, 1811, I have an engraving of Kemble as Young Mirabel, dated October 3rd, 1806. He must surely have made something of a reputation in that part before the date of the engraving. With him in 1811, at Covent Garden, appeared Liston as Duretete; Munden as Old Mirabel; and Mrs. C. Kemble and Miss S. Booth as Bizarre and Oriana.

At Drury Lane, February 15th, 1817, Rae took the part of Young Mirabel, with Mrs. Alsop as Bizarre. Harley played Duretete, and Dowton, Old Mirabel on the same occasion.

Kemble gave a most admirable performance at Bath, January 16th, 1822, in the last scene of the last act, when "he first displayed the excess of joy, and then sank on Duretete with a sort of hysterical affection, as if human nature could not bear the acme of delight beyond a certain time."

Kemble again figured as Young Mirabel in "a Comedy in 3 Acts, altered from Farquhar, called *Wine does Wonders, or The Way to Win Him*." Oriana (with songs) by Miss M. Tree. Duretete, Liston; Old Mirabel, W. Farren; Dugard, Claremont; Petit, Treby; Bizarre, Mrs. C. Kemble; Lamorce, Miss Shaw. The play was produced with two other pieces at Covent Garden, on Mr. and Mrs. Kemble's night, June 6th, 1820.

Despite its frequent revivals *The Inconstant* cannot be ranked among the most popular of Farquhar's plays, and has, I believe, been revived but twice since 1900.

TO
Rich. Tighe, Esq.

S I R,

Dedications are the only Fashions in the World that are more disliked for being Universal; and the reason is, that they very seldom fit the persons they were made for; but I hope to avoid the common Obloquy in this address, by laying aside the Poet in every thing but the *Dramatick Decorum* of suiting my Character to the Person.

From the Part of *Mirabel* in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, people are willing to Compliment my performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easie, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of description; and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy Accomplishments, you come so near to my darling Character, abating his Inconstancy.

What an unspeakable Blessing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Understanding comes in, to moderate the desires of the first, and to refine upon the advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Master of all Pleasures, but a Slave to none; who has Travell'd, not for the Curiosity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himself—An Author might say a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two obstacles, your Modesty and your Sense; the first as a *Censor* upon the Subject, the second as a Critick upon the Stile; but I am obstinate in my purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the World on my side; nay, I have your very self against you, for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authoriz'd the more to proclaim it.

Your Generosity and Easiness of Temper is not only obvious in your common affairs and Conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amusement, that opener and dilater of the Mind, Musick;—from your affection for this delightful study we may deduce the pleasing harmony that is apparent in all your actions; and be assur'd, Sir, that a person must be possess'd of a very Divine Soul, who is so much in love with the entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Musick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a claim, by the right of Kindred, to your favour and affection. You

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were pleas'd to honour the Representation of this Play with your appearance at several times, which flatter'd my hopes that there might be something in it which your good Nature might excuse. With the Honour I here intend for my self, I likewise consult the Interest of my Nation, by showing a person that is so much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome Compliment to the place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that so fine a Gentleman had the seeds of his Education in the same University, and at the same time with,

S I R,

*Your most faithful, and
most humble Servant,*

George Farquhar.

P R E F A C E

TO give you the *History of this Play*, wou'd but cause the Reader and the Writer a trouble to no purpose ; I shall only say, that I took the hint from Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase* ; and to those who say, that I have spoyl'd the *Original*, I wish no other injury, but that they wou'd say it again.

As to the success of it, I think 'tis but a kind of *Cremona business*, I have neither lost nor won, I pushed fairly, but the French were prepossess'd, and the charms of *Gallick Heels*, were too hard for an *English Brain* ; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The favour was unavoidable, for we are a Nation so very fond of improving our Understanding, that the instruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in Competition with the *Moral of Minuet*. Pliny tell us in his *Natural History*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes, if this could be made practicable now, what a number of Subscriptions might be had to bring the great Mogul out of Fleet-Street, and make him dance between the Acts.

I remember that about two years ago, I had a Gentleman from France, that brought the Playhouse some fifty Audiences in five Months, then why shou'd I be surpriz'd to find a French Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettiest way in the World of despising the French King, to let him see that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he poor Man has exhausted all his Stock, in buying off some pitiful Towns and Principalities ; cum multis alijs : What can be a greater Compliment to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her retour to Paris, boast of their splendid entertainment in England, of the complaisance, liberality and good nature of a People, that thronged her House so full, that she had not room to stick a Pin ; and left a poor Fellow that had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing, for half a years pains that he had taken for their entertainment.

There were some Gentlemen in the Pit the first night, that took the hint from the Prologue to damn the Play ; but they made such a noise in the execution, that the People took the outcry for a reprieve, so that the darling mischief was overlay'd by their over-fondness of the Changling ; 'tis somewhat hard, that Gentlemen shou'd debase themselves into a faction of a dozen to stab a single Person, who never had the resolution to face two men at a time, if he has had the misfortune of any misunderstanding with a particular Person, he has a particular Person to answer it ; but these Sparks wou'd be remarkable in their resentment, and if any body falls under their displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular account, but will very honourably burn his House, or pick his Pocket.

The New House has perfectly made me a Convert by their civility on my sixth night ; for, to be Friends, and reveng'd at the same time, I must give them

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a Play, that is—when I write another; for faction runs so high, that I cou'd wish the Senate wou'd suppress the Houses, or put in force the Act against bribing Elections, that House which has the most favours to bestow will certainly carry it, spite of all Poetical Justice that wou'd support t'other.

I have heard some People so extravagantly angry at this Play, that one wou'd think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise men of good sense) have commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridicul'd me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on't, for tho the cause has come on six days successively, yet the tryal, I fancy is not determin'd. When our devotion to Lent and our Lady is over, the business will be brought on again, and then we shall have fair play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the first Understanding, and a very good Critick, who said of Mr Wilks, that in this part he out-acted himself, and all men that he ever saw. I wou'd not rob Mr Wilks, by a worse expression of mine, of a Compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the turn of Plot in the last Act is an Adventure of Chevalier de Chastillon in Paris, and matter of fact, but the thing is so universally known, that I think this advice might have been spar'd, as well as all the rest of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

The Prologue that was spoke the first night receiv'd such additions from Mr——who spoke it, that they are best if bury'd and forgot. But the following Prologue is literally the same that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr *Motteux*.

Like hungry Guests a sitting Audience looks :
Plays are like Suppers : Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders you ; The Table is this Place.
The Carvers, *We* ; The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Course ; Each Scene, a different Dish.
Tho we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for Flesh.
Satire's the Sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough :
Kind Masques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof.
Wit is the Wine ; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodshed joyn,
Are Butcher's Meat, a Battel's a Sirloyn.
Your Scenes of Love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taste.
Baudy's fat Ven'son, which, tho stale, can please :
Your Rakes love hogoes like your damn'd French Cheese.
Your Rarity for the fair Guests to gape on
Is your nice Squeaker, or Italian Capon ;
Or your French Virgin-Pullet, garnish'd round,
And drest with Sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An Op'ra, like an Ohio, nicks the Age ;
Farce is the Hasty-Pudding of the Stage.
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
Ye can dispense with slender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Pastoral's Whipt Cream ; Stage-Whims, meer Trash ;
And Tragicomedy, half Fish, half Flesh.
But Comedy, That, That's the darling Cheer.
This Night we hope you'll an Inconstant bear :
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Playhouse all the year.
Yet since each Mind betrays a different Taste,
And ev'ry Dish scarce pleases ev'ry Guest,
If ought you relish, do not damn the rest.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Musick strike :
You're welcome all——Now fall to where you like.

Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

<i>Old Mirabel</i> , An aged Gent. of an odd compound, between the Peevishness incident to his years, and his Fatherly fondness towards his Son.	} Mr <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Young Mirabel</i> , his Son.	} Mr <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Captain Duretete</i> , An honest good natur'd Fellow, that thinks himself a greater Fool than he is.	} Mr <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Dugard</i> , Brother to <i>Oriana</i> .	} Mr <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Petit</i> , Servant to <i>Dugard</i> , afterwards to his Sister.	} Mr <i>Norris</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Oriana</i> , A Lady contracted to <i>Mir.</i> who wou'd bring him to Reason.	} Mrs <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Bisarre</i> , A whimsical Lady, friend to <i>Oriana</i> , admir'd by <i>Dur.</i>	} Mrs <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Lamorce</i> , a Woman of Contrivance.	} Mrs <i>Kent</i> .

4 Bravo's, 2 Gentlemen, and 2 Ladies.

Souldiers, Servants and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT

ACT I. SCENE [I] *the Street.*

Enter Dugard, and his man Petit, in riding habits.

Dug. **S**irrah, what's a Clock?

Pet. Turn'd of eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! we have rid a swinging pace, from *Nemours* since two this morning! *Petit*, run to *Rousseau's*, and bespeak a Dinner at a *Lewis* d'Or a head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me see, *Mirabel* one, *Duretete* two, my self three——

Pet. And I four.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling familiarity! when abroad, you had some freedom for want of better Company; but among my friends at *Paris* pray remember your distance——Be gone, Sir——

[*Exit Pet.*]

This fellow's Wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domestick; I must dispose of him some way else—who's here? old *Mirabel*, and my Sister! my dearest Sister!

Enter Old Mirabel and Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur *Mirabel*! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old M. Honest Mr *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabel's* I'm your most humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you cast your Skin sure, you're brisk and gay, lusty health about you, no sign of Age but your silver hairs.

Old M. Silver hairs! then they are Quicksilver hairs, Sir. Whilst I have Golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver an they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench. But Mr *Dugard*, no news of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old M. Come home! Bob come home! by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr *Dugard*, what say ye?

Ori. Mr *Mirabel* return'd, Sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old M. Swear it, Mr *Dugard*, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this morning, I left him at the *Bagnieurs*, being a little disorder'd after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

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Old M. What! and he was asham'd to ask Blessing with his Boots on. A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, he?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Messenger.

Old M. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me still?

Dug. Why yes Sir, he's very like his Mother, and as like you as most modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old M. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why yes Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honest Companion, *Duretete*?

Dug. Who? the Captain? The very same he went abroad; he's the only French man I ever knew that cou'd not change. Your son, Mr *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that fellow's composition than for his own; for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In short, they are as inseparable as Finger and Thumb, but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in Friendship.

Old M. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to bespeak a Dinner for us at *Rousseau*'s at a *Lewidore* a head.

Old M. A *Lewidore* a head! Well said *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob*'s improv'd. But Mr *Dugard*, was it so civil of *Bob* to visit Monsieur *Rousseau* before his own Natural Father? Eh! hearkee, *Ortana*, what think you now of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole *Lewidore* at a sitting? he must be as strong as *Hercules*; Life and Spirit in abundance. Before gad I don't wonder at these men of Quality, that their own Wives can't serve 'em. A *Lewidore* a head, 'tis enough to stock the whole Nation with Bastards, 'tis faith. Mr *Dugard*, I leave you with your Sister. [*Exit.*]

Dug. Well, Sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well shap'd; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Ori. Why truly Brother I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet; I have scap'd the Jaundice, Green Sickness, and the Small Pox; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Sister, you remember that upon my going abroad you wou'd chuse this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family than *Prester John*, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your Fortune, therefore pray be so kind as to tell me without reservation the true cause of making such a choice.

Ori. Lookee Brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper lest I shou'd go a rambling too, that some body shou'd take care of me. Old Monsieur *Mirabel* is an honest Gentleman, was our Father's Friend,

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and has a young Lady in his House, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle *Bisarre*?

Ori. The same; we live merrily together without Scandal or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we please, rise when we will, all the week we dance and sing, and upon *Sundays* go first to Church and then to the Play—Now, Brother, besides these motives for chusing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, Sister; your love to young *Mirabel*; no secret, I can assure you, but so publick that all your friends are asham'd on't.

Or. O' my word then my friends are very Bashful; tho I'm afraid, Sir, that those people are not asham'd enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Sister, the people say——

Or. Pshaw, hang the people, they'll talk Treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore infer that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Lookee Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern, and their informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and swallow Reputations like Loches, a Lady's Health goes briskly round with the Glass, but her Honour is lost in the Toast.

Dug. Ay, but Sister, there is still something——

Ori. If there be something, Brother, 'tis none of the people's something; Marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! young *Mirabel* Marry! he'll build Churches sooner; take heed, Sister, tho your Honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter Guard for the future; he has now got the foreign Ayre and the *Italian* Softness; his Wit's improv'd by Converse, his Behaviour finish'd by Observation, and his Assurance confirm'd by *Success*. Sister, I can assure you he has made his Conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your Sex, to be the soonest deceiv'd by those very men that you know have been false to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conquests; for I must confess there is no title to a Womans favour so engaging as the repute of a handsom dissimulation; there is something of a pride to see a fellow lye at our feet, that has triumph'd over so many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he must have something extraordinary about him to please us, and that we have something engaging about us to secure him, so we can't be quiet; till we put our selves upon the lay of being both disappointed.

Dug. But then, Sister, he's as fickle——

Ori. For Gads sake, Brother, tell me no more of his faults, for if you do I shall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the

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bands of Matrimony, I'll spoyle his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happiness; in the mean time, Sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble Servant; a fellow I took up at *Lyons*, who has serv'd me honestly ever since.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good humour that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well Sir, have you been at *Rousseau's*?

Pet. Yes Sir, and who shou'd I find there, but Mr *Mirabel* and the Captain hatching as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen-Pheasants over a brood—they wou'd let me bespeak nothing, for they had din'd before I came.

Dug. Come Sir, you shall serve my Sister, I shall still continue kind to you, and if your Lady recommends your diligence upon tryal, I'll use my interest to advance you, you have sense enough to expect preferment—Here Sirrah, there's ten Guineas for thee, get thyself a Drugget Sute and a Puff Wig, and so—I dub thee Gentleman Usher—Sister, I must go put my self in repair, you may expect me in the evening—Wait on your Lady home, *Petit*. [*Exit Dug.*]

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair.

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II] *a Tavern, discovering Young Mirabel and Duretete rising from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once; I lik'd every thing but our Women, they look'd so lean and tawdry, poor Creatures! 'tis a sure sign the Army is not paid—Give me the plump *Venetian*, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my lips like sparkling Wine, her Person shining as the Glass, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

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Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are such thin brawn-faln Jades, a man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane-Chair.

Mir. *France!* a light unseason'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery and Fashions; we're fine indeed, so are our Coach-Horses; Men say we're Courtiers, Men abuse us; that we are wise and politick, *non credo Seigneur*: That our Women have Wit, Parrots; meer Parrots, Assurance and a good Memory sets them up—there's nothing on this side the *Alps* worth my humble service t'ee—Ha *Roma la Santa, Italy* for my Money; their Customs, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Musick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradise of the World;—not pester'd with a parcel of precise old gouty fellows, that would debar their Children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of; commend me to the *Italian* familiarity—Here, Son, there's fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her weeks allowance.

Dur. Ay, these are your Fathers for you, that understand the necessities of young men; not like our musty Dads. who because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the Water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'e think of a *Dutch* woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman, too compact, nay, every thing among 'em is so; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is squab, a *Dutch* Horse is round, a *Dutch* Dog is short, a *Dutch* Ship is broad bottom'd; and, in short, one wou'd swear the whole products of the Country were cast in the same Mold with their Cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *English* Ladies.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable pains to ruine what Nature has made so incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the *French* mein, or entirely let it alone, for they only spoyl a very good air of their own, by an awkward imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the business in hand, Mistresses we must have, and must take up with the Manufacture of the place, and upon a competent diligence we shall find those in *Paris* shall match the *Italians* from top to toe.

Dur. Ay *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend; you know I am so plaguey bashful, so naturally an Ass upon these occasions, that——

Mir. Pshaw, you must be bolder, man; Travel three years, and bring home such a Baby as Bashfulness! A great lusty Fellow! and a Souldier! fye upon't.

Dur. Lookee Sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little—as thus or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to——but if they chance to

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give me a forbidding look; as some Women you know have a Devilish cast with their Eyes—or if they cry—what d'e mean? what d'e take me for? fye Sir, remember who I am, Sir—a Person of Quality to be us'd at this rate!—Igad I'm struck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mrs. Words o' course! never mind 'em, turn you about upon your heel with a jaunty air, hum out the end of an old Song, cut a cross caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do—oons what did my Father mean by sticking me up in an University, or to think that I should gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whose genius lyes all in their Heels—Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they shall have the education of the Country, they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they speak.

Mrs. Come, come, throw off that Childish Humour, put on assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou'rt a stout lusty Fellow, and hast a good Estate, look bluff, hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face, so that's pretty well—this Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Ass. [*Aside.*]

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket Glass, and looks on't.*] A Side-Box face, say you?—egad I don't like it, *Mirabel*—fye, Sir, don't abuse your Friends, I cou'd not wear such a face for the best Countess in Christendom.

Mrs. Why, can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing, I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Brass, with all my Heart. Who comes here? Odso, *Mirabel*, your Father.

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old M. Where's *Bob*, dear *Bob*?

Mrs. Your Blessing, Sir.

Old M. My Blessing! Dam'ye you young Rogue; why did not you come see your Father first, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear Child, faith—Captain *Duretete*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels* I'm yours, well my Lads, ye look bravely efaith—*Bob*, hast got any Money left?

Mrs. Not a farthing, Sir.

Old M. Why, then I won't gi'thee a souse.

Mrs. Sir, I did but jest, here's ten Pistols.

Old M. Why, then here's ten more, I love to be Charitable to those that don't want it—well, and how d'ee like *Italy*, my Boys?

Mrs. O the Garden of the World, Sir, *Rome*, *Naples*, *Venice*, *Milan*, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old M. Ay, say you so? And they say, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

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Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy Air, the most unwholsome to a *French* Constitution in the World.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on't, these rascally Gazeteers have misinform'd you.

Old M. Misinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old M. Why, how was it, pray, sweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son saw more than I, Sir, for he was a looker on.

Old M. Confound ye both for a brace of Cowards; here are no *Germans* to overhear you, why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we march'd up a body of the finest, bravest, well-drest Fellows in the Universe; our Commanders at the head of us, all Lace and Feather, like so many Beaux at a Ball,—I don't believe there was a man of 'em, but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morblew.

Old M. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there saw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive colour'd, Gun-powder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. Igad, I shall never forget the looks of 'em, while I have breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the rest, we found 'em such unmannerly rude unsociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and so we e'n danc'd back again.

Old M. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thousand of us stay'd behind.

Old M. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pshaw—because they cou'd not come that night;——but come Sir, we were talking of something else; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana*?

Old M. Ripe, Sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you—and what wou'd you say, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Guest too, you shall command the House between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you.

Mir. Bravely said, Father;

Let Misers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And starve themselves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, stint their Sons what Youth may crave,
And make 'em Revel o're a Father's Grave.

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The Stock on which I grew, does still dispense
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore soothes those Passions once his own.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE [I] *Old Mirabel's House.*

Oriana and Bizarre.

Bizarre. **A**ND you love this young Rake, d'ee?

Ori. Yes.

Bis. In spight of all his ill usage?

Ori. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter w'ye?

Ori. Pshaw.

Bis. Umh——before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering Rakelly Fellow shou'd play such Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the stumps with Lime and Chalk——O, the Devil take all your *Cassandra's* and *Cleopatra's* for me——Prithee mind your Ayres, Modes, and Fashions; your Stayes, Gowns and Fourbeveau's. Harkee, my Dear, have you got home your Fourbeveau'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Bizarre*; you know I can be as mad as you, when this *Mirabel* is out of my head.

Bis. Pshaw, wou'd he were out, or in, or some way to make you easie——I warrant now, you'll play the Fool when he comes, and say you love him; eh!

Ori. Most certainly; I can't dissemble, *Bizarre*——besides, 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted! alack a day, poor thing. What, you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Hearkee, Child, han't you broke something else between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can assure you.

Bis. Then what d'e whine for? Whilst I kept that in my power, I wou'd make a Fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I must confess, I do love a

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little Coquetting with all my heart; my business shou'd be to break Gold with my Lover one hour, and crack my Promise the next; he shou'd find me one day with a Prayer-Book in my hand, and with a Play-Book another. He shou'd have my consent to buy the Wedding Ring, and the next moment wou'd I Laugh in his face.

Or. O, my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conscience, I wou'd soon throw the Contract out a doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being ty'd, that I'm forc'd to be just, and the strength of my Passion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex —But here's the Old Gentleman.

Old M. Where's my Wenches? Where's my two little Girls, eh! Have a care, look to your selves, faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter-in-Law now? *Bisarre, Bisarre*, what say you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old M. You lye, Honey, you like him the better, indeed you do; what say you, my t'other little Filbert, he?

Or. I suppose the Gentleman will choose for himself, Sir.

Old M. Why, that's discreetly said, and so he shall.

Enter Mirabel and Duretete, they salute the Ladies.

Bob, Hearkee, you shall marry one of the Girls, Sirrah.

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you please.

Bis. [*aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old M. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ee banter me?—come Sir, take your choice——*Duretete*, you shall have your choice too, but *Robin* shall choose first. Come Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I an't the first Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Bawdy-house——let me see.

Old M. Well! which d'e like?

Mir. Both.

Old M. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old M. Neither!——Don't make me angry now, *Bob*—pray don't make me angry—Looke Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old M. A Bull! Why how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou shou'dst make me a Beast?

Mir. Your pardon Sir, I only meant your expression.

Old M. Hearkee *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before strangers: I won't be angry this time——but oons, if ever you do't again, you Rascal; remember what I say. [*Exit.*

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Mr. Pshaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green Girls. Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, *Mr Mirabel*, you han't forgot——

Mr. No, no, Madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little *Italian* Curiosities; I'll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Pistoles wou'd reach, I han't forgot the least Circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the Relicks, Madam, from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chastity before my departure; a Vow of Chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm answer'd at present. [Exit.

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her Contract——wou'd I might dispatch the t'other.

Dur. *Mirabel*——that Lady there, observe her, she's wondrous pretty faith, and seems to have but few words; I like her mainly; speak to her, man, prithee speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares——

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing——What the Devil do you mean, man?

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd lye, Madam; I say no such thing; are you mad, *Mirabel*? Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[Going, *Duretete* holds him.

Dur. Hold, hold——why *Mirabel*, Friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee speak to her for your self, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a French-man should want impudence!

Mir. You look mighty Demure, Madam——She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Ayre, Madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your Study, which moves us with a curiosity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyship's contemplation. Not a word?

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's Speechless, if she be, she's mine this moment——*Mirabel*, d'ee think a Womans silence can be natural?

Bis. But the forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceeds from simple ennumeration is dubitable, and proceeds only upon admittance——

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here: *Plato* in Petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man, she talks in my own Mother Tongue.

Bis. 'Tis expos'd to invalidity from a contradictory instance, looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms, axioms, self-evident principles.

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Bis. Then the Idea's wherewith the mind is preoccupate—O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation, I was involv'd in a profound point of Philosophy; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfy'd that the subject is not agreeable to you Sparks, that profess the vanity of the times. *[Exit.]*

Mir. Go thy way, Goodwife *Bias*: Do you hear, *Duretese*, dost hear this starcht piece of austerity?

Dur. She's mine, man; she's mine; my own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialecticks faith. I was seven years at the University, man; nurs't up with *Barbara*, *Celarunt*, *Darii ferio*, *Baralixton*. Did you never know, man, that 'twas Metaphysicks made me an Ass? it was faith. Had she talk'd a word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Fashions, or the like, I had founder'd in the first step; but as she is—*Mirabel*, wish me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope?

Dur. No, no, I'm a man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, Captain; now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conquest above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why then you shall see me in two moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and so conclude in her Bed, *Categorimattice*. *[Exit.]*

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd—but here comes one to spoyle my sport, now shall I be teiz'd to death with this old-fashion'd Contract. I shou'd love her too if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without Witnesses forsooth: I wonder Women can be so immodest.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Or. Well Sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my humour, Madam, and I am naturally sway'd by inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made some three years ago, and that's enough in Conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, Sir, to recollect the passing of it, for in that circumstance, I presume, lyes the force of the obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will are no tye upon the Conscience; I was a Slave to my passion when I pass'd the Instrument, but the recovery of my freedom makes the Contract void.

Or. Sir, you can't make that a Compulsion which was your own choice; besides, Sir, a subjection to your own desires has not the vertue of a forcible

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constraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead your passion for the killing of a man will hardly exempt you from the Justice of the punishment. *Ed.*

Mir. And so, Madam, you make the sin of Murder and the Crime of a Contract the very same, because that Hanging and Matrimony are so much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr *Mirabel*, these expressions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different sentiments from your Honour and Generosity.

Mir. Lookee Madam, as for my Generosity, 'tis at your service with all my heart: I'll keep you a Coach and six Horses if you please, only permit me to keep my Honour to my self; for I can assure you, Madam, that the thing call'd Honour is a Circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural Correspondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, considering its scarcity, upon any such trivial occasions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again, but I never heard of a Man that left but an inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that cou'd ever get the least account on't—Consider, Madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates—thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and so get thee about thy business.

Ori. Well Sir, even all this I will allow to the gayety of your temper; your Travels have improv'd your talent of Talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now—I tell thee, Child, there is not the least occasion for Morals in any business between you and I—don't you know that of all Commerce in the World there is no such Couzenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we study all our lives long how to put tricks upon one another—What is your business now from the time you throw away your Artificial Babies, but how to get Natural ones with the most advantage?—No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than you do to catch poor innocent Men—Why do you sit three or four hours at your Toylet in a morning? only with a villanous design to make some poor Fellow a Fool before night. What are your languishing looks, your study'd airs and affectations, but so many baits and devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom?—What d'ee sigh for, what d'ee weep for, what d'ee pray for? Why for a Husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his Creatures a Fool, and the head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolv'd to use it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not so fast—as you have variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; so we have Vows, Oaths, and Protestations of all sorts and sizes to make Fools of you. As you are very strange and

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whimsical Creatures, so we are allow'd as unaccountable ways of managing you. And this, in short, my dear Creature, is our present condition, I have sworn and ly'd briskly to gain my ends of you; your Ladyship has patch'd and painted violently to gain your ends of me—but since we are both disappointed, let us make a Drawn Battel, and part clear of both sides.

Ori. With all my heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Or. What Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you shall dye a Maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my terms.

Or. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to starve you into Compliance; lookee, you shall never marry any man; and you had as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a——

Mir. What am I, Mistress?

Or. A Villain, Sir.

Mir. I'm glad on't—I never knew an honest fellow in my life but was a Villain upon these occasions—han't you drawn your self now into a very pretty dilemma? Ha, ha, ha; the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when she thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman so cheated into Chastity?

Or. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the Test, to do me Justice.

Mir. What; you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law shall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Or. Pshaw, I despise thee,——Monster.

Mir. Kiss and be friends then——don't cry, Child, and you shall have your Sugar-plumb—Come, Madam, d'e think I cou'd be so unreasonable as to make ye fast all your life long; no, I did but jest, you shall have your liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Or. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What, is the Girl a Fool?

Or. No Sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do my self Justice; and since I must not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of Spight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spight; make a most confounded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I shall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in debt for more.

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Mir. Your face-mending Toylet shall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your face-mending Perriwig shall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Fourbelow off your Cloaths, and when you swoon for vexation, you shan't have a penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, shall have Harts-horn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Mistresses as I have Coach-horses.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

✓ *Mir.* I'll lye with your Woman before your face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your back.

Mir. But, sweet Madam, there is such a thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, sweet Sir, there is such a thing as Alimony, so Divorce on, and spare not. [Exit.

Mir. Ay, that Separate Maintenance is the Devil—there's their refuge—o' my Conscience one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the Women are so handsomely rewarded for't. [Exit.

SCENE [II] *changes to a large Parlour in the same House.*

Enter Duretete and Petit.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Pet. O Sir, she has a Tongue as long as my Leg, and talks so crabbedly, you wou'd think she always spoke *Welsh*.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her Philosophy.

Pet. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk Oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her Forehead, and the motions of her Eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in Philosophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Pet. But d'e ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! won't she endure laughing?

Pet. Why she's a Critick, Sir, she hates a Jest, for fear it shou'd please her; and nothing keeps her in humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know.——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practising hard words and no sense this hour to entertain her.

Pet. Then place your self behind this Screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I shou'd forget my lesson.

Pet. Here she comes, Sir, I must fly.

[Exit Pet. and Dur. Hands peeping behind the Curtain.

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Enter Bizarre and Maid.

Bis. [*with a Book.*] Pshaw, hang Books, they sowre our Temper, spoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*]

Dur. Eh! the Devil such a word there is in all *Aristotle*.

Bis. Come Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fiddler.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Bis. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker time; ha——wou'd we had a man or two.

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the Devil sooner, my dear dancing Philosopher.

Bis. Uds my life—here's one. [*Runs to Dur. and hales him back.*]

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come Sir, don't be asham'd, that's my good Boy—you're very welcome, we wanted such a one—Come, strike up—I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely shap'd for't—Come, come, Sir, quick, quick, you miss the time else.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Bis. Hang Dialecticks—Mind the time—quicker Sirrah [*To the Fiddler.*] Come—and how d'e find your self now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, Doctor.

Bis. All the better, Patient; all the better—Come Sir, sing now, sing, I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face; a heavy dull Sonato face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O you're modest, Sir—but come, sit down, closer, closer. Here, a Bottle of Wine—come Sir, fa, la, la, sing, Sir.

Dur. But Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O Sir, you shall drink first. Come, fill me a bumper—here Sir, bless the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions—by this Light, she'll make me drunk too.

Bis. O pardon me, Sir, you shall do me right, fill it higher—now Sir, can you drink a health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philosophy that, faith.

Bis. Come, off with it, to the bottom—now how d'e like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Sir.

Bis. You see how a Woman's fancy varies, sometimes splenatick and heavy, then gay and frolicksome—and how d'e like the humour?

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Dur. Good Madam let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Bis. Fye upon't; a young man, and tir'd; up for shame, and walk about, action becomes us—a little faster, Sir——what d'e think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet* the Duke's fair Daughter? ha! are they not brisk Lasses; then there is black Mrs *Bellair*, and brown Mrs *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all strangers to me, Madam.

Bis. But let me tell you Sir, that brown is not always despicable—O Lard Sir, if young Mrs *Bagatell* had kept herself single till this time o' day, what a Beauty there had been; and then you know, the Charming Mrs *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of *St Germans*.

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Bis. And then you must have heard of the *English Beau Splenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman——

Dur. Hey——not a syllable on't, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam.

Bis. No! why then play me a Jigg, come Sir.

Dur. By this Light, I cannot, faith, Madam, I have sprain'd my Leg.

Bis. Then sit you down Sir, and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand? quick, quick, dispatch——odso, may be, you are some Gentleman's Servant, that have brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Bis. O, cry you mercy Sir, I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my word; you are one of the Travelling Gentlemen—and pray Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy*?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answer'd.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, howe're your expressions may turn it to a Complement: Your visit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very scurvy Play, of which Mr *Mirabel* and you so handsomely laid the Plot——*Marry! no, no, I'm a man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour, where's your Courage now? Ads my life Sir, I have a great mind to kick you——go, go to your fellow Rake now, rail at my Sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a Lampoon——but I must have you to know Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Vertue is sufficiently approv'd to those whose opinion is my interest; and for the rest let them talk what they will, for when I please I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all mankind, and so my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [Runs off.]

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha, *ads my life, I have a great mind to kick you*——oons and Confusion! [*Starts up*] was ever man so abus'd——ay, *Mirabel* set me on.

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Enter Petit.

Pet. Well Sir, how d'e find your self?

Dur. You son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'e come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you Dog. [*Petit runs off, and Dur. after him.*]

[*The End of the Second Act.*]

ACT III.

[SCENE I.]

SCENE *Continues [as before].*

Old Mirabel and the Young.

Old M. **B**Ob, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your pleasure, Sir?

Old M. Are not you a great Rogue? Sirrah.

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehension, Sir, for I've heard say that I resemble my Father.

Old M. Your Father is your very humble Slave—I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir? then I must be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old M. Come hither, my dear Friend; do'st see this Picture?

[*Shews him a little Picture.*]

Mir. *Oriana's?* Pshaw!

Old M. What Sir, won't you look upon't?—*Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now—do'st want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old M. Why then here's some for thee; come here now—how canst thou be so hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Rascal (don't mistake me, Child, I an't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue—Why, she sighs for thee, and crys for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee, the poor little heart of it is like to burst—come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your nown Father, be now—and then see here, read this—the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thousand pound to her Portion—ten thousand pound, you Dog; ten thousand pound, you

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Rogue; how dare you refuse a Lady with ten thousand pound, you impudent Rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, Sir?

Old M. Hear you speak, Sir! if you had ten thousand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thousand pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay Sir, if you won't hear me, I'll be gone! Sir, I'll take Post for *Italy* this moment.

Old M. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well Sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World is enough to fix it for a publick good, and to draw every body into the Common Cause; but there are some Constitutions, like some Instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable Musick by themselves, but never do well in a Consort.

Old M. Why this is Reason, I must confess, but yet 'tis Nonsense too; for tho you shou'd reason like an Angel, if you argue your self out of a good Estate you talk like a Fool.

Mir. But Sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the Riches of *Cræsus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old M. Was ever such a perverse Fool heard? 'Sdeath Sir, why did I give you Education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? you'll say 'tis white, and ten to one make me believe it too—I thought that young fellows study'd to *get* Money.

Mir. No Sir, I have study'd to despise it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old M. There he has me agen now. But Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what respect, pray?

Old M. Why to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an obligation?

Mir. And because I wou'd have it still an obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old M. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Because I wou'd not curse the hour I was born.

Old M. Lookee Friend, you may perswade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho you may convince my Reason that you're in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty three, call'd positiveness, which you nor all the Wits in *Italy* shall ever be able to shake; so Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father, you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father, they first give us breeding that they don't understand, then they turn us out of doors 'cause we are wiser than themselves. [*Aside.*] But I'm a little afore-hand with the old Gentleman. Sir, you have been pleas'd to settle a thou-

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sand pound Sterling a year upon me, in return of which I have a very great honour for you and your Family, and shall take care that your only and beloved Son shall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himself. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [Runs off.]

Old M. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain.

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ay Sir, 'tis but what he deserves.

Old M. 'Tis false Sir, he don't deserve it; what have you to say against my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old M. What have you to do with my words? I have swallow'd my words already; I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very easily, Sir; 'tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old M. Sir, your Sister was a foolish young Flirt to trust any such young, deceitful, rakehelly Rogue like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, Old Gentleman, I thought we shou'd have the words again.

Old M. And what then! 'tis the way with young Fellows to *slight* old Gentlemen's words, you never mind 'em when you ought—I say that *Bob's* an honest Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Bizarre.

Bis. That dare I, Sir—I say that your Son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent Coxcomb, and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Sister, I wou'd make it an *Italian Quarrel*, and poyson the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Sister is abus'd, you are made sensible of the affront, and your Honour is concern'd to see her redress'd.

Old M. Lookee, Mr *Dugard*, good words go farthest. I will do your Sister Justice, but it must be after my own rate, no body must abuse my Son but my self. For altho *Robin* be a sad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman—[wheadling him] We will be good then, if you'll joyn with us in the plot.

Old M. Ay, you coxeing young Baggage, what plot can you have to wheadle a fellow of sixty three?

Bis. A plot that sixty three is only good for, to bring other people together, Sir; and you must act the *Spaniard*, 'cause your Son will least suspect you; and if he shou'd, your authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expose her Brother.

Old M. And what part will you act in the business, Madam?

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Bis. My self, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling; these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves but we turn Fools; but I am still my self, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, 'cause I neither love him nor hate him. *[Exit.]*

Old M. Well said, Mrs Paradox; but Sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more discoveries; are all friends, about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know Sir—ods my life I'm out of breath; you must know, Sir—you must know—

Old M. What the Devil must we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd—your Son's Secretary of State.

Old M. Secretary of State—who's that, for heaven's sake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir; you must know, Sir, that the in-treague lay folded up with his Masters Cloaths, and when he went to dust the Embroider'd Suit, the secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole swarm of your Crambo Songs, short-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old M. Impossible!

Pet. Ah Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every line, but he hates Marriage: Now Sir, this plot will stir up his Jealousie, and we shall know by the strength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, let's about it with speed.

'Tis expedition gives our King the sway;
For expedition too the *French* give way;
Swift to attack, or swift to run away.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Mirabel and Bizarre, passing carelessly by one another.

Bis. [aside.] I wonder, what she can see in this fellow to like him?

Mir. [aside.] I wonder, what my Friend can see in this Girl to admire her?

Bis. [aside.] A wild, foppish extravagant Rakehell.

Mir. [aside.] A light whimsical impertinent Mad-cap.

Bis. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Bis. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a humane Creature, but a prudent Resolution to hang himself.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that Resolution.

Bis. I'll do't with all my heart.

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Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Lookee Sir, don't think your ill manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my Friend; nor by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that shall mortifie your pride like any Modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true Modern Patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis. Come, Sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir. And what piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your Heart, to be sure, 'cause I shou'd get presently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Physicians, and your Soul to their Master.

Mir. I had the oddest Dream last night of the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, methought the Fourbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up so high behind, that I cou'd not see her Head for her Tail.

Bis. The Creature don't mind me! do you think, Sir, that your humorous Impertinence can divert me? No Sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, Sir; my Friend, my injur'd Friend shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a Husband as much as the rites of Marriage, and the breach of 'em can make you.

[*Here Mir. pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself while she speaks.*]

Mir. [reading.]

At Regina dolos, quis fallere posset amantem?

Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum.

Very true.

Posse nefas.

By your favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a Rascally trick of your Hero to forsake poor Pug so inhumanely.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The Devil—what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the most apropos in the world—for, what shou'd I chop upon, but the very place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forsaken Lady are batteling it tooth and nail. Come, Madam, spend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an easier method: I'll be *Aeneas* now, and you shall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*.

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam

Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?—

Ah poor *Dido*.

[*Looking at her.*]

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Bis. Rudeness, affronts, impatience! I cou'd almost start out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants,

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Bis. A Man! No, the Womans Birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with humane shape to palliate growing mischief. *[Both speak together, and raise their voices by degrees.*

Mir.

*Perfide, sed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
Caucasus, hircanaeque admorunt Ubera Tigres.*

Bis. Go Sir, fly to your midnight Revels——

Mir. Excellent,

*I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt.*

[Together again.

Bis. Converse with Imps of Darkness of your make, your Nature starts at Justice, and shivers at the touch of Vertue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Lybian*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you shall act the part; but you do nothing at all unless you fret your self into a fit; for here the poor Lady is stifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids, and the cruel barbarous deceitful Wanderer is in the very next line call'd *Pious Æneas*——there's Authority for you.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* stood
To see her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himself, who ne're thought good
To stay a second bout,
Commands him off, with all his crew,
And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you.

[Runs off.

Bis. Go thy ways for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conscience I must excuse *Oriana*.

That Lover soon his Angry Fair disarms,
Who slighting pleases, and whose Faults are Charms.

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[SCENE II.]

Enter Petit, runs about to every door, and knocks.

Pet. Mr *Mirabel*, Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mir.

Mir. What's the matter, *Petit*?

Pet. Most critically met——ah Sir, that one who has follow'd the game so long, and brought the poor Hare just under his paws, shou'd let a Mungril Cur chop in, and run away with the Puss.

Mir. If your Worship can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Mistress and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir.

[*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit*. Marry'd! say you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a service, but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons.

[*Bowing low.*

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this moment to be sacrific'd; marry'd past redemption.

Mir. I understand her, she'll take a Husband out of spight to me, and then out of love to me she will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with women to marry one person for the sake of another, and to throw themselves into the arms of one they hate, to secure their pleasure with the man they love. But who is the happy man?

Pet. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyship's most humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! room for my Lady's Coach, a front Row in the Box for her Ladyship; Lights, Lights for her Honour——now must I be a constant attender at my Lords Levee, to work my way to my Lady's Couchee——a Countess, I presume, Sir——

Pet. A *Spanish* Count, Sir, that Mr *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to *Paris*, saw your Mistress yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into *Spain* to morrow.

Mir. Ay, is it so, and must I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees*? had she marry'd within the precincts of a Billet deux I wou'd be the man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough cross-grain'd piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr *Dugard*, or the Lady herself, something might be done, for it is in despiht to you, that the business is carry'd so hastily. Odso, Sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [*Exit.*

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Enter Old Mir. dress'd in a Spanish habit, leading Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler choice had better suited your Lordships merit. My person, rank, and circumstance expose me as the publick theme of Raillery, and subject me to so injurious usage, my Lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old M. Breathes he vital air, that dares presume
With rude behaviour to profane such excellence!
Show me the man——
And you shall see how sudden my Revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one? [Strutting up to Mirabel.

Mir. Sir?

Ori. Good my Lord.

O. M. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a stranger.

O. M. O your pardon, Sir—but if you had—remember, Sir—the Lady now is mine, her injuries are mine therefore, Sir, you understand me——Come, Madam.

[Leads Oriana to the door, she goes off, Mir. runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.

Mir. *Ecoute, Monsieur Le Count.*

Old M. Your business, Sir?

Mir. Boh.

Old M. Boh! What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. *Spanish*, my Lord.

Old M. What d'e mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [Trips up his heels.

Old M. A very concise Quarrel truly—I'll bully him——*Trinidado*
Seignour, give me fair play. [Offering to rise.

Mir. By all means, Sir. [Takes away his Sword.

Now Seignour, where's that bombast look, and fustian face your Countship wore just now? [Strikes him.

O. M. The Rogue Quarrels well, very well, my own Son right——but hold Sirrah, no more jesting, I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! then by this light I cou'd find in my heart to pay thee.
[Aside.] Is the Fellow mad? Why sure Sir, I han't frighted you out of your senses?

O. M. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again. [Offers to strike him.

O. M. Why Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright distracted, thou Miracle of Impudence, wou'dst thou make me believe that such a grave Gentleman

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as my Father wou'd go a Masquerading thus: That a person of threescore and three wou'd run about in a Fools Coat to disgrace himself and Family! Why you impudent Villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll send your soul to my Grandfather this minute. [Offering to stab him.]

O. M. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then Sir, you are the sawcy hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll use you accordingly.

O. M. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir; we have all got nothing but blows since we began to take their part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard runs to Mirabel, the rest to the old Gentleman.

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me way, Sir. I won't be held.

O. M. No! nor I neither, let me be gone, pray. [Offering to go.]

Mir. My Father!

O. M. Ay, you Dog's face, I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a trick it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem—oh! how my Bones ache!

Old M. Your Bones, Sirrah, why yours?

Mir. Why Sir, han't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O Madam, [*To Oriana.*] I wish your Ladyship Joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed.

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixote* battel for you bravely? My Father will answer for the force of my Love.

Ori. Pray Sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice if I stand tamely now—
[*Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord face at me?

Dug. On what presumption, Sir, dare you assume thus? [Draws.]

O. M. What's that to you, Sir? [Draws.]

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints. [Oriana falls into her Maids arms.]

Mir. Vapours, vapours, she'll come to herself; if it be an angry fit; a Dram of *Assa fetida*—if Jealousie, Harts-horn in Water—if the Mother, burnt Feathers—if Grief, Ratafia—if it be strait Stayes, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy. [Exit.]

Ori. Hold off, give me air—O my Brother, wou'd you preserve my life,

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endanger not your own; wou'd you defend my Reputation, leave it to it self; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho our Champion prove Victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

O. M. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you're pretty brisk again, my Child.

Or. Ay Sir, my indisposition was only pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your Sex excuses this artifice in ours.

For often, when our chief perfections fail,
Our chief defects with foolish Men prevail. [Exit.]

Pet. Come, Mr *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old M. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any Relation to *Spain*.

Dug. I scorn all Artifice whatsoever; my Sword shall do her Justice.

Pet. Pretty Justice truly! suppose you run him thro the Body; you run her thro the Heart at the same time.

O. M. And me thro the Head——rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a Nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself.

Dug. That, I must confess, has a face.

O. M. Face! a face like an Angel, Sir. Ads my life Sir, 'tis the most beautiful Plot in Christendom. We'll about it immediately. [Exeunt.]

SCENE [III] *the Street.*

Duretete and Mirabel.

Duret. [*in a passion.*] And tho I can't dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canst, man.

Dur. 'Sdeath Sir, and I will: Let me see the proudest man alive make a Jest of me!

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to death! baited like a Bear; ridicul'd! threatn'd to be kick'd! Confusion. Sir, you set me on, and I will have satisfaction, all mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*aside.*] I must give this Thunderbolt some passage, or 'twill break upon my own head——lookee *Duretete*, what do these Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me to be sure——Sir, what made you laugh at me?

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1 *Gen.* You're mistaken, Sir, if we were merry we had a private reason.

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and observe me, I won't be nam'd, it shan't be mention'd, not even whisper'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath Sir, d'ye smile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my word.

Dur. Why then look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryar with his crown a shaving.

Mir. [*aside to the Gent.*] Don't be Bully'd out of your humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll stand by you.

1 *Gen.* I gad and so we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

Dur. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murder you.

[*Fights, and beats them off, Mir. runs over to his side.*]

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, bravely done, *Duretete*, there you had him, Noble Captain, hey, they run, they run, *Victoria, Victoria*—ha, ha, ha—how happy am I in an excellent Friend! tell me of your Virtuoso's and men of sense, a parcel of sowre-fac'd splenatick Rogues—a man of my thin Constitution shou'd never want a Fool in his company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the understanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcass: And o' my Conscience, a man of sense is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lyon without his Jackall; he hunts for our diversion, starts game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with pleasure.

I hate the man who makes acquaintance nice,
And still discreetly plagues me with advice;
Who moves by Caution, and Mature delays,
And must give Reasons for whate're he says.
The man, indeed, whose converse is so full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the Careless Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who still is merry, but does ne'r design it;
And still is ridicul'd, but ne'r can find it.
Who when he's most in earnest, is the best;
And his most grave expression, is the Jest.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Third Act.

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ACT IV.

SCENE [I] *Old Mirabel's House.*

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

Dug. **T**HE Lady Abbess is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: Your Son has been there, but had no admittance beyond the privilege of the Grate, and there my Sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his repulse, than I thought his gayety cou'd admit.

Old M. Ay, Ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr *Mirabel*, you have done fine things for your Posterity—And you, Mr *Dugard*, may come to answer this—I come to demand my Friend at your Hands; restore him, Sir, or—

[*To Old M.*

Old M. Restore him! why d'ee think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's Mad, and you're the cause on't.

Old M. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begat him.

Dug. Mad, Sir; what d'ee mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your Sister yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage?—Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the World; and, in three Words, has——

Old M. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same; turn'd Fryar.

Old M. You Lie, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. *Bob* turn'd Fryar!—Why shou'd the Fellow shave his foolish Crown, when the same Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Interest over him, lose not a minute! He has thrown himself into the next Monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and discharge his Equipage.

Old M. Let me alone to Ferret him out; I'll Sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the most right to the Child.—But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old M. The Church! Nay then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches.—Ten Thousand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'tis down-

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right Sacrilege.—Come Gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that Sum, one of these Monasteries shall protect you, a Traitor Subject from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Disobedient Son from his own Father. [Exit.]

Dug. But will you persuade me, that he's gone to a Monastery!

Dur. Is your Sister gone to the *Fillies Repenties*? I tell you, Sir, she's not fit for the Society of Repenting Maids.

Dug. Why so, Sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one, nor t'other; she's too old to be a Maid, and too young to Repent. [Exit, Dug. after him.]

[SCENE II.]

SCENE the inside of a Monastery; Oriana in a Nun's habit; Bizarre.

Or. I hope, *Bizarre*, there is no harm in Jestings with this Religious Habit?

Bis. To me, the greatest Jest in the Habit, is taking it in earnest: I don't understand this Imprisoning People with the Keys of *Paradise*, nor the merit of that Virtue which comes by constraint.—Besides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worst Company when among our selves; for our private Thoughts run us into those desires, which our Pride resists from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the first Woman then met the Devil, when she retired from her Man.

Or. But I'm reconcil'd methinks to the Mortification of a Nunnery; because I fansie the Habit becomes me.

Bis. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handsomer than she did before!—Ah, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dress, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we shou'd all be Canoniz'd.

Or. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit, in Dedicating a Beautiful Face and Person to the Service of Religion?

Bis. Not half so much, as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Femality had no business in this World, why was it sent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handsom Persons, they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

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Or. But the vicissitudes of Fortune, the inconstancy of Man, with other disappointments of Life, require some Place of Religion, for a refuge from their Persecution.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, and do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know, that Religion consists in a Charity with all Mankind; and that you should never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have Quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Business, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give fresh Orders that he shan't see you: We get more by hiding our Faces sometimes, than by exposing them; a very Mask you see whets Desire, but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Gate, fire double upon 'em, with View and Disguise. But I must be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Or. But why will you trouble your self with that Coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a Coxcomb; had not I better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Ass, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me? [*Knocking below.*] A Message from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou Charming Nun, come hither.

Or. What's the News?

[*Runs to her.*]

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Or. I see no Body but a Fryar.

Bis. Ah! thou poor blind *Cupid*! O my Conscience these Hearts of ours spoil our Heads instantly; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Fryar! don't you see a Villanous genteel Mien under that Cloak of Hypocrisie, the loose careless Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Or. As I live *Mirabel* turn'd Fryar! I hope in Heav'n he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest! ha, ha, ha, are you in earnest? Now's your time; this disguise has he certainly taken for a Pasport, to get in and try your Resolutions; stick to your Habit to be sure; treat him with Disdain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more than Passion: Remember what I say, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

*The cunning Gamesters never gain too fast,
But lose at first, to win the more at last.*

[*Exit.*]

Or. His coming puts me into some Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I mistrust my self; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to see him tho'.

*What a strange Power has this fantastick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we most Desire!*

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Enter Mirabel in Fryars Habit.

Mir. Save you, Sister——Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard to your Souls Health, has sent me to prepare you for that sacred Habit by Confession.

Or. That's false, the Cloven Foot already [*aside.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, sacred Sir, I confess, that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My morning Thoughts, my evening Prayers, my daily Musings, nightly Cares, was Love! My present Peace, my future Bliss; the Joys of Earth, and hopes of Heaven, I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright stark Mad in earnest; Death and Confusion, I have lost her. [*Aside.*] You confess your fault, Madam, in such moving Terms, that I could almost be in love with the Sin.

Or. Take care Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whose Breast I thought my Heart secure turn'd Robber, and despoil'd the Treasure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treasure he esteems so much, that like a Miser, tho' afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Or. No, holy Father; who can be Miser in another's Wealth that's Prodigal of his own? his Heart was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas, must then become of Mine? But the same Eyes that drew the Passion in, shall send it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow——

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair Angel, but let me Repent; here on his knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Hal! No concern upon her!

Or. This Turn is odd, and the time has been that such a sudden Change wou'd have surpris'd me into some Confusion.

Mir. Restore that happy Time, for I am now return'd to my self, I want but Pardon to deserve your Favour, and here I'll fix till you Relent, and give it.

Or. Grovelling, sordid Man; why wou'd you Act a thing to make you kneel, Monarch in Pleasure to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conquests of your wandring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the base Cringing of a bended Knee? Servil and Poor! I——
Love it. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I come not here to justifie my Fault but my Submission, for tho' there be a meanness in this humble Posture, 'tis nobler still to bend when Justice calls, than to resist Conviction.

Or. No more—thy oft repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the severest Calumny to hear thee speak; that humble Posture which once cou'd raise, now mortifies my Pride; How can'st thou hope for Pardon from one that you Affront by asking it?

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Mir. [*Rises.*] In my own Cause no more, but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my Fault you wear.

Or. Surprising Insolence! My greatest Foe pretends to give me Counsel; but I am too warm upon so cool a Subject. My Resolutions, Sir, are fix'd, but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, so I shall spare some Tears to the Separation, [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewell.

Mir. And must I lose her? No [*Runs, and Catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll use the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Justice you refuse; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow so sacred to disanul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cause 'gainst all Monastick Shifts upon the Earth.

Or. Unhand me Ravisher! Would you profane these holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my past Disgrace now offers, thy Life should answer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Unexorable Woman, let me kneel again.

[*Kneels.*]

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old M. Where, where's this Counterfeit Nun?

Or. Madness, Confusion, I'm Ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear, [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you say Sir?

Old M. I say she's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have lost my Child by these Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks Sir?

Old M. By a pretended Trick Sir? A Contrivance to bring my Son to Reason, and it has made him stark Mad; I have lost him, and a thousand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear Father, I'm your most humble Servant.

Old M. My Dear Boy, [*Runs and kisses him.*] Welcome. *Ex Inferis* my Dear Boy, 'tis all a Trick, she's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No?

Old M. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiss me again my Dear Dad, for the most happy News.— And now most venerable holy Sister.

[*Kneels.*]

*Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of asking it before.*

Looke, my Dear Counterfetting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earnest; Women make the best Nuns always when they can't do otherwise. Ah, my Dear Father, there is a Merit in your Sons behaviour that

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you little think; the free Department of such Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Or. O, Sir, how unhappily have you destroy'd what was so near Perfection; he is the Counterfeit, that has deceiv'd you.

Old M. Ha! Lookee Sir, I recant, she is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, Your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryar this moment.

Old M. Was ever an Old Fool so Banter'd by a brace o' Young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plots spoil'd, that's all.

Or. Shame, and Confusion, Love, Anger, and Disappointment, will work my Brain to Madness. *[Throws off her Habit. Exit.]*

Mir. Ay, Ay, throw by the Rags, they have serv'd a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together. *[Takes off his Habit.]*

*Thus the Sick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Essays for Life are Vain;
When the Physician can no more design,
Then calls the i'other Doctor, the divine.
What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven restore his Health;
Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth;
But if restor'd to Vigour as before
His Health refuses what his Sickness swore.
The Body is no sooner Rais'd, and Well,
But the weak Soul relapses into Ill;
To all its former swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promises in Bed.*

[Exit, Throwing away the Habit.]

SCENE [III] *changes to Old Mirabel's House; Duretete with a Letter.*

Dur. *[Reads.]*

M*R Rudeness was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found so agreeable; that I own my self Penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your first appearance to*

Bizarre.

Mirabel swears she Loves me, and this confirms it, then farewell Gallantry, and welcome Revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Bizarre.

Well Mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modesty of——

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Dur. Of what? Of a Dancing Devil?—Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I——

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! Abus'd again! Death Woman, Ill——

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then, by your Obedience. Stand there; and Ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood, and Soul, were like to fly out at your Eyes——First, the direct surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right, next the *Deux yeux par oblique*. [*She gives him the side Glance.*] Right, now depart, and Languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.*] Very well, now Sigh. [*She Sighs*] Now drop your Fan a purpose. [*She drops her Fan*] Now take it up again. Come now, confess your Faults, are not you a Proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flurt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Soons Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Mischief, ask my Pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, Sir, I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e're a Hankerchief?

Bis. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then Hansomly, cry like a Queen in a Tragedy.

[*She pretending to Cry, bursts out a Laughing, and Enter two Ladies Laughing.*]

Bis. Ha, ha, ha,

Ladies both. Ha, ha, ha,

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again!

Bis. That you are upon my word, my dear Captain, ha, ha, ha.

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1. *Lady.* What! Is this the mighty Man with the Bull Face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to see him Angry; come begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the best natur'd Fellow in the World.

2. *Ladies.* A Man! We're mistaken, a Man has Manners; the aukard Creature is some Tinkers Trull in a Perriwig.

Bis. Come Ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*]

Dur. Examine! The Devil you will!

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Bis. I'll lay my Life, some great Dayry Maid in Man's Cloaths.

Dur. They will do't—lookee, dear Christian Women, pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a Ladies Honour again?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my Honour, I'd do any thing in the World.

Bis. Will you persuade your Friend to Marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coast be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Bis. Ha, ha, ha, this Visit Ladies, was Critical for our Diversion, we'll go make an end of our Tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel and Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir, I tell you I won't Marry, and tho' you send all the Bishops in *France* to perswade me, I shall never believe their Doctrine against their Practice.

Old M. But will you disobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make sport to a Woman, subject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours and Caprices, to have her one Day Pleas'd, to Morrow Peevish, the next Day Mad, the fourth Rebellious; and nothing but this succession of Impertinence for Ages together? Be Merciful, Sir, to your own Flesh and Blood.

Old M. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why should not you?

Mir. Then you think, that Marriage like Treason should attain the whole Blood; pray consider, Sir, is it reasonable, because you throw your self down from one Story, that I must cast my self headlong from the Garret Window, you wou'd compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse your self, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old M. Never but once you Rogue, and that was when she long'd for six *Flanders* Mares; Ay, Sir, then she was breeding of you, which show'd what an expensive Dog I shou'd have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well *Petit*, how do's she now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos*—Ah Mr *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I speak Truth, now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lies, our jesting is come to a sad earnest, she's downright distracted.

Enter Bizarre.

Bis. Where is this mighty Victor?—The great Exploit is done, go triumph in the Glory of your Conquest, inhumane barbarous Man! O,

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Sir, [*To the Old Gentleman*] Your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you, where her young Innocence expected protection, here has she found her Ruin.

Old M. Ay, The Fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't Marry, for fear of begetting such a disobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run Mad for Company.

[*Crys.*

Enter Dugard with his Sword drawn.

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old M. Patience, Patience, Sir.

[*Old Mirabel holds him.*

Bob, draw.

[*Aside.*

Dug. Patience! The Cowards virtue, and the brave Man's failing when thus provok'd—Villain.

Mir. Your Sisters Frenzy shall excuse your Madness; and shew my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother—Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like yours, that swells at an Affront received, but melts at an Injury given; and if the lovely *Oriana's* Grief be such a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breast perhaps, as tender as a Brothers.

Dug. To prove that soft Compassion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an Object that's Infective; I cannot view her but I am as mad as she [*Enter Oriana mad, held by two Maids, who put her in a Chair*] a Sister that my dying Parents left with their last Words and Blessing to my Care. Sister, dearest Sister.

[*Goes to her.*

Old M. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Or. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;—Oh! oh my Heart! were you never in Love, fair Lady? And do you never Dream of Flowers and Gardens?—I Dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantick Sighs. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that Face sure—How light my head is?

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madness; these sudden starts of undigested Words, shoot thro' my Soul with more persuasive Force, than all the study'd Art of labour'd Eloquence.—Come, Madam, try to repose a little.

Or. I cannot; for I must be up to go to Church, and I must Dress me, put on my new Gown, and be so fine, to meet my Love. Hey, ho!—will not you tell me where my Heart lies Bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd—Your Hand, my Fair.

Or. How soft and gentle you feel?—I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Or. You have a flattering Face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five Hundred Mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a Mistress for every Guinea

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in his Pocket——Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—and will you Ring my Passing-bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whose Nature, even distracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his sense, his Learning boast, when Womans Madness over-rules his Reason. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Or. No,— but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance in the Grave. [Weeps.]

Mir. Oh Tears, I must believe ye; sure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul so toss'd with Storms of Passion, that I could cry for help, as well as she——

[Wipes his Eyes.]
Or. What! have you lost your Lover? No, you mock me, I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love so loud, that I may call your Senses to their place, restore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and reinstate my self into your Favour.

Bis. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; she trembles, hold her, her Fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, Sir.

Old M. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! Melancholly, and I here; are ye sad, and such a ridiculous Subject, such a very good Jest among ye, as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel; I have murder'd my Honour, destroy'd a Lady, and my desire of reparation, is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, she's Mad.

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this Light, they're all so; they're cozening Mad, they're brawling Mad, they're proud Mad; I just now came from a whole World of Mad Women, that had almost——What, is she Dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns further it; for till they be cold as a Key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a Woman's in earnest, till she be nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, Mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oon's, Madam, are you there?

[Runs off.]

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here disclaim; this Ladies Frenzy has restor'd my Senses, and she perfect now, as once she was, (before

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you all I speak it) she shou'd be mine; and as she is, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

Du. How happy had this Declaration been some hours ago?

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em. [*Ex. Omnes*, but *Mir.* and *Ori.*]

Or. Oh, Sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming Angel, if your dear Senses have regain'd their order; speak, Fair, and bless me with the News.

Or. First let me bless the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has restor'd to my poor labouring Breast, the dearest best-belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all ye Spheres, your Instruments of Joy, and carry round your spacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana's* Health; her Soul whose Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

*She was so Mad to Counterfeit for me ;
I was so Mad to pawn my Liberty.
But now we both are well, and both are Free.*

Or. How, Sir? Free!

Mir. As Air, my Dear Bedlamite; what, Marry a Lunatick! Look, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madness so very well this bout, that you'l be apt to play the Fool all your Life-long—Here, Gentlemen.

Or. Monster! you won't disgrace me?

Mir. O my Faith, but I will; here, come in, Gentlemen—A Miracle, a Miracle, the Woman's dispossest, the Devil's vanisht.

Enter Old Mirabel and Dugard.

Old M. Bless us, was she Possest?

Mir. With the worst of Demons, Sir, a Marriage Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr *Dugard*, don't be surpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to Cure your Sister. No Mad Doctor in *Christendom* could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care she don't relapse; if she should employ me again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty, I do cure sometimes.

Or. Your remedy most barbarous Man, will prove the greatest poyson to my health, for tho' my former frenzy was but Counterfeit, I now shall run into a real Madness. [*Exit, Old Mir. after.*]

Dug. This was a turn beyond my knowledge; I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it. [*Exit.*]

Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I scap'd? Was not I just now upon the brink of Destruction?

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Enter Duretete.

O my Friend, let me run into thy Bosom; no Lark escap'd from the devouring pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehensions.

Dur. The matter Man?

Mir. Marriage, Hanging, I was just at the Gallows foot, the running Noose about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me—Oh—I shan't be my self this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike, Saints or Devils; their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit, for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay: There's no living here with security; this House is so full of Stratagem and Design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my Heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad, I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll set out for *Italy* to morrow Morning.

Mir. A Match: I'll go pay my Complement of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What, pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a Thousand Pound a Year upon me? No, no, he has passed away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

*What makes the World attend and crowd the Great?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependance, make their State.
Behold the Anti-chamber filled with Beaux,
A Horse's Levee thronged with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their sport,
Hopes of a Place, will bring the Sparks to Court.
Dependance, even a Father's sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

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ACT V.

SCENE [I] *the Street before the Play-House ;
Mirabel and Duretete as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company ; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the front Box had my attention, these impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else,

*For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne're mind us that in the Audience die :
The Poets Hero shou'd not move their pain,
But they shou'd weep for those their eyes have slain.*

Dur. Hoity, toity, Did *Phillis* inspire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more, the Play-house is the Element of Poetry, because the Region of Beauty, the Ladies, methinks have a more inspiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where else, they sit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject Slaves about them. Their best Cloaths, best Looks, shining Jewels, sparkling Eyes, the Treasure of the World in a Ring. Then there's such a hurry of Pleasure to transport us, the Bustle, Noise, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Oggles, Love, Musick and Applause. I cou'd wish that my whole Life long were the first Night of a New Play.

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey, have you bespoke Post-Horses?

Mir. Grant me but three days, Dear Captain, one to discover the Lady, one to unfold my self, and one to make me happy ; and then I'm yours to the World's End.

Dur. Hast thou the Impudence to promise thy self a Lady of her Figure and Quality in so short a time?

Mir. Yes Sir—I have a confident Address, no disagreeable Person, and Five hundred *Lewidors* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores*! You an't mad?

Mir. I tell you she's worth Five Thousand, one of her Black Brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her head. I compar'd her Necklace with her looks, and the living Jewels out-sparkel'd the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana's* pretensions to Marriage, you lov'd her passionately, then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir. I long'd for a Partridge t'other day off the King's Plate, but d'e think because I cou'd not have it I must eat nothing.

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Dur. Prethee *Mirabel*, be quiet. You may remember what narrow scapes you have had abroad by following Strangers, you forget your leap out of the *Curtesan's* Window at *Bollognia* to save your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a trifle, there's nothing we possess comparable to what we desire——be shy of a Lady barefac'd in the front Box with a Thousand Pound in Jewels about her Neck! for shame no more.

Enter Oriana in Boy's Cloaths with a Letter.

Ori. Your Name, *Mirabel* Sir?

Mir. Yes Sir.

Ori. A letter from your Unkle in Picardy.

[Gives the Letter.

Mir. [Reads] *The Bearer is the Son of a Protestant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the charge of this Youth [a pretty Boy] he's fond of some hansom Service that may afford him opportunity of Improvement, your Care of him will Oblige ;* Yours.

Hast a mind to Travel Child?

Ori. 'Tis my desire Sir, I shou'd be pleas'd to serve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you shall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it safe; the Rogue's too handsome——The Play's done, and some of the Ladies come this way. [Noise without.

Enter Lamorce with her Train born up by a Page.

Mir. *Duretete*, The very Dear, Identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis she.

Dur. And what then Sir?

Mir. Then! why,——looke Sarra the first piece of service I put you upon is to follow that Ladys Coach, and bring me word where she lives. [To Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the Town Sir, and am afraid of loosing my self.

Mir. Pshaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell Madam; I can see no sign of your Ladyship's Coach.

Lam. That fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk somewhere, none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one Madam.

Lam. These Servants are the plague of our lives, what shall I do?

Mir. By all my hopes Fortune Pimps for me; now *Duretete* for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why you won't sure?

Mir. Won't! Brute! Let not your Servants neglect, Madam, put

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your Ladyship to any inconvenience, for you can't be disappointed of an equipage whilst mine waits below and wou'd you honour the Master so far, he wou'd be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure.

[*Aside.*

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesom for my Habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true Madam, and he's a little engaged, besides Madam a hackney-Coach will do as well Madam.

Mir. Rude beast be quiet [to *Duretete*] the farther from home Madam, the more Occasion you have for Guard—pray Madam——

Lam. Lard Sir—— [He seems to press, she to decline it in dumb show.

Dur. Ah! the Devil's in his impudence, now he whedles, she smiles, he flatters, she simpers, he swears, she believes, he's a Rogue and she's a Wh—— in a moment.

Mir. Without there, my Coach; *Duretete*, wish me Joy.

[*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a Surgeon! here you little *Picard*, go follow your Master and he'll lead you——

Ori. Whither Sir?

Dur. To the Accademy Child, 'tis the fashion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exercises——go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too Sir, that Woman may do him some harm, I don't like her!

Dur. Why how now, *Page*, do you start up to give laws of a sudden; do you pretend to rise at Court and disaprove the pleasures of your betters? Looke Sarrah, if ever you wou'd rise by a great Man, be sure to be with him in his little Actions, and as a step to your advancement follow your Master immediately, and make it your hope that he go to a Baudy-House.

Ori. Heavens forbid.

[*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I sooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a strange antipathy have I taken against these Creatures, a Woman to me is aversion upon aversion, Cheese, a Cat, a breast of Mutton, the squeeling of Children, the grinding of Knives, and the snuff of a Candle.

[*Exit.*

SCENE [II] a handsom Apartment.

Enter Mirabel and Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me Sir, that your service was something more than Good breeding, please to lay out an hour of your Company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

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Mir. Your desire Madam, has only prevented my request, my hours I make 'um yours Madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy Minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you Sir to dismiss your retinue because an Equipage at my door at this time of night will not be consistent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means Madam, all but one little Boy—here Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish Country Boy that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence Sir, I shou'd be sorry if you made any sinister Constructions of my freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any bodies freedom, having so intirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy Correspondence, that we enter'd into a free confidence of each other by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one Another;—now Sir what are you?

Mir. In three words Madam—I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred pound in my pocket, and a clean shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is—

Mir. *Mustapha*—now Madam the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth Noble; I was married young to a proud, rude, sullen, imperious fellow; the Husband spoyled the Gentleman; crying ruin'd my Face till at last I took heart, leapt out of a window, got away to my Friends, sue'd my Tyrant, and recovered my Fortune—I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a Husband, from twenty to forty I'm resolved to please my self, and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The Charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage!

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and something I saw of a well-furnished careless agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly demands with such an Arch Modesty, that I dont know how—but I'm elop'd, ha, ha, ha, I'm Elop'd.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, I rejoyce in your good fortune with all my heart.

Lam. O now I think on't Mr. *Mustapha*, you have got the finest Ring there, I cou'd scarcely believe it right, pray let me see it.

Mir. Hum! yes Madam 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an Old Family Ring, Madam, an Old-fashioned Family Ring.

Lam. Ay Sir—if you can entertain your self with a Song for a moment I'll wait on you, come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you please Sir.

Mir. The new Song—*Prethee Phillis, &c.*

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SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a strange intreaguing humour when I was born——Ay, this night shou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I shou'd like well enough, but what shou'd I have to morrow night? the same. And what next night the same, and what next night the very same, Soop for breakfast, Soop for dinner, Soop for supper, and Soop for breakfast again——but here's variety.

*I love the fair who freely gives her heart
That's mine by ties of Nature not of Art ;
Who boldly owns what e're her thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a Hypocrite.*

*Lamorce appears at the door, as he runs towards her, four
Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.*

She comes, she comes——Hum, hum——Bitch,——Murder'd, murder'd to be sure! The Cursed Strumpet! to make me send away my Servants——no body near me! These Cut-throats make always sure work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these Gentlemen your Relations Madam?

Lam. Yes Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant, Sir your most faithful, yours Sir, with all my heart; your most obedient——come Gentlemen. [*Salutes all round.*] please to sit——no ceremony, next the Lady pray Sir.

Lam. Well Sir, and how do'e like my friends? [*They all set.*]

Mir. O Madam the most finish'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my life, I suppose Sir, you have traveld?

1 *Bra.* Yes Sir.

Mir. Which way? may I presume?

1. *Bra.* In a Western Barge Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, very pretty, facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, Sir, you have got the prettiest Ring upon your finger there——

Mir. Ah Madam, 'tis at your service with all my heart.

Lam. By no means, Sir, a family Ring! [*Offering the ring.*]

Mir. No matter Madam, Seven hundred pound, by this Light. [*Takes it. Aside.*]

2 *Bra.* Pray Sir, what's a Clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir I forgot my Watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought, I saw the string of it just now.

Mir. Ods my life Sir, I beg your pardon, here it is—but it don't go.

Lam. O dear Sir, an English Watch! *Tompions* I presume. [*Putting it up.*]

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Mir. Do'e like it Madam—no Ceremony—'tis at your service with all my heart and soul—*Tompions!* hang ye. [*Aside.*]

1 *Bra.* But Sir, above all things I admire the fashion and make of your Sword hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it Sir?

Mir. Sir I won't sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it Sir.

Mir. No Gentlemen,——but I'll bestow it with all my heart.

[*Offering it.*]

Bra. O Sir we shall rob you.

Mir. That you do I'll be sworn [*Aside.*] I have another at home, pray Sir—Gentlemen you'r too modest, have I any thing else that you fancy——Sir, will you do me a favour? [*To the 1 Bravo*] I am extreemly in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the favour to change with me.

1 *Bra.* Looke Sir, this is a family Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it——

Mir. Sir your most humble servant.

[*They change wigs.*]

1 *Bra.* Madam your most humble slave.

[*Goes up foppishly to the Lady and salutes her.*]

2 *Bra.* The Fellows very liberal, shall we murder him.

1 *Bra.* What! let him scape, to hang us all. And I to lose my Wig, no, no, I want but a hansom pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we must act like Gentlemen! here some Wine—— [*Wine here*] Sir your good health.

[*Pulls Mirabel by the Nose.*]

Mir. Oh Sir, your most humble servant, a pleasant frolick enough to drink a mans health and pull him by the Nose, ha, ha, ha, the pleasantest pretty humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glass.

[*Mir. drinks.*]

1 *Bra.* How do'e like the Wine Sir.

Mir. Very good, O the Kind Sir, but I'll tell ye what I find, we're all inclin'd to be frolicksome, and I gad for my own part I was never more disposed to be merry, let's make a night on't, ha!——this Wine is pretty! but I have such *Burgundy* at home! looke Gentlemen, let me send for a dozen flasks of my *Burgundy*, I defie *France* to Match it——'twill make us all life, all air, pray Gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh! shall us have his *Burgundy*?

Bra. Yes faith, we'll have all we can, here, call up the Gentlemans Servant——What think you *Lamorce*?

Lam. Yes, yes,——your Servant is a foolish Country Boy Sir, he understands nothing but Innocence?

Mir. Ay, ay Madam——here Page, [*Enter Oriana*] take this Key and go to my Butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red *Burgundy*,

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mark't a thousand, and be sure you make haſt, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah dear Sir——

1. *Bra.* Here Child take a glass of Wine—your Maſter and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a frolick,—Where had you this pretty Boy, honeſt *Muſtapha*?

Ori. *Muſtapha*!

Mir. Out of Picardy—this is the firſt errand he has made for me, and if he do's it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy* Sir!

Mir. The red, Markt a thousand, and be ſure you make haſt.

Ori. I ſhall Sir.

[*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir you were pleas'd to like my Wigg! have you any fancy for my Coat—look'e Sir, it has ſerv'd a great many honeſt Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not ſo faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a ſcurvy trick of leaving all its Maſters in Neceſſity—the Inſolence of theſe Dogs is beyond their Cruelty.

[*Aside.*

Lam. You'r Melancholy Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd Madam, that I ſhou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy—he'll make ſome confounded blunder I'll lay my life on't, I wou'd not be diſappointed of my Wine for the Universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough Sir, but ſupper's ready, will you pleaſe to eat a bit Sir?

Mir. O Madam, I never had a better ſtomach in my life.

Lam. Come then,—we have nothing but a plate of Soop.

Mir. Ah! the Marriage Soop I cou'd diſpenſe with now.

[*Exit handing the Lady.*

2d. *Bra.* That Wigg won't fall to your ſhare.

1st *Bra.* No, no, we'll ſettle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman ſhall wear it.

2d. *Bra.* Shall we diſpatch him?

3d. *Bra.* To be ſure, I think he knows me.

1st. *Bra.* Ay, ay, Dead Men tell no Tales, I wonder at the Impudence of the Engliſh Rogues That will hazard the meeting a Man at the Barr, that they have encounter'd upon the road. I han't the Confidence to Look a Man in the face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll Murder him.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE [III] *changes to Old Mirabell's House.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forsaken me, I have abandon'd my Mistress, my time lyes heavy on my hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket—but now I think on't my Mirmidons are upon duty to night, I'll fairly stroal down to the Guard, and Nod away the night with my honest Lieutenant over a flask of Wine, a Rakehelly story, and a pipe of Tobacco.

[Going off, Bis. meets him.]

Bis. Who comes there? stand.

Dur. Hey day, now she's turnd Dragoon!

Bis. Look'e Sir, I'm told you intend to Travel again—I design to wait on you as far as *Italy*.

Dur. Then I'll Travel into *Wales*.

Bis. *Wales!* what Countrey's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains child, where you're never out of the way, cause there's no such thing as a high road.

Bis. Rather always in a high road, 'cause you Travel all upon Hills—but as it will, I'll Jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the *East-Indies*.

Bis. *East* or *West*, 'tis all one to me, I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Bis. Suppose I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppose I go to a Baudy-house.

Bis. Suppose I show you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and smoak a Pipe?

Bis. Alloons Don.

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman,—suppose I hang my self.

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is wellcome.

Bis. Hold, hold Sir, *[catches him by the arm going]* one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go Madam—or I shall think that you're a Man and perhaps may examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare. I have still Spirits to attend me, and can raise such a muster of Fairies as shall punish you to death—come Sir, stand there now and Ogle me. *[He frowns upon her]* Now a languishing sigh.

[He groans] Now run and take up my Fan, faster.

[He runs and takes it up] Now play with it handsomely.

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Dur. Ay, ay, *[He tears it all in pieces.]*
Bis. Hold, hold, dear humorous, Coxcomb, Captain, spare my fan and
I'll—why you rude inhumane Monster, don't you expect to pay for this.
Dur. Yes Madam there's twelve pence, for that's the price on't.
Bis. Sir, it cost a Guiney.
Dur. Well Madam you shall have the sticks again.
[Throws them to her, and Exit.]
Bis. Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous below my concern. I must follow him how-
ever to know if he can give me any news of *Oriana*. *[Exit.]*

SCENE [IV] *changes to Lamorce's Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel Solus.

Mir. Bloody Hellhounds I overheard you,—was not I two hours ago the happy, gay, rejoycing—*Mirabel?* how did I plume my hopes in a fair coming prospect of a long scene of years? life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; And to be torn away from all my promised Joys, is more than Death. The manner too, by Villains—O my *Oriana*, this very moment might have Blest me in thy Arms, and my poor Boy, the Innocent Boy!—Confusion!—But hush, they come, I must dissemble. Still—no News of my Wine Gentlemen?

Enter the Four Bravoos.

1st. Bra. No, Sir, I believe Your Country Booby has Lost himself and we Can wait no Longer for't—true Sir, You'r a pleasant Gentleman, but I suppose You understand our Business?

Mir. Sir I may go near to guess at your Employments, You Sir, are a Lawyer. I presume, You a Physitian, You a Scrivener, You a Stock Jobber—all Cutthroats I Gad. *[Aside.]*

4th. Bra. Sir, I am a Broken Officer, I was Cashir'd at the head of the Army for a Coward, So I took up the trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3d. Bra. I am Souldier too, and wou'd serve my King, but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad Cause.

2d. Bra. I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Estate, but I must have my Whore and my Bottle, thro' the prejudice of Education.

1st. Bra. I am a Ruffian, tho by the prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In short Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer—come Sir, which Sword will you fall by, mine Sir?— *[Draws.]*

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2d. *Bra.* Or mine?

3d. *Bra.* Or mine?

4th. *Bra.* Or mine?

[*Draws.*

[*Draws.*

[*Draws.*

Mir. I Scorn to beg my Life, but to be Butcher'd thus! O, there's the Wine—this moment for my Life or Death.

[*Knocking.*

Enter Oriana.

Lost, for ever lost!—where's the Wine Child?

[*Faintly.*

Ori. Coming up Sir.

[*Stamps.*

Enter Duretete with his Sword drawn, and six of the Grand Musqueteers with their Peeces presented, the Ruffians drop their Swords. Oriana goes off.

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine. Youth, Pleasure, Fortune, Days and Years are now my own again—Ah my dear Friends, Did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry?—Dear Captain, these Gentlemen are the best Natur'd, Facetious, Witty Creatures that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come Sir?

Mir. O yes Madam, the Wine is come—see there—Your Ladyship has got a very fine Ring upon your Finger. [*Pointing to the Souldiers.*

Lam. Sir, 'Tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho, is it So? thou dear Seven Hundred Pound, thou'rt well-come home again with all my Heart—ads my life Madam, You have got the finest built Watch there, *Tompions* I presume.

Lam. Sir you may wear it.

Mir. O Madam, by no means, 'tis too much—rob you of all—[*taking it from her*] good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing. I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. [*putting it up*] What, my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen You'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady—how now—is it so Civil to be out of Humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleased with yours; Captain you'r surpriz'd at all this! But we're in our frolicks you must know—Some Wine here.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Come, Captain this worthy Gentleman's health.

[*Tweaks the first Bravo by the Nose; he roars.*

But now where—where's my Dear Deliverer, my Boy, my Charming Boy?

1. *Br.* I hope some of our Crew below stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy—here, Page, Page, Page.

[*Runs out.*

THE INCONSTANT

Dur. Here Gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1st. Bra. Yes Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you Madam—he, he, he—I'm so pleas'd to think that I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I dye—well Mistris Snapdragon, which of these Honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife.

1st. Bra. Sir, she shou'd have been mine to Night, cause *Sampre* here had her last night. Sir she's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Justice. *[The Guards carry off the Bravoës.]*

Enter O. Mir., Dugard, Bizarre.

O. M. Robin, Robin, where's Bob, where's my Boy?—what, is this the Lady? a pretty Whore faith!—hearkey Child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart; indeed I will.

Dug. Ay Madam—and you shall have a swinging Equipage, three or four thousand Footmen at your heels at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster.

Dur. Monster, Ay, you'r all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

O. Mir. Ah my dear Bob, art thou safe Man?

Mir. No, no Sir, I'm ruin'd, the saver of my life is lost.

O. Mir. No, no, he came and brought us the news.

Mir. But where is he?—*[Enter Oriana]* ha: *[Runs and embraces her.]*
O my dear preserver what shall I do to recompence your trust—Father, Friend, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the most ignominious death, from the scandalous poniards of these bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n wou'd have defam'd my memory with vile reproach—my life, estate, my all is due to such a favour—Command me Child, before ye all, before my late, so kind indulgent Stars I swear, to grant what'ere you ask.

Or. To the same Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Justice of my Claim, I shall demand but what was mine before—the Just performance of your Contract to *Oriana*. *[Discovering her self.]*

Omnès. Oriana.

Ori. In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, Counterfited that Letter that got me into your service, and so by this strange turn of fate I became the Instrument of your Preservation, few Common servants wou'd have had such Cunning, My Love Inspired me with the meaning of your Message, Cause my Concern for your safety made me suspect Your Company.

THE INCONSTANT

Dur. Mirabel You'r Caught.

Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of Imposition, the tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have despis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my Voluntary Act, this was no Humane Stratagem, But by my providential Stars designed to show the Dangers, wandring Youth Incurs by the persuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the snares of Vice, and then to free me by the hands of Virtue, here on my knees I humbly beg my fair preservers pardon, my thanks are needless, for my self I owe, And now for ever do protest me yours.

O. Mir. Tall, all, di, dall [*Sings*] kiss me Daughter—No, you shall kiss me first [*to Lamorce*] for you'r the cause on't, well *Bizarre*, what say you to the Captain?

Bis. I like the Beast well enough, but I don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange Road.

O. Mir. But Marriage is so beaten a path that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing shou'd make me thy husband—I cou'd Marry thee to Day for the priviledge of beating thee to Morrow.

O. Mir. Come come, you may agree for all this, Mr *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might secure your Sons affection to my sister; I wou'd double her fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has not she given me mine; my life, estate, my all, and what is more her vertuous self—vertue in this so advantageous light has her own sparkling Charms more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil [*pointing to Lamorce*] that sets this brightness off [*to Oriana*] Here view the pride [*to Oriana*] and scandal of the Sex [*to La'm*] there [*to La'm.*] the false Meteor whose Deluding light leads Mankind to destruction here [*to Oriana*] the bright shining Star that guides to a Security of Happiness, a Garden and a single She [*to Oriana*] was our first fathers bliss, the Tempter [*to La'm.*] and to wander was his Curse.

What liberty can be so Tempting there [to Lam.]

As a soft, vertuous, Amorous bondage here? [to Oriana]

S O N G .

By Mr. O——r.

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*

I.

*Since, Caelia 'tis not in our power
To tell how long our lives may last,
Begin to love this very hour
You've lost too much in what is past.*

II.

*For since the power we all obey
Has in your breast my heart confin'd,
Let me my body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature Joynd.*

EPILOGUE

Written by *Nathaniel Rowe, Esq.*

AND

Spoken by *Mr. Wilks.*

From Fletcher's great Original to day
We took the hint of this our Modern Play ;
Our Author from his Lines has strove to Paint
A Witty, Wild, Inconstant, free Gallant
With a Gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move
With little Truth, but with a World of Love. }
Such forms on Maids in Morning Slumbers wait, }
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and Sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not ye Fair to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way.
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise
There's danger still in Darkness and Surprise.
Tho' from his Ramparts he defy'd the Foe
Prince Eugene found an Aquaduct below.
With easy freedom, and a gay Address,
A pressing Lover seldom wants Success :
Whilst the respectfull like the Greek sits down,
And wastes a ten years Seige before one Town.
For her own Sake let no forsaken Maid,
Our Wanderer for want of Love Upbraid.
Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd er'e confess
That they have lost the happy Pow'r to please.
If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear You've turn'd him off a week ;
As Princes when they resty States-men doubt,
Before they can Surrender turn e'm out.
What er'e you think grave Uses may be made,

THE INCONSTANT

*And much even for inconstancy be said.
Let the Good Man for Marriage rites design'd,
With Studious Care and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every page of Woman kind.
Mark Every Sense, and how the readings Vary,
And when he knows the worst on't—Let him Marry.*

}

FINIS

T H E
TWIN
RIVALS

A
C O M E D Y

Acted at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

By Her Majesty's Servants

Sic vos non vobis

Source

THE *TWIN-RIVALS* is a play of great originality. There have been bawd-wives in the plays of Middleton, Dekker, and Brome; in Howard's *Committee*, we find an embryo Teague. But it is a far cry from these slight similarities to anything approaching a plagiarism.

Theatrical History

THE *TWIN-RIVALS* was first produced at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on December 14th, 1702. At the very outset it met with but little success, for the author made the mistake of attacking the most admired vices, and choosing for his villain such a character as Benjamin Wouldbe, who should have been a hero, like Horner in *The Country Wife*, and Trueman, who by all the rules and regulations should have "borne off the great fortune in the play." As the author says, the galleries were thin.

Mrs. Rogers, Anne Oldfield's bitter enemy, kept the part of Constance when *The Twin-Rivals* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, November 3rd, 1716. Bullock was the only other member of the original cast, and now played the Alderman, Mrs. Pack taking his place as Mandrake. The younger Mrs. Rogers played Aurelia, with Elrington as Elder Wouldbe, and Bullock junior as Benjamin.

Mrs. Oldfield, at this time, was at Drury Lane, so the friction between her and Mrs. Rogers was not at its height. But one cannot forget the memorable incident of a few years before when Anne Oldfield won the part of Andromache in *The Distressed Mother*. Mrs. Rogers was so infuriated that on the opening night of the play she caused a band of ruffians to invade the theatre and break up the performance. A great theatrical prude, the parts of the innocent female in distress always appealed to her. In fact, her love of this rôle was such that she actually made a personal vow of chastity in the Epilogue to *The Triumphs of Virtue*, in 1697. It is true that she broke her vow, but only from the noblest motive, for Wilks swore that he would destroy himself if she did not yield to him. What was the poor lady to do? Her natural daughter by Wilks was a talented actress, and married Christopher Bullock, the actor-dramatist.

The play was first revived at Drury Lane on November 29th, 1725, when it was advertised as "Not Acted 20 years." Wilks still played the lead, with Cibber, this time, as Trueman. Bridgewater was Young Wouldbe; W. Mills, Richmore; Griffin, Subtleman; Miller, Teague; Johnson, who played two parts in the original cast, Alderman, with Shepherd as Balderdash; Mrs. Oldfield starred as Aurelia, with Mrs. Porter as Constance. Harper took the character of Mandrake, now for the first time billed as Mrs. Midnight, a name which became symbolic in the English language. The play continued and was favourably received this year and the next.

With but the exception of one performance, Haymarket, 21st August, 1735, *The Twin Rivals* was not performed for ten years, until its revival at Drury Lane, January 3rd, 1736, with Mills as Elder Wouldbe; Theophilus Cibber, Trueman; Miller again as Teague; Harper again as Mandrake, and Mrs. Clive as Aurelia. The play ran well during 1736, 1737, and 1739.

The first time that *The Twin-Rivals* appeared on the stage of Covent Garden was on April 12, 1739, when it met with considerable success. Ryan took the leading part. Sparks and Barrington, newly come from Dublin, very aptly played Younger Wouldbe and Teague. The latter was particularly successful. Hale appeared as Trueman;

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Stoppelear, as Mrs. Midnight; with Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Vincent as Aurelia and Constance. In 1755 Peg Woffington had replaced Mrs. Bellamy in the leading female rôle.

Drury Lane again revived the piece "Not Acted 12 years" on October 18th, 1758. Mossop was the Elder and Palmer the Younger Wouldbe. Vincent played the part of Teague; Miss Pritchard, Aurelia; Mrs. Davies, Constance and Mrs. Macklin, Mandrake.

Covent Garden advertised their revival, December 1st, 1769, as "Not Acted 12 years," though *The Twin-Rivals* had been performed on the stage three times in 1759—October 5th and 10th, and December 27th. Clarke played the elder brother; Dyer, the Younger; Hull, Trueman; Saunders, late of Dublin, as Teague; Mrs. Mattocks, Aurelia; Mrs. Bulkley, Constance; and Mrs. Pitt, Mandrake.

"Not Acted 16 years" was the caption of Drury Lane's next revival, April 5th, 1771, though we have seen the play there but thirteen years ago. Moody, whose benefit it was, played the part of Teague, with the addition of songs. Reddish and King were the two Wouldbes; Jefferson, Trueman; Miss Abington, Aurelia; Miss Pope, Constance; Mrs. Bradshaw, Mandrake.

Covent Garden advertised *The Twin-Rivals*, "Not Acted 9 years," for October 21st, 1778, with Wroughton as the Elder Wouldbe and Lee Lewes as the Younger. Lewis played Trueman; Whitfield, Richmore; Mrs. Pitt, Mandrake; and Mrs. Jackson, Constance. From this date there was no performance for thirty-four years, until that at Bath, March 31st, 1812, advertised as "Not Acted 40 years."

On that occasion, which was a most notable affair, Abbott and Cunningham played the Elder and Younger Wouldbes, with Starkey as Trueman. Egan took the character of Teague, and Mrs. Egan, Mandrake. Miss Kelly and Miss Jameson were Aurelia and Constance. The Bath audience assumed an attitude worthy of Richard Cumberland himself, and expressed its disapproval throughout the play, and when Mrs. Egan, in the last act, said, "there is only one poor gentlewoman in labour," the hissing was so violent as to stop the play. Egan, who, as Teague, was also on the stage at the moment, came forward and spoke in defence of his wife, saying that the poor woman had only spoken the lines of her part. A great confusion followed, and the play had to be stopped. The same audience, the following June, also hissed Evans, who, as Don Manuel spoke the lines, "King, queens, and common whores must die."

T H E
D E D I C A T I O N :
T O
H E N R Y B R E T Esq;

THE Commons of *England* have a Right of Petitioning, and since by your Place in the Senate you are oblig'd to Hear and Redress the Subject, I presume upon the Priviledge of the People, to give you the following Trouble.

As Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, so Dedications usher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we choose some Stanch Actor to Address the *Audience*, so we pitch upon some Gentleman of Undisputed Ingenuity to Recommend us to the *Reader*. Books, like Metals, require to be Stamp'd with some valuable Effigies before they become Popular and Current.

To Escape the Criticks I resolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the best, One who differs from the Fraternity in this, That his good Nature is ever Predominant; Can discover an Author's smallest Fault, and Pardon the greatest.

Your Generous Approbation, *Sir*, Has done this Play Service, but has Injur'd the Author; For it has made him insufferably Vain, and he thinks himself Authoriz'd to stand up for the Merit of his Performance, when so great a Master of Wit has declar'd in its Favour.

The Muses are the most Coquetish of their Sex, Fond of being Admir'd, and always putting on their best Ayrs to the finest Gentleman: But alas, *Sir!* Their Addresés are Stale, and their fine Things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Conversation.

Cou'd I Write by the help of Study, as you Talk without it, I wou'd venture to say something in the usual Strain of Dedication; But as you have too much Wit to suffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will Excuse my Deficiency, and you will Pardon the Presumption of,

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd,

and most humble Servant,

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Decemb 23.

1702.

THE P R E F A C E

THE Success and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the most Severe and Reasonable Charge against their Authors in Mr. Collier's short View; and indeed this Gentleman had done the Drama considerable Service, had he Arraign'd the Stage only to Punish it's Misdemeanours, and not to take away it's Life; [but there is an Advantage to be made sometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only way to disappoint his Designs, is to improve upon his invective, and to make the Stage flourish by vertue of that Satyr, by which he thought to suppress it.]

I have therefore in this Piece, endeavour'd to show, that an English Comedy may Answer the strictness of Poetical Justice, but indeed, the greater share of the English Audience; I mean, that Part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language, have imbib'd other Principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations for Grievances; and, let a Project be never so well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to suffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as Poor an Entertainment to some Pallats, as their Sundays Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reason that the Galleries were so thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have sooth'd the Splenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and Punishing their great Grievance—A Whoremaster; but a certain Virtuoso of that Fraternity has told me since, that the Citizens were never more disappointed in any Entertainment, for (said he) however Pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town, but with an intention to be Lewd.

There was an Odium cast upon this Play before it appear'd, by some Persons who thought it their Interest to have it suppress'd. The Ladies were frightened from seeing it by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told no doubt, that they must expect no less than a Labour upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aspersion will be enough to wipe it off, since the Character of the Midwife is only so far Touch'd, as is necessary for carrying on the Plot, she being principally Decipher'd in her Procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies so far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the exposing of a Baud.

Some Cruicks Complain, that the Design is defective for want of Clelia's Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they should find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by showing a Lady of Figure under a Misfortune; for which Reason I made her only Nominal, and chose to expose the Person that Injur'd her; and if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Justice in the End, I'm very sorry for't.

THE PREFACE

Some People are apt to say, That the Character of Richmore points at a particular Person ; tho' I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his Marrying his own Mistress ; which, by the way, he never did, for he was no sooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his Mind, and the poor Lady is still in Statu Quo, but upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Asse ; And Characters in Plays, are like Long-Lane Cloaths, not hung out for the Use of any particular People, but to be bought by only that they happen to fit.

The most material Objection against this Play, is the Importance of the Subject, which necessarily leads into Sentiments too grave for Diversion ; and supposes Vices too great for Comedy to Punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the business of Comedy is chiefly to Ridicule Folly ; and that the Punishment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy ; but if there be a middle sort of Wickedness, too high for the Sock, and too low for the Buskin, is there any Reason that it shou'd go unpunish'd ? What are more Obnoxious to Humane Society, than the Villanies expos'd in this Play ; the Frauds, Plots and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Vertue of Women, but the Persons are too mean for the Heroick ; Then what must we do with them ? Why, They must of necessity drop into Comedy : For it is unreasonable to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themselves up from Executing that Justice which is the Foundation of their Constitution ; or to say, That exposing Vice is the business of the Drama, and yet make Rules to screen it from Persecution.

Some have ask'd the Question, Why the Elder Wou'd-be, in the Fourth Act, should Counterfeit Madness in his Confinement, don't mistake, there was no such thing in his Head ; and the Judicious cou'd easily perceive, that it was only a Start of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy ; and when Gayety is strain'd to cover Misfortune, it may very Naturally be overdone, and rise to a semblance of Madness, sufficient to impose on the Constable, and perhaps on some of the Audience ; who taking every thing at sight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most Masterly Stroaks of the whole Piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made ; but there was no great occasion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of some of the greatest Persons in England, both for Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found ; and I think their Approbation sufficient to excuse some Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performan

I must own my self oblig'd to
of Teague, and something of it
Twins, upon which I form'd my
and Acknowledg'd, I must do
Modern Writ have been less
than I have in the following

ville for some Lines in the part
have all, for his hint of the
Justice to him all due Satisfaction
Foreign Assistance that few of our
their Plays,

PROLOGUE

By Mr. Motteux.

And Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

An Alarm Sounded.

With Drums and Trumpets in this Warring Age,
A Marnal Prologue shou'd Alarm the Stage.
New Plays—E're Acted ; A full Audience near,
Seem Towns invested, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Forlorn-Hope sent out
Before the Play, to Skirmish, and to Scout :
Our Dreadful Foes the Criticks, when they spy
They Cock, they Charge, they Fire—then back they fly.
The Siege is laid—There Gallant Chiefs abound,
Here—Foes Intrench'd, there—Glittering Troops around,
And the loud Batt'ries Roar—From yonder rising ground. }
In the First Act, brisk Sallies, (miss or hit) }
With Volleys of Small Shot, or Snip-Snap Wit }
Attack, and Gaul the Trenches of the Pit.
The next—The Fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third ; Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound, }
Your Critick-Engineer's Safe under ground }
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound. }
The Fourth—Brings on most Action, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh Foes crowd on, at your Remissness carp,
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our Counterscarp. }
Then comes the last ; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Poet-Governor now quakes for fear ;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And wou'd give all h'as plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don and Monsieur—Bluff before the Siege,
Were quickly tam'd—At Venlo, and at Liege :
'Twas Viva Spagnia ! Vive France ! Before ;
Now, Quartier ! Monsieur ! Quartier ! Ah ! Senor !

THE TWIN-RIVALS

*But what your Resolution can withstand?
You Master all, and Awe the Sea and Land.
In War—Your Valour, makes the Strong submit ;
Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Assaults ; and always be secure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous Terms who dare to write,
Since now—That seems as desp'rate as to fight :
If we must yield—Yet e're the day be fixt,
Let us hold out the Third—And, if we may, the Sixth.*

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

Elder Wou'dbee,
Young Wou'dbee,
Richmore,
Trueman,
Subtleman,
Balderdash, }
and }
Alderman,
Clear-Account, *a Steward*,
Fair-Bank, *a Goldsmith*,
Teague,

Mr. *Wilks*.
Mr. *Cibber*.
Mr. *Husband*.
Mr. *Mills*.
Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Mr. *Johnson*.

Mr. *Fairbank*.
Mr. *Minns*.
Mr. *Bowen*.

WOMEN.

Constance,
Aurelia,
Mandrake,
Steward's *Wife*,

Mrs. *Rogers*.
Mrs. *Hook*.
Mrs. *Bullock*.
Mrs. *Moor*.

Constable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, *L O N D O N*.

T H E TWIN-RIVALS

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Lodgings.*

*The Curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe a Dressing,
and his Valet Buckling his Shooes.*

Y. Wou'dbe. **H**ere is such a Plague every Morning with Buckling Shooes, Gartering, Combing, and Powdering, Pshaw! Cease thy Impertinence, I'll dress no more to day—Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is Drest, I could bear it!

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No further yet, *Wou'dbe*? 'tis almost One.

Y.W. Then blame the Clockmakers, they made it so; the Sun has neither Fore nor Afternoon—Prithee, What have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man Eat when he's Hungry, go to Bed when he's Sleepy, Rise when he Wakes, Dress when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism—You have lost your Money last Night.

Y.W. No, no, Fortune took care of me there—I had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y.W. Yes, I have got the Spleen; and something else—Hearkee—
[*Whispers.*]

Rich. How!—

Y.W. Positively. The Lady's kind Reception was the most severe usage I ever met with—Shan't I break her Windows—*Richmore?*

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, That breaking the Windows of such Houses, are no more than Writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland—Vin te koop*—'Tis no more than a Bush to a Tavern, a Decoy to Trade, and to draw in Customers; but upon the whole matter, I think, a Gentleman shou'd put up an Affront got in such little

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Company; for the Pleasure, the Pain, and the Resentment, are all alike scandalous.

Y.W. Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning, with the *Flying Post* in your hand, hunting for Physical Advertisements?

Rich. That was in the days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the days of dirty Linnen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Stakes; but now I fly at nobler Game; the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet's* and the *Park*: I despise all Women that I apprehend any danger from, less than the having my Throat cut; and shou'd scruple to Converse even with a Lady of Fortune, unless her Virtue were loud enough to give me Pride in exposing it.—Here's a Letter I received this Morning; you may read it.

[Gives a Letter.

Y.W. [Reads.] 'If there be Solemnity in Protestation, Justice in Heaven, 'or Fidelity on Earth, I may still depend on the Faith of my *Richmore*——' 'Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer can hide the Effects on't from 'the World—Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly 'to the Relief of the Disconsolate

CLELIA.

The Fair, the courted, blooming *Clelia*!

Rich. The credulous, troublesome, foolish *Clelia*. Did you ever read such a fulsome Harangue—Lard Sir, I am near my time, and want your Assistance——Do's the silly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in those Circumstances, unless it were Doctor *Chamberlain*—You may keep the Letter.

Y.W. But why wou'd you trust it with me? you know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that reason I communicate: I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and will spread the News all over the Town: For you must understand, that I am now Besieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conquests upon the Wing, that the Town may Surrender the sooner.

Y.W. But if the report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garrison of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, and Terroure prevails upon them more than Clemency: My best pretence to my success with the Fair, is my using 'um ill; 'Tis turning their own Guns upon 'um, and I have always found it the most successful Battery to assail one Reputation by sacrificing another.

Y.W. I cou'd Love thee for thy Mischief, did I not Envy thee for thy success in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y.W. How can I. This confounded Hump of mine is such a Burthen at my Back, that it presses me down here in the Dirt and Diseases of *Covent-Garden*, the low Suburbs of Pleasure—Curst Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right of a handsome

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Person; seven thousand a year in a direct Line, wou'd have straitn'd my Back to some purpose——But I look, in my present Circumstances, like a Branch of another kind, grafted only upon the Stock which makes me grow so Crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is so as well as you.

Y.W. Then why shou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? had I the same Title to the Deformity I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how do's my Lord bear the Absence of your Twin-Brother?

Y.W. My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that spoil'd my Shape, and his coming half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune——My Father Expell'd me his House some two years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my Twin-Brother was a Bastard—He gave me my Portion, which was about Fifteen Hundred Pound, and I have spent Two Thousand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

Rich. Why so, pray?

Y.W. A very odd reason——Because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y.W. Because he thinks it reasonable it shou'd be so.

Rich. But did your Actions ever express any Malice to him?

Y.W. Yes: I wou'd fain have kept him Company, but being aware of my Kindness, he went abroad: He has Travel'd these Five years, and I am told, is a grave sober Fellow, and in danger of Living a great while; All my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Estate, the Nobility will soon kill him by Drinking him up to his Dignity—But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-Sores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou art still laying 'um in my way: Let us assume an Argument of less severity—Can'st thou lend me a Brace of Hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'um?

Y.W. Do with 'um!——There's a question indeed—Do you think I wou'd Eat 'um?

Rich. Yes, o' my Troth, wou'd you, and Drink 'um together—Lookee, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, Whilst you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have Lent you Five Guinea's—But as the case stands, I can assure you, I have lately paid off my Sister's Fortunes, and——

Y.W. Sir, This put off looks like an Affront; and you know I don't use to take such things.

Rich. Sir, Your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't use to give such things.

Y.W. Sir, I'll Pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's Mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; You had better Pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

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Y.W. 'Sdeath, Sir—

[*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbee*,—Suppose I put an end to your Misfortunes all at once?

Y.W. How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magistrate, and Swear you wou'd have Robb'd me of Two Hundred Pounds—Looke, Sir, You have been often told that your Extravagance wou'd some time or other be the Ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y.W. This usage is the heighth of Ingratitude from you, in whose Company I have spent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a witness, that it was very ill Spent—Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Estate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; Mine was my Health, because I cou'd pay for't; your's a Disease, because you cou'd not.

Y.W. And is this all I must expect from our Friendship?

Rich. Friendship! Sir, There can be no such thing without an Equality.

Y.W. That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for't.

Rich. Right Sir,—Our Friendship was over a Bottle only, and whilst you can pay your Club of Friendship, I'm that way your humble Servant, but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way—your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Y.W. Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice Sick of the same Love, and thrice Cur'd by the same Physick, and now he drops me for a Trifle—That an honest Fellow in his Cups shou'd be such a Rogue when he's Sober—The narrow-hearted Rascal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well! thou dear Solitary Half-Crown, adieu—Here *Jack*, [*Enter Servant.*] Take this; Pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdash* bring it himself. [*Exit Servant.*] How melancholly are my poor Breeches, not one Chink!—Thou art a villanous Hand, for thou hast Pickt my Pocket—This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honest Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a strutting Belly, and a jolly Mien. I have brought him above Three Pound a Night for these two years successively—The Rogue has Money I'm sure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdash with a Bottle and Glass.

Oh, Mr. *Balderdash*, good morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your most humble Servant—I have brought you a Whetting-Glass, the best *Old Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your drink in a Morning.

Y.W. I'll Pledge you, Mr. *Balderdash*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir.

[*Drinks.*

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T.W. Pray Mr. *Balderdash*, tell me one thing, but first sit down, Now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest Gentleman, that ever drank a Glass of Wine; and the best Customer that ever came into my House.

T.W. And you really think as you speak.

Bald. May this Wine be my Poison, Sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my Heart.

T.W. And how much Money do you think I have spent in your House?

Bald. Why truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe that I have handled of your Money, the best part of Five Hundred Pounds within these two years.

T.W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your Advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; And if I can serve you in any respect, pray Command me to the utmost of my Ability.

T.W. Well! 'Thanks to my Stars, there is still some honesty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdash*, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in Cash, and must beg you to lend me a Hundred Pieces.

Bal. Why truly Mr. *Wou'dbee*, I was afraid it would come to this, I have had it in my Head several times to caution you upon your Expences, but you were so very genteel in my House, and your Liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your Disposition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too Extravagant.

T.W. But since you reap'd the benefit of my Extravagance, you will I hope consider my Necessity.

Bald. Consider your Necessity! I do with all my Heart, and must tell you moreover, that I will be no longer Accessary to it: I desire you, Sir, to frequent my House no more.

T.W. How, Sir!

Bald. I say, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not suffer his Son to run into any Unconvenience; Sir, I shall order my Drawers not to serve you with a drop of Wine——Wou'd you have me Connive at a Gentleman's Destruction?

T.W. But methinks, Sir, that a Person of your nice Conscience should have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Business; Wou'd you have me be sawcy to a Gentleman that was my best Customer? Lackaday, Sir, Had you Money to hold it out still, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you——But truly, Sir, When a Man is ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

T.W. Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

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Bal. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

T.W. Lend me the Hundred Pound, and I will pay the Bill—

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will not lend the Hundred Pound, Sir,—
But pray consider with your self, now Sir, Wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to trust a Person with Money that has always been so extravagant under my Eye? Whose Profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away Ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Partridges, and a Setting Dog? Sir, you have made my House an ill House; my very Chairs will bear you no longer —In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

T.W. Thou Sophisticated Tun of Iniquity; Have I fatned your Carkass, and swell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus saucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due distance. [Kicks him.]

Ser. Wellcome Sir!

T.W. Well said *Jack*.

[Kicks him again.]

Ser. Very wellcome Sir! I hope we shall have your Company another time. Welcome Sir. [He's kick'd off.]

T.W. Pray wait on him down Stairs, and give him a wellcome at the Door too. [Exit Servant.] This is the Punishment of Hell; The very Devil that tempted me to the Sin, now upbraids me with the Crime—I have villainously murder'd my Fortune; and now its Ghost, in the lank shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to Conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh Sir, Here's sad News.

T.W. Then keep it to thy self, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

T.W. What! Is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better Twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's Dead.

T.W. My Father;—Good night, my Lord; Has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

T.W. Then I believe you heard all there was of it; let me see—
My Father dead! And my Elder Brother Abroad!—If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more Pregnant than with me. [Pawses.]
Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Mandrake*, and bid her come hither presently. [Exit Servant.]
That Woman was my Mother's Midwife when I was Born, and has been my Bawd these Ten years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress; and now her Assistance will be necessary to Cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the Right-side of a Woman, and the Wrong-side of the Law. [Exit.]

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SCENE [II] *changes to Mandrake's House.*

Mandrake and Maid.

Man. Who is there?

Maid. Madam.

Man. Has any Message been left for me to day?

Maid. Yes, Madam: Here has been one from my Lady *Stillborn*, that desir'd you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every Minute.

Man. How! Every Minute!—Let me see—[*Takes out her Pocket-Book.*] *Stillborn*—Ay—She reckons with her Husband from the first of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the first of *March*—Ay, She's always a Month before her Time. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Go see who's at the Door—

Maid. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Mand. Well! Certainly there is not a Woman in the World so willing to oblige Mankind as my self; and really I have been so ever since the Age of Twelve, as I can remember—I have Deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and helped as many to 'um as any Person in *England*; But my Watching and Cares have broken me quite, I am not the same Woman I was forty years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore*! You're a sad Man, a barbarous Man, so you are—What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore*? The poor Creature is so big with her Misfortunes, that they are not to be born. [*Weeps.*]

Rich. You, Mrs. *Mandrake*, are the fittest Person in the World, to ease her of 'um.

Man. And won't you Marry her, Mr. *Richmore*?

Rich. My Conscience won't allow it; for I have Sworn since, to Marry another.

Man. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia*?

Rich. Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

Man. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why; She Swore a Hundred times never to grant me the Favour, and yet you know she broke her Word.

Man. But she lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the Reason she forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that is the reason I forgot mine—Why shou'd she be Angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very same thing from the very same Motive?

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Man. Well, well! Take my Word, you'll never thrive—I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the Witness of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above-stairs shou'd fall down upon your Head?—Yes, yes, I was Accessary, I was so; But if ever you involve my Honour in such a Villany the second time—Ah, poor *Clelia*! I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter—You seducing Man—— [Weeps.]

Rich. Hey, ho, My *Aurelia*!

Man. Hey, ho, she's very pretty.

Rich. Dost thou know her, my dear *Mandrake*?

Man. Hey, ho, she's very pretty—Ah, you're a sad Man—Poor *Clelia* was handsome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing, has broken her much—'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to see a Thousand Things, and long for a Thousand Things, and yet not dare to own that she Longs for One—She had like to have Miscarried t'other day for the Pith of a Loyn of Veal—Ah, you barbarous Man—

Rich. But my *Aurelia*! Confirm me that you know her, and I'll Adore thee.

Man. You would fling Five Hundred Guinea's at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her sprawling in my Lap: Ah! She was as plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think she has no great Portion to value her self upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market: We must first make that Cheap, by crying it down, and then she'll part with it at an easie Rate.

Man. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia*?

Rich. Provide! Why han't I taught her a Trade? Let her Set up when she will, I'll engage her Customers enough, because I can answer for the Goodness of the Ware.

Man. Nay, but you ought to Set her up with Credit, and take a Shop; that is, Get her a Husband—Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handsome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has Spent his Estate in the Study of the Law, and Starves by the Practice? No Spruce Officer that wants a handsome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of these, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam—You have tir'd me upon that subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me so much trouble before Possession shall ever give me any after it—No, no, Had she been more Obliging to me when I was in her Power, I shou'd be more Civil to her, now she's in mine: My Assiduity before-hand was an over-Price; had she made a Merit of the matter, she shou'd have yielded sooner.

Man. Nay, nay, Sir; Tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you shall protect mine: How d'ee think I have secur'd my Reputation so long

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among the People of best Figure, but by keeping all Mouths stopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me—Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my Door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In short, Sir, a Husband for *Clelia*; or I Banish you my presence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a necessary Devil, and I can't want thee. [*Aside.*

Man. Lookee, Sir; 'Tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Estate into the Hands of a Trustee; and tho' you don't absolutely Command the Premises, yet you may exact enough out of 'um for Necessaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam—I have a young Nephew that is Captain of Horse: He Mortgag'd the last Morsel of his Estate to me, to make up his Equipage for the last Campagne. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Trueman*.

Man. *Trueman*! Adsmylife, he's one of my Babies—I can tell you the very Minute he was Born—precisely at three a Clock next St. *George's Day*, *Trueman* will be Two and Twenty, a Stripling, the prettiest, good natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He must be the Man, and shall be the Man; I have a kindness for him.

Rich. But we must have a Care; the Fellow wants neither Sense nor Courage.

Man. Phu, phu, Never fear her part, she shan't want Instructions, and then for her Lying-in, a little abruptly, 'tis my Business to reconcile Matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuses that: Lard Sir, I do these things every day.

Rich. 'Tis pitty then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* shall have a Husband.

Man. Spoke like a Man of Honour—And now I'll serve you again. This *Aurelia*, you say——

Rich. O she distracts me! Her Beauty, Family, and Virtue, make her a noble Pleasure.

Man. And you have a mind for that reason to get her a Husband?

Rich. Yes, faith: I have another young Relation at *Cambridge*, he's just going into Orders; and I think such a fine Woman, with Fifteen Hundred Pound, is a better Presentation than any Living in my Gift; and why should he like the Cure the worse that an Incumbent was there before?

Man. Thou art a pretty Fellow—At the same Moment you wou'd perswade me that you love a Woman to Madness, are you contriving how to part with her.

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madness, I shou'd not run into these Contradictions—Here, my Dear Mother, *Aurelia's* the Word—

[*Offering her Money.*

Man. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refusing the Money.*] Did you ever know me Mercenary—No, no, Sir; Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, But Madam, I owe you for the Teeth Powder you sent me.

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Man. O, that's another matter, Sir; [*Takes the Money.*] I hope you lik't it, Sir?

Rich. Extreemly Madam—but it was somewhat dear of Twenty Guineas. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Here is Mr. *Wou'dbe's* Footman below with a Message from his Master.

Man. I come to him presently: Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia's* Cousin and Companion, Mrs. *Constance* with the great Fortune, and that I sollicite for him?

Rich. Why, She's Engag'd to his Elder Brother: Besides, Young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to prosecute an Affair of such Consequence—You can have no hopes of Success there, I'm sure.

Man. Truly, I have no great hopes; But an industrious Body you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be Idle: The Aunt is very near her Time, and I have Access to the Family when I please.

Rich. Now I think on't; Prithee get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him just now; It wou'd be proper to our Designs upon *Trueman*, that it shou'd not be expos'd.

Man. And you show'd *Clelia's* Letter to *Wou'dbe*?

Rich. Yes.

Man. Eh, you barbarous Man—Who the Devil wou'd oblige you—What pleasure can you take in exposing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis pity; indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Messenger waits below; so I'll take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Man. Ah, you're a sad Man. [*Exit.*]

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE [I] *the Park.*

Constance and Aurelia.

Aur. **P**Rithee Cousin *Constance*, be chearful; Let the Dead Lord sleep in Peace, and look up to the Living; Take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and that you long to be a Baroness.

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Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is some regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Respect I bear the Son; besides, I don't know how, I cou'd wish my young Lord were at home in this juncture: This Brother of his—Some Mischief will happen—I had a very ugly Dream last Night—In short, I am Eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come; walk about and divert it, the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little—When did you see *Clelia*?

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; Don't you observe her Gayety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't sit so easily upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can assure you.

Con. Did you observe how she devour'd the Pomegranates yesterday?

Aur. She talks of Visiting a Relation in *Leicestershire*.

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur. *Richmore* shun'd her in the Walk last Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her Sleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia*! What will she do Cousin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the Nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia*, How can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy Conquest; some singular Villany has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow wou'd be practising upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Cousin, he has a promising Person.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promising Person may as soon be broke as his promising Vows: Nature indeed has made him a Gyant, and he Wars with Heaven like the Giants of old——

Con. Then why will you admit his Visits?

Aur. I never did,——But all the Servants are more his than our own: He has a Golden Key to every Door in the House; besides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it—But Cousin, Do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman*, I protest; The Campagne has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well furnish'd figure.

Aur. Youthful, easie, and good Natur'd, I cou'd wish he wou'd know us.

Con. Are you sure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good Natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Desire to be easie and agreeable to whatever Conversation we fall into; and a Porter with this is Mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it, has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Master.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Person.

Con. How, how, Cousin? You never told me that.

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Aur. How shou'd I? He never told it me, but I have discover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than Ten Thousand Vows and Promises.

Con. He's *Richmore's* Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too—He's a pretty Fellow—But then he's a Soldier, and must share his time with his Mistress, Honour, in *Flanders*—No, no, I'm resolv'd against a Man that disappears all the Summer, like a Woodcock.

*As these last words are spoken, Trueman enters behind them,
as passing over the Stage.*

Truem. That's for me, whoever spoke it. [*The Ladies turn about.*
Aurelia! [*Surpris'd.*

Con. What, Captain, You're afraid of every thing but the Enemy.

Tru. I have reason, Ladies, to be most Apprehensive where there is most Danger: The Enemy is satisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of loosing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no Body here Designs to Attack it.

Trum. But suppose it be Assaulted, and taken already, Madam.

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ransom.

Trum. But suppose, Madam, the Prisoner choose to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deserter, and you know Captain, what such deserve—

Trum. The Punishment it undergoes this moment—Shot to Death—

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in—Pray, Sir, Have you heard the News of my Lord *Won'dbe's* Death?

Trum. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are Expiring themselves. [*To Constance.*] Do you consider Madam, the Penalty of Wounding a Man in the Park? [*To Aurel.*

Aur. Hey, day! Why Captain, d'ee intend to make a *Vigo* Business of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only Rally, pray let my Cousin have her share; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more Respectful, not so much upon the Declaration, I beseech you, Sir.

Trum. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Passion; I have had hard Strugglings with my Fear before I durst Engage, and now perhaps behave but too desperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination—Come, Cousin, Will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir.

Trum. Charming Creature!—*I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination*—Hope and Despair in a Breath. But I'll think the best. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
[*Exit.*

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SCENE [II] *Changes to Y. Wou'dbe's Lodgings.*

Y. Wou'dbe and Mandrake meeting.

Y.W. Thou Life and Soul of Secret Dealings, Wellcome.

Man. My Dear Child, Bless thee——Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman I protest——But adso, my Child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the loss of your Father, sorry at my Heart, poor Man. [*Weeps.*] Mr. *Wou'dbe*, Have you got a drop of Brandy in your Closet? I an't very well to day.

Y.W. That you shan't want; But please to sit my dear Mother——Here, *Jack*, the Brandy-Bottle——Now Madam—I have occasion to use you in Dressing up a handsom Cheat for me.

Man. I defie any Chamber-Maid in *England* to do it better—I have drest up a Hundred and Fifty Cheats in my time. [*Enter Jack with the Brandy Bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y.W. Right Madam——And my Business being very urgent——In three Words, 'tis this——

Man. Hold, Sir, till I take Advice of my Council. [*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive wasting Spirits, than a little Plain-Brandy: I an't for your Hot-Spirits, your *Rosa Solis*, your *Ratfia's*, your Orange-Waters, and the like——A moderate Glass of cool *Nants* is the best thing——

Y.W. But to our Business, Madam——My Father is dead, and I have a mind to Inherit his Estate.

Man. You put the Case very well.

Y.W. One of two things I must chuse——Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Man. Be a Lord to chuse——Tho' I have known some that have chosen both.

Y.W. I have a Brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he should Starve than I.

Man. Upon my Conscience, dear heart, you're in the right on't.

Y.W. Now your Advice upon these Heads.

M. They be Matters of weight, and I must consider, [*Drinks.*] Is there a Will in the Case?

Y.W. There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Estate.

Man. That's bad——Where's your Brother?

Y.W. He's now in *Germany*, on his way to *England*, and is expected very soon.

Man. How soon?

Y.W. In a Month or less.

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Man. O ho! A Month is a great while; our Business must be done in an hour or two——We must——[*Drinks.*] Suppose your Brother to be Dead; nay, he shall be actually Dead—and my Lord, my humble Service t'ee——

Y.W. O Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted——Make your Words good, and I'll——

Man. Say no more, Sir; You shall have it, you shall have it.

Y.W. Ay, but how, Dear Mrs. *Mandrake*?

Man. Mrs. *Mandrake*! Is that all?—Why not Mother, Aunt, Grand-mother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y.W. Let me hear it.

Man. By the strength of this potent Inspiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with Seven Thousand Pound a year—My Lord, I wish you Joy. [*Drinks.*]

Y.W. The Woman's mad, I believe.

Man. Quick, quick, my Lord! Counterfeit a Letter presently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel; Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by: What sort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y.W. Why, A timorous half-honest Man, that a little Perswasions will make a whole Knave: He wants Courage to be thoroughly Just, or entirely a Villain—but good Backing will make him either.

Man. And he shan't want that! I tell you the Letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you take immediate Possession, and so you have the best part of the Law of your side.

Y.W. But suppose my Brother comes in the mean time?

Man. This must be done this very moment: Let him come when you're in Possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out——

Y.W. But, how, my dear Contriver?

Man. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will——That is, One that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him—I'll send you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that shall do the Business; Go, get into Possession, Possession, I say; let us have but the Estate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too strong for Justice, I warrant you.

Y.W. My Oracle! How shall we Revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accomplish'd—But one thing yet remains, My Brother's Mistress, the Charming *Constance*—Let her be mine——

Man. Pho, pho, She's yours a Course; she's Contracted to you; For she's engaged to Marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe's* Son and Heir; Now you being the Person, she's recoverable by Law.

Y.W. Marry her! No, no, She's Contracted to him, 'twere Injustice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an easier favour will satisfie me.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Man. Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easie, that I wonder they make such a Bustle about it—But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I must about mine—Oh—I had forgot—Where's that foolish Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore*?

T.W. I have posted it up in the *Chocolate-House*.

Man. Yaw, [*Shrieks.*] I shall fall into Fits; hold me——

T.W. No, no, I did but Jest; Here it is—but be assur'd Madam, I wanted only time to have expos'd it.

Man. Ah! You barbarous Man, Why so?

T.W. Because, When Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of yours meet, they make the best Jest in the World.

Man. Sir; The World has a better share in the Jest when we are the Knaves and you the Fools——But lookee, Sir, If ever you open your Mouth about this Trick——I'll discover all your Tricks; therefore Silence and Safety on both sides.

T.W. Madam, You need not doubt my Silence at present; because my own Affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your Letter. [*Gives the Letter*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*]

Man. Adieu, my Lord. Let me see: [*Opens the Letter and Reads.* *If there be Solemnity in Protestations*——That's Foolish, very Foolish——Why shou'd she expect Solemnity in Protestations? um, um, um. *I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore*—Ah, poor *Clelia*!—um, um, um. *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World*——The Effects on't! How Modestly is that Express? Well 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.——

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and Exit.*]

SCENE [III], *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Enter Steward, and his Wife.

Wif. You are to blame, you are much to blame, Husband, in being so scrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This foolish Conscience of mine has been the greatest Bar to my Fortune.

Wif. And will ever be so. Tell me but one that Thrives, and I'll show you a hundred that Starve by it—Do you think 'tis Fourscore Pound a year makes my Lord *Gowty's* Steward's Wife live at the rate of Four Hundred? Upon my word, my Dear, I'm as a good a Gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conscience I warrant, that Buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Necklace?—Was it Conscience that Bought her the fine house in *Jermain-street*? Is it Conscience that enables the Steward to Buy when the Lord is forced to Sell?

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wif. Do! Now's your time; That small Morsel of an Estate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly's* Portion—What's two Hundred a year; 'twill never be mist.

Stew. 'Tis but a small matter, I must confess; and as a Reward for my past faithful Service, I think it but reasonable I shou'd Cheat a little now.

Wif. Reasonable! All the reason that can be, If the ungrateful World won't reward an honest Man, Why let an honest Man reward himself—There's Five Hundred Pound you receiv'd but two days ago, lay them aside—You may easily sink it in the Charge of the Funeral—Do my dear now, Kiss me, and do it.

Stew. Well, You have such a Winning way with you! But, my Dear, I'm so much afraid of my young Lord's coming home; he's a cunning close Man they say, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wif. Ay, my Dear, Wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with? you might manage him as you pleas'd—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep. [*They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and seem to mourn.*]

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir; We have all lost a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

T.W. Ay, Mr. *Steward*, We must submit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no small addition to my Grief, honest Mr. *Clearaccount*, that it is not in my Power to supply my Father's place to you and yours—Your Sincerity and Justice to the Dead, Merits the greatest regard from those that Survive him—Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations—I'll assure you Mrs. *Clearaccount*, you shou'd not have such cause to Mourn.

Wif. Ah, Good Noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear, is a very severe Man.

T.W. He is what the World calls a Prudent Man, Mr. *Steward*: I have often heard him very severe upon Men of your Business; and has declar'd, That for Form's sake indeed he wou'd keep a Steward, but that he wou'd Inspect into all his Accounts himself.

Wif. Ay, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you have more Sense than to do these things; You have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs—Wou'd to Heavens we were to serve you.

T.W. Wou'd I cou'd serve you, Madam—Without Injustice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord *Wou'dbe*.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his perusal, let me see it.

[*Opens, and Reads.*

Franckfort, Octob. 10. New Style.

Franckfort! Where's *Franckfort*, Sir?

Y.W. In *Germany*: The Letter must be from my Brother, I suppose he's a coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see.

[*Reads.*

MY LORD,

I *Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship; Your Brave Son, and my Dear Friend, was yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German Count——*

I shall love a *German Count* as long as I live—My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your Elder Brother—Dead.

Y.W. and W. How?

Stew. Read there.

[*Gives the Letter, Wou'd be peruses it.*

Y.W. Oh, my Fate! A Father and a Brother in one day! Heavens! 'Tis too much——Where is the fatal Messenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir; who said, he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualifie my Lord for Company; so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y.W. Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Last Night I dreamt——

Wif. Nay, my Lord, I Dreamt too; I Dreamt I saw your Brother Drest in a long Minister's Gown, (Lord bless us) with a Book in his Hand walking before a Dead Body to the Grave.

Y.W. Well, Mr. *Clearaccount*, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made.

Y.W. A new one—The old Coach with the Grey Horses, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here; 'tis not fit she shou'd walk the Streets.

Wif. Heav'ns bless the Count *German*, I say—but my Lord——

Y.W. No reply, Madam, You shall have it—And receive it but as the earnest of my Favours—Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servants Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Losses—Pray, Sir, Take Order about these Affairs.

Stew. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*

Y.W. So! I have got Possession of the Castle, and if I had but a little Law to fortifie me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while.

Oh! Here comes my Attorney——

Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant——

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wish you Joy; my Aunt *Mandrake* has sent me to receive your Commands.

T.W. Has she told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a word, my Lord.

T.W. Why then—Come nearer—Can you make a Man right Heir to an Estate during the Life of an Elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the Eldest.

T.W. That we are not yet Agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to Dispute the Seniority with me—For, lookee, Sir, My Mother has unluckily Sow'd discord in the Family by bringing forth Twins; My Brother, 'tis true, was First-Born, but I believe from the bottom of my Heart, I was the First-Begotten.

Sub. I understand—You are come to an Estate and Dignity, that by Justice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

T.W. I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Justice and mine by Law, for I wou'd have the strongest Title, if possible.

Sub. I am very sorry there shou'd happen any Breach between Brethren—So I think it wou'd be but a Christian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Disputes, by making you true Heir to the Estate by the last Will of your Father, Looke—I'll divide Stakes—You shall yield the Eldership and Honour to him, and he shall quit his Estate to you.

T.W. Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldest, half an hour is but a trifle; But how shall we do about this Will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble your self for that, I expect a Cargoe of Witnesses and Usquebaugh by the first fair Wind.

T.W. But we can't stay for them, it must be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; We'll find some Body I warrant you, to make Oath of his last Words.

T.W. That's impossible; For my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not Speak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir: He's not the first Dead Man that I have made to Speak.

T.W. You're a great Master of Speech, I don't question, Sir, and I can assure you there will be Ten Guineas for every Word you Extort from him in my Favour.

Sub. O, Sir; That's enough to make your Great Grandfather Speak.

T.W. Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward, He shall give you the Names of the Mannors, and the true Titles and Denominations of the Estate; and then you shall go to work. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

SCENE [IV] *Changes to the Park.*

Richmore and Trueman meeting.

Rich. O, brave Cuz! You're very happy with the fair, I find. Pray which of those two Ladies you encounter'd just now, has your Adoration?

Trum. She that Commands by forbidding it: And since I had Courage to declare to her self, I dare now own it to the World; *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! [*A long Pause.*] Sir, I find you're of every Body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at first; Do you think your Captain's pay will Stake against so high a Gamester?

Tru. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean, Bless me, Sir, Mean——You're a Man of mighty Honour we all know——But I'll tell you a Secret——The thing is publick already.

Trum. I shou'd be Proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I shou'd Despise the Passion that cou'd make me either asham'd or afraid to own it.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha, Prithee Dear Captain, no more of these Rodomontado's; You may as soon put a Standing Army upon us—I'll tell you another Secret—Five Hundred Pound is the least Penny.

Trum. Nay, To my knowledge, she has Fifteen Hundred.

Rich. Nay, To my knowledge, she took Five.

Trum. Took Five! How? Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; Where shou'd it be?

Trum. I'm amaz'd.

Rich. So am I; That she cou'd be so unreasonable—Fifteen Hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! Had she that Price from you?

Trum. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, What have you to do with her Portion?

Trum. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha, I love the Gipsy for her Cunning——A Young, Easie, Amorous, Credulous Fellow of two and twenty, was just the Game she wanted, I find she presently singled you out from the Herd.

Trum. You distract me.

Rich. A Soldier too, that must follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

Trum. Death and Furies; I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, Will you?

Trum. Her Reputation was spotless when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Mareschal *Boufflers*; but d'ee think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home?

THE TWIN-RIVALS

—No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrendries, and all that—We have cut our selves out good Winter Quarters as well as you.

Trum. And are you billeted there?

Rich. Lookee *Trueman*; You ought to be very trusty to a secret, that has sav'd you from Destruction—In plain terms, I have buryed Five Hundred Pounds in that little spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

Trum. Not by a Lease, for Life I can assure you, but I shall—

Rich. What! You han't Five Hundred Pounds to give? Lookee, since you can make no Sport, spoil none. In a year or two, she dwindles to a perfect Basset-Bank, every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

Trum. Dear Sir; I could worship you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew; for I did not intend it, but I came to seek you upon another affair—Were not you in the Presence last Night?

Trum. I was.

Rich. Did not you talk to *Clelia*, my Lady *Taper's* Niece?

Trum. A fine Woman.

Rich. Well! I met her upon the Stairs, and handing her to her Coach, she asked me, if you were not my Nephew? and said two or three warm Things that persuade me she likes you. Her Relations have Interest at Court, and she has Money in her Pocket.

Trum. But—This Devil *Aurelia* still sticks with me.

Rich. What then? The way to Love in one Place with Success, is to Marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four Thousand Pound: This applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love or Advancement, will go a great way: And for her Virtue and Conduct, be assur'd, that no Body can give a better account of it than my self.

Tru. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you consult my Honour and Interest in what you propose, and therefore I am satisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I see the very Lady in the Walk—We'll about it.

Trum. I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V] *Changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, and Steward.

Y.W. Well, Mr. *Subtleman*, You are sure the Will is firm and good in Law?

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord; And for the last Words to prove it, here they are—*Looker Mr. Clearaccount*—Yes—That is an Answer to the Question that was put to him, (you know) by those about him when he was a Dying—Yes, or no, he must have said; so we have chosen, Yes—*Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Custody of Mr. Clearaccount my Steward; and I desire it may stand as my last Will and Testament*—Did you ever hear a Dying Man's Words more to the purpose? An Apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the last.

Stew. Ay, But how shall these Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord shall speak 'um now.

T.W. Shall he faith?

Sub. Ay, now—If the Corps ben't Bury'd—*Looker, Sir*; These Words must be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all; and if they won't be his last Words then;—I'll be Perjur'd.

T.W. What! Violate the Dead! It must not be, *Mr. Subtleman*.

Sub. With all my heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or so, than violate the Living of Seven Thousand Pound a Year.

T.W. But is there no other way?

Sub. No Sir: Why? D'ee think *Mr. Clearaccount* here will hazard Soul and Body to Swear they are his last Words, unless they be made his last Words; For my part, Sir; I'll Swear to nothing but what I see with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

T.W. But it looks so Unnatural.

Sub. What! To open a Man's Mouth, and put in a Bit of Paper—This is all.

T.W. But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what occasion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what—I knew a Gentleman, three Day's Buried, taken out of his Grave, and his Dead Hand set to his Last Will, (unless some Body made him sign another afterwards) and I know the Estate to be held by that Tenure to this day; and a firm Tenure it is; for a Dead Hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, Dead Teeth will fasten as hard.

T.W. Well, well; Use your Pleasure, you understand the Law best.

[*Exit Subtleman and Steward.*]

T.W. What a mighty Confusion is brought into Families by sudden Deaths? Men should do well to settle their Affairs in time—Had my Father done this before he was taken Ill, what a trouble had he sav'd us? But he was taken suddenly, poor Man.

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father still bears you the old Grudge, I find; It was with much struggling he consented; I never knew a Man so loth to Speak in my life.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

T.W. He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear Witness, my self, as the Scrivener there present—I love to do things with a clear Conscience. [*Subscribes.*]

T.W. But the Law requires three Witnesses.

Sub. O! I shall pick up a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't—But is not Mr. *Clearaccount* in your Interest?

T.W. I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one; A Witness in the Family goes a great way; besides these Foreign Evidences are risen confoundedly since the Wars: I hope if mine escape the Privateers, to make a Hundred Pound an ear of every Head of 'um—But the Steward is an honest Man, and shall save you the Charges. [*Exit.*]

T.W. [*Solus.*] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fears of Want, are strong Temptation to Injustice—But why Injustice?—The World has broke all Civilities with me; and left me in the Eldest State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning first created Right. I cannot say I ever knew a Father;—'Tis true, I was Begotten in his Life-time, but I was Posthumous Born, and Liv'd not till he Died—My Hours indeed, I numbred, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, till this Moment—My Brother! What is Brother? We are all so; and the first two were Enemies—He stands before me in the Road of Life to Rob me of my Pleasures—My Senses, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd—My Sight, my Hearing, Taste, and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they shall be satisfy'd. [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE [I], *A Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe Dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.

T.W. SURELY the greatest Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee; Such a Croud of Attendance for the cheap Reward of Words and Promises distinguishes the Nobility from those that Pay Wages to their Servants.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

[*A Gentleman Whispers.*]

Sir, I shall speak to the Commissioners, and use all my Interest I can assure you, Sir.

[*Another Whispers.*]

Sir, I shall meet some of your Board this Evening; let me see you to-morrow.

[*A Third Whispers.*]

Sir, I'll consider of it—That Fellow's Breath Stinks of Tobacco. [*Aside.* O, Mr. *Comick*, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you Joy; I have something to show your Lordship.

Y.W. What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the Dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the Living one—*In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y.W. Ha, ha, Very pritty Mr. *Comick*—But pray, Mr. *Comick*, Why don't you write Plays. It wou'd give one an opportunity of serving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y.W. Was it ever Acted?

Com. No, my Lord, But it has been a Rehearsing these Three Years and a half.

Y.W. A long time. There must be a great deal of Business in it surely.

Com. No, my Lord, None at all—I have another Play just finish'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y.W. A Plot! You shou'd read the *Italian*, and *Spanish* Plays, Mr. *Comick*—I like your Verses here mightily—Here, Mr. *Clearaccount*.

Com. Now for Five Guineas at least.

[*Aside.*

Y.W. Here, give Mr. *Comick*, give him—Give him the *Spanish* Play that lies in the Closet Window—Captain, Can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, Use your Interest with the General for that vacant Commission; I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already lost, may intitle me to spill the Remainder in my Countries Cause.

Y.W. All the reason in the World—Captain, You may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordship won't forget to Speak to the General about that vacant Commission, altho' I have never made a Campagne; yet my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men; which I think shou'd prefer me to that Gentleman whose Bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from Listing.

Y.W. All the Reason in the World, Sir; You may depend upon me for all the Service in my Power—Captain, I'll do your Business for you—Sir, I'll speak to the General; I shall see him at the House—

[*To the Gentleman.*

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. *Alderman*.——
I beg your Pardon.

Your servant—Gentlemen all,
[*Exeunt Levee.*]

Mr. *Alderman*, Have you any Service to Command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant—I have a favour to beg. You must know, I have a Graceless Son, a fellow that Drinks and Swears Eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town: In short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier—I am so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y.W. I commend your Paternal Care, Sir—Can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: There is a vacant Company in Colonel What-deecalum's Regiment, and if your Lordship wou'd but Speak to the General.

Y.W. Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! Yes, my Lord; He's an Ensign in the Train-Bands.

Y.W. Has he ever signaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; But one day particularly, you must know, his Captain was so busie Shipping of a Cargoe of Cheeses, that he left my Son to Command in his Place—Wou'd you believe it my Lord? He charg'd up *Cheapside* in the Front of the Buff-Coats with such Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wishing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for Ten Thousand such Officers upon the *Rhine*—Ah! My Lord, We must employ such Fellows as him, or we shall never humble the *French King*—Now, My Lord, if you cou'd find a convenient time to hint these things to the General.

Y.W. All the reason in the World, Mr. *Alderman*, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him; He's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardship—He sleeps every other Night in the *Round-House*.

Y.W. I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. Then, My Lord, He Salutes with his Pike so very handsomly, it went to his Mistress's Heart, t'other day—Then he Beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y.W. Sir, I'll do you all the Service I can—[*Not taking the least notice of the Alderman all this while, but Dressing himself in the Glass.*]

Ald. But, My Lord, The hurry of your Lordship's Affairs may put my Business out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some *Memorandum*.

Y.W. I'll do you all the Service I can.

[*Not minding him.*]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Ald. Pray my Lord, [*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*] Give me leave for a Memorandum; My Glove, I suppose will do: Here, My Lord, Pray remember me— [*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*]

Y.W. I'll do you all the Service I can—What, Is he gone? 'Tis the most rude familiar Fellow—Faugh, What a greasie Gauntlet is here— [*A Purse drops out of the Glove.*] Oh! no, no, the Glove is a clean well made Glove, and the owner of it; the most respectful Person I have seen this Morning, he knows what distance [*chinking the Purse*] is due to a Man of Quality,—but what must I do for this? *Frisure* [*to his Valet*] do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

Fris. No my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y.W. This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People say,—when they do something, 'tis another Case; here, call him back, [*exit Frisure*] he talk'd somthing of the General, and his Son, and Train-Bands, I know not what stuff.

[*Re-enter Alder. and Frisure.*]

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your Memorandum in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y.W. But Mr. Alderman, the business you were talking of; it shall be done, but if you gave a short Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiss—but Mr. Alderman, han't you the fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well [*putting on the Glove*] it looks so like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove—and I wou'd have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a Memorandum to the Collonel, but since your Lordship has a mind to't— [*Gives the Glove.*]

Y.W. Here *Frisure*, lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Business.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can now.

Y.W. Well! I *won't* do you all the Service I can—these Citizens have a strange Capacity of Solliciting sometimes. [*Exit Ald.*]

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookseller, and half a Dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they desire their Money.

Y.W. Tell 'em, Mr. *Clearaccount*, that when I was a Private Gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm so very busy, I can't pay it—as for that Clamorous Rogue of a Taylor speak him fair, till he has made up my Liveries—then about a Year and a half hence, be at leisure to put him off, for a Year and half longer.

THE 'TWIN-RIVALS

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himself Mr. *Basset*, he says your Lordship owes him fifty Guinea's that he won of you at Cards.

Y.W. Look'ee Sir—the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and must be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwise, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradesmen satisfy'd, whose only subsistence lay in the Use of their Money, and was used to say, That nothing was honourable but what was honest.

Y.W. My Father might say what he pleas'd, he was a Noble Man of very singular Humours—but in my Notion, there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honesty—now your Honesty is a little Mechannick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but Pittiful Mean Actions according to Law—but your Honour fly's a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to Level it self to what is only just.

Stew. But I think it a little hard to have these Poor People starve for want of their Money, and yet pay this sharpening Rascal fifty Guinea's.

Y.W. Sharpening Rascal! What a Barbarism that is? why he wears as good Wiggs, as fine Linnen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White's*; and between Him and I Sir, this Sharpening Rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more Interest among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier shall with his Sword and Pistol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II], *The Street.*

Elder Wou'dbee writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding Habit.

E.W. Monday the
and so concluding my Travels.—

1702. I arrived safe in London,
[putting up his Book.]

Now welcome Countrey, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Constance*.
Thro' all the Mazes of my wandering Steps,
Thro' all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart intire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe's* artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnar'd my travelling Youth,
And fixt me to Inchantment?

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Enter Teague with a Port-Mantel. He throws it down and sits on it.

Here comes my Fellow-Traveller. What makes you sit upon the Port-Mantel, *Teague*? You'll rumple the things.

Te. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-Mantel till it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E.W. And how d'ye like *London, Teague*, after our Travels?

Te. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the bravest Plaase I have sheen in my Peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave Shitty of *Carick-Vergus*.——Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant Shmell hereabouts.——Maishter, shall I run to that Paishtry-Cooks for shix penyworths of boil'd Beef?

E.W. Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over he would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach.——Why, you Cormorant, so hungry and so early!

Te. Early! Deel tauke me, Maishter, 'tish a great deal more than almost twelve a-clock.

E.W. Thou art never happy unless thy Guts be stuff up to thy Eyes.

Te. Oh Maishter, dere ish a dam way of distance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter young Wou'dbee in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and passes over the Stage.

E.W. Hey day—who comes here? with one, two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow just tasting the sweet Vanity of Fortune.——Run, *Teague*, inquire who that is.

Te. Yes, Maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervish to your Maishter, and tell him to send me word fat Naam ish upon him.

Footm. You wou'd know fat Naam ish upon him?

Te. Yesh, fet would I.

Footm. Why, what are you, Sir?

Te. Be me shoul I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my Maishter.

Footm. Then your Master would know it?

Te. Arah, you Fool, ish it not the saam ting?

Footm. Then tell your Master 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbee* just come to his Estate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother.

[*Exit Footman.*

E.W. What do I hear?

Te. You hear that you are dead, Maishter; fere vil you please to be buried?

E.W. But art thou sure it was my Brother?

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Te. Be me Shoul it was him nown self; I know'd him fery well, after his Man told me.

E.W. The Business requires that I be convinc'd with my own eyes; I'll follow him, and know the Bottom on't.—Stay here till I return.

Te. Dear Maishter, have a care upon your shelf: now they know you are dead, by my Shoul they may kill you.

E.W. Don't fear; none of his Servants know me; and I'll take care to keep my Face from his sight. It concerns me to conceal my self, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance.—Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to. *[Exit.]*

Te. Oh, oh, hon, poor *Teague* is left all alone. *[Sits on the Port-Mantel.]*

Enter Subtleman and Steward.

Subt. And you won't swear to the Will?

Stew. My Conscience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what shou'd you fear? We now think nothing against Conscience, till the Cause be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin; because 'tis the Principle of your Profession: but in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.—You can't want Witnesses enough, since Money won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbee* was seen in Town, or his Ghost.

Sub. It was his Ghost, to be sure; for a Nobleman without an Estate, is but the Shadow of a Lord.—Well; take no care: leave me to my self; I'm near the Friars, and ten to one, shall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir.

[Exit.]

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like my Countryman.—How now, honest Friend, what have you got under you there?

Te. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing? Is it not a Port-mantel?

Te. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Te. Fel am I: my Granfader was an *Irish* Poet.—He did write a great Book of Verses concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid.

Te. Be me Shoul, my fole Generation ish so.—I have noting but thish poor Portmantel, and dat it shelf ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Te. To my Maishter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Master.

Te. Fet have I, but he's dead.

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Sub. Right!—And how do you intend to live?

Te. By eating, dear Joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none.—tish the fashion of *Ireland*.

Sub. What was your Master's Name, pray?

Te. [*Aside.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it shall be a true one.—*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over vith King *Jamish* into *France*.—He was my Master once.—Dere ish de true Lee; noo. [*Aside.*]

Sub. What Employment had he?

Te. *Je ne scay pas*.

Sub. What! you can speak *French*?

Te. *Ouy Monsieur*;—I did travel *France*, and *Spain*, and *Italy*;—Dear Joy, I did kish the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuse me all the Sins of my Life; and fen I am dead, *St. Patrick* will excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my purpose. [*Aside.*] Thou look'st like an honest Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner, and a Glass of Wine.

Te. Be me Shoul, 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you. [*Runs out before Subtleman with the Portmantel on his Back.*]

Exit Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbee.

E.W. My Father dead! my Birth-right lost! How have my drowsie Stars slept o'er my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about*] my Servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful Wretch, has left me.—I took him up from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me just as I found him.—My Cloaths and Money too!—but why should I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has past, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has secur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just.—My Death, I find, is firmly believ'd; but how it gain'd so universal Credit, I fain wou'd learn.—Who comes here?—honest *Mr. Fairbank*! my Father's Goldsmith, a Man of Substance and Integrity. The Alteration of five years Absence, with the Report of my Death, may shade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire some News. [*Enter Fairbank.*] Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you.

[Shunning him.]

E.W. I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbee's* House, I would ask you a Question or two.—Pray what Dis-temper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E.W. And pray Sir, what does the World say? Is his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! my Eyes that Question shou'd resolve; Friend,—Thou knew'st him not; else thy own Heart had answer'd thee.

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E.W. His Grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial Duty; but I hope, Sir, his Loss is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest Son, Heir to his Vertue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in *Germany*.

E.W. How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him and us.—I do remember him.—He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest Youth.—

E.W. Happy indeed, had been my part in Life, if I had left this Human Stage, whilst this so spotless and so fair Applause, had crown'd my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his Travels, told such Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft wou'd break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with strength of greenest Youth, cry, *My Hermes is my self: methinks I live my sprightly Days agen, and I am young in him.*

E.W. Spite of all Modesty, a Man must own a Pleasure in the hearing of his Praise. [*Aside.*]

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir:—Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E.W. None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loss.—But pray, Sir, what Character does the present Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unguarded, and Tongues may touch them freely; but for the Living they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a strong Inclosure of the Law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E.W. I commend your Caution, Sir; but be assur'd I intend not to entrap you.—I am a poor Gentleman; and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'dbee*, I had a mind to apply to his Son; and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas, Sir, things are chang'd: That House was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to seek, and have its Pains rewarded.—The Noble Lord, the truly Noble Lord, held his Estate, his Honour, and his House, as if they were only lent upon the Interest of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but serve the Poor. No Creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in; No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.—But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with weeds:—Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Crowd of noisie Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently proud.—Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff.—I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth part of this to main-

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tain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, the impudent *Swiss* Slave, offer'd to strike me.

E.W. 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:—And if they us'd a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.—If you can drink and swear, perhaps——

E.W. I shall not pay that price for his Lordship's Bounty wou'd it extend to half he's worth.—Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord: and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day, till you are better provided.

E.W. Good Man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to day: but I shall find a time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome when ever you please. [*Exit.*]

E.W. Gramercy Citizen! Surely if Justice were an Herald, she wou'd give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother.—But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold Usurper:—But one Concern, methinks is nearer still, my *Constance!* Shou'd she upon the Rumour of my death, have fixt her Heart elsewhere,—then I were dead indeed: But if she still proves true,—Brother, sit fast.

I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE [III], *An Apartment.*

Constance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heaven's sake, Cousin, cease your impertinent Consolation: It but makes me angry, and raises two Passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is silent enough: my Tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no Companion in my Sorrows: leave me to my self, and you comfort Me.—

Aur. But, Cousin, have you no regard to your Reputation? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World say? You lament him like a Husband.—

Con. No; you mistake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Visits on

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my Bed. I am content with the slight Mourning of a broken Heart;
and all my Form is Tears. [Weeps.]

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't disturb her.—Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard case to be cross'd in ones first Love: But you shou'd consider, Madam [*to Constance*] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than be plagued with Age, as I am. I find other folks Years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Man. You have reason, you have cause to mourn. He was the handsomest Man, and the sweetest Babe, that I know; tho' I must confess too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complexion when he was born: but then *Hermes*, O yes, *Hermes* had the Shape that he had.—But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the finest Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did so sputter at the Breast.—His Nurse was a hale, well-complection'd sprightly Jade as ever I saw; but her Milk was a little too stale; tho' at the same time 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Consolation to my Cousin?

Man. No, no, Madam, that's to come.—I tell you, fair Lady, you have only lost the Man; the Estate and Title are still your own; and this very moment I wou'd salute you Lady *Wou'dbee*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Proposal is very tempting: let me but consider till to morrow, and I'll give you an Answer.

Man. I knew it, I knew it; I said when you were born you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To morrow you say. My Lord shall know it immediately. [Exit.]

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Cousin?

Con. To go into the Countrey this moment, to be free from the Imper-tinence of Condolence, the Persecution of that Monster of a Man, and that Devil of a Woman.—O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become so fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbee unperceiv'd.

E.W. In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try—— [*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and listens.*]

Aur. If there be ought in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll ingross it all. I lov'd him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his death besides my self. What's here! [*Takes up the Picture.*] Ha! see Cousin—the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure some officious Angel has brought me this for a

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Companion in my Solitude.—Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with weeping.

Au. I'm amaz'd! how came it here!

Con. Whether by Miracle or humane Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor shall it ever separate from my Breast.—It is the only thing cou'd give me Joy; because it will increase my Grief.

E.W. [*entering.*] Most Glorious Woman! Now I am fond of Life.

Au. Ha! what's this? Your Business, pray Sir!

E.W. With this Lady. [*Goes to Constance, takes her Hand and kneels.* Here let me worship that Perfection, whose Vertue might attract the listning Angels, and make 'em smile to see such Purity, so like themselves in humane shape.

Con. *Hermes?*

E.W. Your living *Hermes*, who shall dye yours too.

Con. Now Passion, powerful Passion, would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms;—but my Sex has bounds.—'Tis wondrous, Sir.

E.W. Most wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and most closely laid is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happiness,—that hidden Power which did permit those Arts to cheat me of my Birth-right, had this Surprize of Happiness in store, well knowing that Grief is the best Preparative for joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love, till this Romantick turn, dead and alive! my Stars are Poetical. For Heavens sake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E.W. That my dear Brother must do; for he made the *Enigma*.

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a Fool all this while: Wou'd I had some body or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

E.W. Madam, I beg ten thousand Pardons: I have my Excuse in my Hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wish you Joy.

E.W. Pray Madam, don't trouble me with a Title till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little shabby in these Robes.

Con. You have a good Excuse, my Lord: you can wear better when you please.

E.W. I have a better Excuse, Madam.—These are the best I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E.W. Very true, Madam; I am at present, I believe, the poorest Peer in *England*.—Hearkee, *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, hâ; poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

E.W. Why so, Madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

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E.W. Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

Tru. I'm glad to find you here, my Lord: here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I was afraid it might reach this Family; so I came to disprove the Story by your Letter to me by last Post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, Cousin.

Tru. Now, my Lord, I wish you Joy; and I expect the same from you.

E.W. With all my heart; but upon what score?

Tru. The old score, Marriage.

E.W. To whom?

Tru. To a neighbour-Lady here. *[Looking 'at Aurelia.*

Aur. Impudence! *[Aside.]* The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

Tru. The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

Tru. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very short, Sir.

Tru. The shortest Pleasures are the sweetest, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me, from what you were lately.

Tru. Madam, you appear very indifferent to me, to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange! *[This while Constance and Wou'dbee entertain one another in dumb show.*

Tru. Miraculous!

Aur. I cou'd never have believ'd it.

Tru. Nor I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Aur. Ill Manners!

Tru. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserv'd it, Sir?

Tru. How have I deserv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

Tru. You.

Aur. Riddles!

Tru. Women!—My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White's*. Farewel.

E.W. What, *Trueman* gone! *[Runs off.*

Aur. Yes. *[Walks about in Disorder.*

Con. Bless me! what's the matter, Cousin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneasy?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing.—I don't love the Fellow,—yet to be affronted,—I can't bear it. *[Bursts out a crying, and runs off.*

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Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia*.

E.W. Impossible! His regard to me were sufficient Security for his good behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elsewhere.—She has certainly us'd him ill.

Con. Too well rather.

E.W. Too well? have a care Madam;—that with some Men is the greatest provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't mistake, my Lord, her Usage never went further than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E.W. I'll follow him, and know the cause of it.

Con. No, my Lord, we'll follow her, and know it: Besides, your own Affairs with your Brother require you at present. [*Exeunt.*]

[*The End of the Thrd Act.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE [I], *Lord Wou'dbee's House.*

Young Wou'dbee and Subtleman.

R.W. **R**eturn'd! Who saw him? who spoke with him? he can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parlying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our Affairs.

R.W. 'Tis a hard case, Mr. *Subtleman*, that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ay, my Lord, you see the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Publick for securing of Property.—Had you not the Law o' your side, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right.—But I have secur'd all.—The Will is in true form; and you have two Witnesses already to swear to the last words of your Father.

R.W. Then you have got another?

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one,—and I shall pick up another time enough before the Term,—and I have planted three or four Constables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he shou'd be boisterous.

R.W. Then you think we are secure.

Sub. Ay, ay; let him come now when he pleases.—I'll go down and give orders for his Admittance.

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Y.W. Unkind Brother! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tye of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but staid till *Constance* had been mine, his Presence or his Absence had been then indifferent.

Enter Mandrake.

Man. Well, my Lord, [*pants as out of breath.*] you'll ne'er be satisfied till you have broken my poor heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam *Constance*.—But she's your own.

Y.W. How! my own? Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: my Brother's come home.

Man. Your Brother come home! then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y.W. Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has stopt up all Passages to the Estate.

Man. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pritty, thriving, ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich Jew in *Lombard-Street*.

Y.W. *Moabite* the Jew?

Man. You shall hear, my Lord,—One Evening as I was very grave in my own House, reading the—*Weekly Preparation*—ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well—What hears me I—but pat, pat, pat very softly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a snug Chair, the Windows close drawn, and in it a fine young Virgin just upon the point of being deliver'd.—We were all in a great hurly burly for a while, to be sure; but our Production was a fine Boy.—I had fifty Guineas for my Trouble; the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and re-conveigh'd to the Place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid said that the Chair went thro' the Park—but the Child was left with me—the Father wou'd have made a Jew on't presently, but I swore, if he committed such a Barbarity on the Infant, that I wou'd discover all—so I had him brought up a good Christian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y.W. Very well!

Man. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does; I have had several such Jobbs in my time—there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

Y.W. Four! and how were they all provided for?

Man. Very handsomly indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldest Son rides in the first Troop of Guards, and the 'tother is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre*.

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Y.W. And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Man. Why one of 'em is a Manto-maker, and the Youngest has got into the Playhouse— Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant, he'll manage your Brother, adsmylife here's somebody coming, I would not be seen.

Y.W. 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs, adso, get into this Closet till he be gone. *[Shuts her into the Closet.]*

Enter E. Wou'd. and Subtleman.

My Brother! dearest Brother, welcome! *[Runs and embraces him.]*

E.W. I can't dissemble, Sir, else I wou'd return your false Embrace.

Y.W. False Embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five Years Absence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childish days—that I am overjoy'd at your Return, let this testify, this Moment I resign all Right and Title to your Honour, and salute you Lord.

E.W. I want not your Permission to enjoy my Right, here I am Lord and Master without your Resignation; and the first Use I make of my Authority, is, to discard that rude bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door; where is my Steward, *[Enter Clear-Account]* Mr. *Clear-Account*, let that pamper'd Sentinel below this Minute be discharg'd—Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed such a swarm of lazy idle Drones about you, and leave the poor industrious Bees that fed you from their Hives, to starve for want—Steward, look to't, if I have not Discharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toylet to morrow morning, you shall follow the Tipstaff I can assure you.

Y.W. Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a Power, me thinks, o'er my Family.

E.W. Your Family!

Y.W. Yes, my Family, you have no Title to lord it here—Mr. *Clear-Account*, you know your Master.

E.W. How! a Combination against me!—Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falshood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black unnatural Designs against my Life before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence must remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y.W. Our Father's weak and fond Surmise! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompence me for that injurious unnatural Suspicion, he left me sole Heir to his Estate—Now, my Lord, my House and Servants are—at your Service.

E.W. Villany beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of scarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, least it should again expose me to your Hatred?

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Sub. Well, well, these are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't pass in Court against positive Evidence—here is your Father's Will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his last Words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive Oath in any Court of *Westminster*.

E.W. What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford's-Inn*, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E.W. Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten parts, and now art nourish'd on the same Corruption that produc'd thee—the *English* Law as planted first, was like the *English* Oak, shooting its spreading Arms around to shelter all that dwelt beneath its shade—but now whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in such Clusters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now sheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y.W. My Lord, I have some Company above, if your Lordship will drink a Glass of Wine, we shall be proud of the Honour, if not, I shall attend you at any Court of Judicature whenever you please to summon me.

[*Going.*

E.W. Hold Sir,——perhaps my Father's dying Weakness was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if so, his Will shall freely be obey'd. [*Aside.*——Brother, you say you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is.

[*Shewing a Parchment.*

E.W. Let me see it.

Sub. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E.W. Upon my Honour I'll restore it.

Y.W. Upon my Honour but you shan't——[*Takes it from Sub. and puts it in his Pocket.*

E.W. This over-caution, Brother, is suspicious.

Y.W. Seven thousand Pound a Year is worth looking after.

E.W. Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it—Have you Witnesses to prove my Father's dying Words.

Y.W. A Couple, in the House.

E.W. Who are they?

Sub. Witnesses my Lord——'tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cause out of Court——my Client shall answer no more Questions.

E.W. Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Business: I therefore desire to know what kind of Persons are these Witnesses.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your 'Lordship already, that I am one, another is in the House, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E.W. Where is this Footman?

Y.W. Forthcoming.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

E.W. Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently—The day's our own, Sir, [*to Y.W.*] but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. [*Exit Sub.*]

E.W. I am not skill'd in such: But pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me, left me nothing?

Y.W. Truly, my Lord, nothing—he spake but little, left no Legacies.

E.W. 'Tis strange! he was extreamly just, and lov'd me too—but, perhaps— [*Enter Subtleman with Teague.*]

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E.W. Teague!

Y.W. My Brother's Servant! [*They all four stare upon one another.*]

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all dish [*chinks Money*] for being an Evidensh dear Joy, an be me shoule I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permission to maake swear against you.

E.W. My Wonder is divided between the Villany of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery. *Teague!* my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea. Fet, dere is no dreaming in the cashe, I'm sure the Croon pieceish are awake, for I have been taaking with dem dish half hour.

Y.W. Ignorant, unlucky Man, thou hast ruin'd me; why had not I a sight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me shoule, you lee, dear Joy—I can be a Knave as well as you, fen I think it conveniency.

E.W. Now Brother! Speechless! Your Oracle too silenc'd! is all your boasted Fortune sunk to the guilty blushing for a Crime? but I scorn to insult—let Disappointment be your Punishment: But for your Lawyer there—*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attach! no dear Joy, I cannot attach you—but I can catch you by the Troat, after the fashion of *Ireland*. [*Takes Subtleman by the Throat.*]

Sub. An Assault! An Assault!

Tea. No, no, tish nothing but choaking, nothing but choaking.

E.W. Hold him fast *Teague*—Now Sir [*to Y.W.*] because I was your Brother you wou'd have betray'd me; and because I am your Brother, I forgive it,—dispose your self as you think fit,—I'll order Mr. *Clear-Account* to give you a thousand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Absence.

Y.W. I scorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Designs succeeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none.—As for that Lawyer, he deserves to be Pillor'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you; but for his Ignorance in betraying me.—The Villain has defrauded me of seven thousand Pounds a year. Farewel.—

[*Going.*]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Enter Mandrake out of the Closet, runs to Y.W. and kneels.

Man. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbee*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y.W. What Offence hast thou done to me?

Man. An Offence the most injurious.—I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You *Benjamin Wou'dbee* with the crooked Back, are the Eldest-born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Omnes. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Man. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the world.—My deceas'd Lord, upon the sight of your Deformity, engag'd me by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might succeed him in his Honour.—This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with,—upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfied, and I was resolv'd to keep it a Secret still: but by strange Chance over-hearing what past just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y.W. By all my forward Hopes I cou'd have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood: my Pulses beat, and swell'd for Seniority.—Mr. *Hermes Wou'dbee*,—I'm your most humble Servant. [*Foppishly.*]

E.W. *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder, than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery bestows.—But thou, vain Bubble, puft up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms: You shall be blazon'd round like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed the Lord Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, shall despise thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the purpose.—Mrs. will you make an Affidavit of what you have said, before a Master in *Chancery*?

Man. That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

Te. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the nex minute after dat.

E.W. All this is trifling; I must purge my House of this Nest of Villainy at once.—Here *Teague* [*whispers Teague.*] Go, make haste.

Te. Dat I can——

[*As he runs out, Y.W. stops him.*]

Y.W. Where are you going, Sir?

Te. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maishter to drink Friends.

Y.W. You lye, Sirrah.

[*Pushes him back.*]

Te. Fet, I do so.

E.W. What! Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Passage. [*Draws.*]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Sub. An Assault, an Assault upon the Body of a Peer, within there.

Enter three or four Constables, one of 'em with a black Patch on his Eye.
They disarm E.W. and secure Teague.

E.W. This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Constable.

Y.W. Have a care, Mr. Constable; the Man is mad; he's possess'd with an odd Frensie, that he's my Brother, and my elder too: So because I wou'd not very willingly resign my House and Estate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow. He made an Assault upon my body, *vi & armis*.

Te. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armish*?

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I shall have you hang'd.

Te. Hang'd! Dat is nothing, dear Joy;—we are us'd to't.

E.W. Unhand me, Villains, or by all——

Te. Have a caar, dear Maishter; don't swear: we shall be had in the Croon-Offish: You know dere ish Sharpers about us.

[Looking about on them that hold him.]

Y.W. Mr. Constable, you know your Directions: away with 'em.

E.W. Hold——

Con. No, no; force him away——*[They all hurry off. Manent Y.W. and Mandrake.]*

Y.W. Now, my dear Prophetess, my Sibyl: By all my dear Desires and Ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the Truth.—I am the Elder.

Man. No, no, Sir, the Devil a Word on't is true.—I wou'd not wrong my Conscience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honest Woman, you were born above three quarters of an hour after him;—but I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest.—What a Blessing it was, that I was in the Closet at that Pinch. Had I not come out that moment, you wou'd have sneakt off; your Brother had been in possession, and then we had lost all; but now you are establish'd: Possession gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law, you know—Down on your Knees, Sirrah, and ask me Blessing.

Y.W. No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Blessing, a Rent-charge of five hundred pound a Year, upon what part of the Estate you will, during your Life.

Man. Thank you, my Lord: That five hundred a Year will afford me a leisurely Life, and a handsome Retirement in the Countrey, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Christian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life.—Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the morning?

Y.W. Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head.

[Exeunt.]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Enter Teague.

Te. Deel tauke me but dish ish a moost shweet Business indeed; Maish-
ters play the fool, and Shervants must shuffer for it. I am Prishoner in the
Constable's House be me Shoule, and shent abroad to fetch some Bail for
my Maishter; but foo shall fail poor *Teague* agra. [*Enter Constance.*
Oh, dere ish my Maishter's old Love. Indeed, I fear dish Bishness will
spoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here? *Teague!*

[*He turns from her.*

Te. Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen.

[*Constance goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.*
*Dish ish not shivil, be me Shoul, to know a Shentleman fither he will
or no.*

Con. Why this, *Teague*? What's the matter? are you asham'd of me or
your self, *Teague*?

Te. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Master, Sir?

Te. Very well, dear Joy, and in prishon.

Con. In Prison! how, where?

Te. Why, in the little *Bashtile* yonder at the end of the Street.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Te. Fet, I can shew you the Hoose yonder: Shee yonder; be me
Shoul I she his Faace yonder, peeping troo the Iron Glash Window.

Con. I'll see him tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. [*Runs out.*

Te. Ah—auld kindness, be me Shoul, cannot be forgotten. Now if my
Maishter had but Grash enough to get her wit child, her word wou'd go
for two; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*

SCENE [III], *A Room miserably furnished, E.W.*
sitting and writing.

E.W. *The Tow'r confines the Great,
The Spunging-house the Poor :
Thus there are degrees of State
That ev'n the Wretched must endure.*

*Virgil, tho' cherished in Courts,
Relates but a spleenatick Tale,
Cervantes, Revels, and Sports,
Aliho' he writ in a Jayl.*

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Then hang Reflections [*starts up.*] I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would speak with him.

[*Enter Constable.*]

Const. Ay, ay the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! Ha, ha, ha; wou'd you could make your Words good, Master.

E.W. Why? am not I a Prisoner there? I know it by the stately Apartments.—What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Const. Yonder? 'Tis Cobweb, Sir.

E.W. 'Tis false, Sir; 'tis as fine Tapestry as any in *Europe*.

Const. The Devil it is.

E.W. Then your Damask Bed, here; the flowers are so bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work! *Point de Venice* I protest.

Const. As good *Kidderminster* as any in *England*, I must confess; and tho' the Sheets be a little soil'd, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest Gentleman has lain in them.

E.W. Pray Sir, what did those two *Indian Pieces* cost that are fixt up in the Corner of the Room?

Const. *Indian Pieces*? What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E.W. I took 'em for two *China Jarrs*, upon my word: But hearkee, Friend, art thou content that these things shou'd be as they are?

Const. Content! ay, Sir.

E.W. Why then shou'd I complain? [One calls within.]

[*Within.*] Mr. Constable, here's a Woman will force her way upon us: we can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Constance.

Con. Who dares oppose me? [Throws him a handful of Money.]

Constab. Not I truly Madam. [Gathers up the Money.]

E.W. My *Constance*! My Guardian-Angel here! Then nought can hurt me.

Constab. Hearkee, Sir, you may suppose the Bed to be a Damask Bed for half an hour if you please.—

Con. No, no, Sir, your Prisoner must along with me.

Constab. Ay? Faith the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman and Teague.

E.W. Ha! *Trueman* too! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not so many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Prison;—two such——

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Te. Tree, be me Shoule.

Tru. My Lord, just as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make my self a Prisoner. Behold the Fetters: I had just bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain!—

Tru. They weigh four thousand Pound, Madam, besides the Purse, which is worth a Million.—My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd; but the News of your Misfortune has stopt me: I wou'd not gather Roses in a wet Hour.

E.W. Come, the Weather shall be clear; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your Disappointment.

Tru. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleasure whilst you lie in a Hovel—here, where is this Constable, how dare you do this, insolent Rascal?

Const. Insolent Rascal! do you know who you speak to, Sir?

Tru. Yes, Sirrah, don't I call you by your proper Name? how dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Const. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho', I hope.

E.W. Ay, ay, Mr. *Constable* is in the right, he did but his Duty; I suppose he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Const. No, I had but ten.

E.W. Hearkee *Truman*, this Fellow must be sooth'd, he'll be of Use to us, I must employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

Tru. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

E.W. No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worst him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garrison, that I might get into Possession, his Claim would vanish immediately—Do's my Brother know you?

Tru. Very little, if at all.

E.W. Hearkee.

[*Whispers.*

Tru. It shall be done—Lookkee Constable, you're drawn into a wrong Cause, and it may prove your Destruction if you don't change sides immediately—we desire no Favour but the Use of your Coat, Wig, and Staff, for half an hour.

Con. Why truly Sir, I understand now, by this Gentlewoman that I know to be our Neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worship's Pardon, and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E.W. I'll reward you, but we must have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordship wan, here fet, 'tis a Plaister for a shore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con. —But, pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to day.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Tru. With your permission, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Business at present; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's—my Lord, I shall make an excellent Constable, I never had the Honour of a Civil Employment before; we'll equip our selves in another place; here you *Prince of Darkness*, have you ne'er a better room in your House, these Iron Grates frighten the Lady.

Const. I have a handsome neat Parlour below, Sir.

Tru. Come along then, you must conduct us—we don't intend to be out of your Sight; that you may'nt be out of ours— [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV] *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia in a Passion, Richmore following.

Aur. Follow me not,—Age and Deformity with Quiet were preferable to this vexatious Persecution; for Heaven's sake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this Presumption of yours.

Rich. You shew it now Madam, your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Disdain, for the bewitching Pleasure of your Company.

Aur. Then be assur'd, Sir, you shall reap no other Benefit by my Company, and if you think it a Pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you shall have admittance to such Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your word, Madam, I am arm'd with Submission against all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladiship shall find that my Resignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will presume much longer than my Honour can resist—Sir, you might have spar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken care to let me know your Opinion of my Vertue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Mandrake*.

Rich. By those fair Eyes I'll double the Proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful Hand [*takes her Hand*] shall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it shall write this— [*strikes him*] and if you like the Terms you shall have more another time. [*Exit.*]

Rich. Death and Madness! a Blow!—Twenty thousand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear proud disdainful Person!—Am I rich as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleasure?—Woman!—If there be Power in Gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy Pride. [*Enter Mandrake.*]

Man. O my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave, if not, I'll murder thee, and my self too.

Man. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggery without her,—Lordships, Mannors, Acres, Rents, Tythes, and Trees, all all shall fly for my dear sweet Revenge.

Man. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a way.

Rich. This Night!

Man. The Lady's Aunt is very near her time—she goes abroad this Evening a visiting; in the mean time I send to your Mistress, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my House: she comes in a hurry, and then—

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Man. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Man. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to disturb us?

Man. Mum, I say, but you must give me your Word not to ravish her; nay, I can tell you, she won't be ravish'd.

Rich. Ravish! let me see, I'm worth five thousand Pound a year, twenty thousand Guineas in my Pocket, and may not I force a Toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty sets my Heart on Fire, beside
The Injurious Blow has set on Fire my Pride;
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Disdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Transport last
In Triumph when the Extasy is past.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The End of the Fourth Act.*]

ACT V.

SCENE [I], *Lord Wou'dbee's House.*

Young Wou'dbee, solus.

T.W. **S**How me that proud Stoick that can bear Success and Campaign, Philosophy can support us in hard Fortune, but who can have patience in Prosperity? The Learned may talk what they will of

THE TWIN-RIVALS

human Bodies, but I am sure there is not one Atom in mine, but what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is secur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my lewd and honest midnight Friends—holla, who waits there?

[Enter Servant.]

Ser. My Lord?

Y.W. A fresh Battalion of Bottles to reinforce the Cistern, are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an hour ago, my Lord,—they're below in the Bathing Chamber.

Y.W. Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Passage at the old Playhouse, my Lord,—I found another very melancholly paring her Nails by *Rosamond's Pond*,—and a couple I got at the Chequer Ale-house in *Holbourn*; the two last came to Town yesterday in a West-Country Waggon.

Y.W. Very well, order *Baconface* to hasten Supper,—and d'y' hear? and bid the *Swiss* admit no Stranger without acquainting me——
[Exit Servant] Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at least.

[Re-enter Servant.]

Ser. My Lord, here's the Constable below with the black Eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in all hast.

Y.W. Ha! the Constable! shou'd Fortune jilt me now?—bid him come up, I fear some cursed Chance to thwart me.

Enter Truman in the Constable's Clothes.

Tru. Ah, my Lord, here is sad News—your Brother is——

Y.W. Got away, made his Escape I warrant you.

Tru. Worse, worse, my Lord.

Y.W. Worse, worse! what can be worse?

Tru. I dare not speak it.

Y.W. Death and Hell Fellow, don't distract me.

Tru. He's dead.

Y.W. Dead!

Tru. Positively.

Y.W. *Coup de Grace, Ciel gramercy.*

Tru. Villain, I understand you.

[Aside.]

Y.W. But how, how, Mr. Constable? speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

Tru. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholly upon his Confinement, and so he desir'd me to send for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your Worship may know her.

Y.W. At the gilt Balcony in the Square.

Tru. The very same, a smart Woman truly—I went for her my self, but she was otherwise engag'd, not she truly, she wou'd not come——

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at hearing of this the poor Man was like to drop down dead.

Y.W. Then he was but likely to drop dead.

Tru. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword Belt.

Y.W. Hang'd!

Tru. Dangling.

Y.W. *Le Coup decelat!* done like the noblest Roman of 'em all; but are you sure he's past all Recovery? Did you send for no Surgeon to bleed him?

Tru. No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

Y.W. No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late—and the Lady wou'd not come, you say.

Tru. Not a Step wou'd she stir.

Y.W. Inhumane, barbarous,—dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine—where is the Body, Mr. Constable, I must see it.

Tru. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a power of Company come in, and among the rest one, one, one *Trueman* I think they call him, a divellish hot Fellow, he had like to have pull'd the House down about our Ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for his swearing—he gave me a Slap in the face, said he was in the Army, and had a Commission for't.

Y.W. Capt. *Trueman*? a blustering kind of Rakehell Officer.

Tru. Ay, my Lord, one of those Scoundrels that we pay wages to for being knockt o'th' head for us.

Y.W. Ay, ay, one of those Fools that have only Brains to be knockt out.

Tru. Son of a Whore [*aside.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he swore that you were the greatest Villain upon the Earth.

Y.W. Ay, ay; but he durst not say that to my face, Mr. Constable.

Tr. No, no, hang him, he said it behind your bac'k, to be sure—and he swore moreover.—Have a care, my Lord,—he swore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y.W. Will you swear that you heard him say so?

Tru. Heard him! ay, as plainly as you hear me: He spoke the very Words that I speak to your Lordship.

Y.W. Well, well, I'll manage him.—But now I think on't, I won't go see the Body; It will but encrease my Grief.—Mr. Constable, do you send for the Coroner: They must find him *non Compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your Trouble. [*Gives Money.*]

Tru. Thank your Honour.—But pray, my Lord, have a care of that *Trueman*; he swears that he'll cut your Throat; and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y.W. Never fear, never fear.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Tru. But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care. [Exit.]

Y.W. Well, well,—so,—the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face, and goes off one way, my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face, and goes off t'other way.—Well, I must own he has found the way to mollifie me, and I do love him now with all my heart, since he was so very civil to justle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to justle out of it before me.—But now my Joys! Without there—hollo—take off the Inquisition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unsuspected.

• *The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play :
Ease follows Care ; so rowls the World away.*

'Tis a question whether Adversity or Prosperity makes the most Poets.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Answer.

Y.W. Nothing from the *Elisian* Fields, I hope. [Opening the Letter.] What do I see, *C O N S T A N C E*? Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name.—Now for the sweet Contents.

*My Lord, I'm pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and
shall be glad to see your Lordship this Evening to wish you Joy.*

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Mandrake*; she told me this Afternoon that the Wind was chopping about; and has it got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and six to the Door: I'll visit my *Sultana* in state.—As for the *Seraglio* below stairs, you, my *Bashaws*, may possess 'em. [Exit.]

SCENE [II], *The Street.*

Teague with a Lanthorn, Trueman in the Constable's Habit following.

Tru. Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way; we have certainly past the Constable's House.

Te. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never oot of my ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever since he vas borned.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Tru. Hold up the Lanthorn:—what Sign is that? The St. *Albans* Tavern! why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to St. *James's Square*, when you shou'd have gone towards *Sohoe*. [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! what noise is that over the way? a Woman's Cry!

Te. Fet is it—shome Daumsel in distress I believe, that has no mind to be reliev'd.

Tru. I'll use the privilege of my Office to know what the matter is.

Te. Hold, hold, Maishter Captain, be me fet, dat ish not the way home.

[*Within*—Help, help, Murder, help.

Tru. Ha! here must be mischief.—Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open.—Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

[*Teague takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Te. Deel tauke him, I have knock so long as I am able. Arah, Maishter, get a great long Ladder to get in the window of the firsh Room, and sho open the door, and let in your shelf.

[*Within.* Help, help, help.

Tru. Knock harder; let's raise the Mob.

Te. O Maishter, I have tink just now of a brave Invention to maake dem come out; and be St. *Patrick*, dat very Bushiness did maake my nown shelf and my Fader run like de Devil out of mine nown Hoose in my nown Country:—Be me Shoule, set the Hoose a fire. [*Enter the Mob.*

Mob. What's the matter, Master Constable?

Tru. Gentlemen, I command your Assistance in the King's name, to break into the House: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the door.

[*Mandrake at the Balcony.*

Man. What noise ish that below?

Te. Arah, vat noise ish dat above?

Man. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour;—'twill be over presently. —Here, Mr. Constable, there's something for you to drink.

[*Throws down a Purse, Teague takes it up.*

Te. Come Maishter, we have no more to shay, be me Shoule, [*going.*] Arah, if you vill play de Constable right now, fet you vill come way.

Tru. No, no, there must be Villany by this Bribe: who lives in this House?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife; 'tis none of our business: let us be gone.

[*Aurelia at the Window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help; a Rape, a Rape, Villany.

Tru. Ha! That Voice I know.—Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you. [*Breaks open the door, and all go in.*

THE TWIN-RIVALS

SCENE [III] *changes to the Inside of the House.*

Re-enter Truceman and Mob.

Tru. Gentlemen, search all about the House; let not a Soul escape.

Enter Aurelia running, with her Hair about her Ears, and out of breath.

Aur. Dear Mr. Constable,—had you—staid—but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

Tru. *Aurelia!* Are you safe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes, I am safe—I think—but with enough ado: He's a devilish strong Fellow.

Tru. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pshaw—never mind the Villain,—look out the Woman of the House, the Devil, the Monster, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, haling in Mandrake by the Hair.

Te. Be me Shoul I have taaken my shaare of the Plunder. Let me she fat I have gotten [*takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, a Witch; the very saam Witch dat would swaar my Maishter was de youngest.

Tr. How! *Mandrake!* This was the luckiest Disguise.—Come, my dear *Proserpine*, I'll take care of you.

Man. Pray, Sir, let me speak with you.

Tr. No, no, I'll talk with you before a Magistrate.—A Cart, *Bridewel*,—you understand me,—*Teague*; let her be your Prisoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. Constable, I'll reward you.

Te. It ish convenient noo by the Law of Armsh, that I search my Prisoner, for fear she may have some Pocket-Pishtols: Dere ish a Joak for you. [*Searches her Pockets.*]

Man. Ah! don't use an old Woman so barbarously.

Te. Dear Joy, den fy vere you an old Woman? Dat is your falt, not mine, Joy! Uboo, here ish nothing but scribble scrabble Papers, I tink. [*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*]

Tr. Let me see 'em; they may be of use—[*Looks over the Letters*]—*For Mr. Richmore.* Ay! does he traffick hereabouts?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

Tr. Ha! then he has abus'd you; Villain indeed!—was his Name *Richmore*, Mistress? a lusty handsome Man?

Aur. Ay, ay, the very same; a lusty ugly Fellow.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Tr. Let me see—whose Scrawl is this? [*opens a Letter.*] Death and Confusion to my sight; *Clelia!* my Bride!—His Whore—I've past a Precipice unseen, which, to look back upon, shivers me with Terrour.—This Night, this very moment, had not my Friend been in confinement, had not I worn this dress, had not *Aurelia* been in danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the least minutest Circumstance been omitted, what a Monster had I been? *Mistriss*, is this same *Richmore* in the House still thinker?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may.—

Tr. Very well.—*Teague*, take these Ladies over to the Tavern and stay there till I come to you.—Madam, [*to Aurelia.*] Fear no Injury,—your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean!

Te. Come, dear Joy, I vil give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hales out Mandrake. Exit Aurelia and mob. Manet Truman.*

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money wont prevail on this cross Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do.—What's the meaning of this Riot, Constable? I have the Commission of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Business, and leave your Prisoners with me.

Tru. No Sir, the Prisoners shall go about their Business, and I'll be left with you.—Looke, Master, we don't use to make up these matters before Company: So you and I must be in private a little.—You say Sir, that you are a Justice of Peace.

Rich. Yes Sir, I have my Commission in my Pocket.

Tru. I believe it.—Now Sir, one good turn deserves another: And if you will promise to do me a Kindness, why you shall have as good as you bring.

Rich. What is it?

Tru. You must know Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindness for: she had a very good Repute all over the Parish, and might have married very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how; we came together after a very kindly natural manner; and I swore (that I must say) I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never car'd for marrying of her since.

Rich. How so?

Tru. Why, because I did my business without it: that was the best way, I thought.—The Truth is, she has some foolish reasons to say she's with child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Justice of Peace. Now Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worship will bring me off.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Rich. Lookee Sir, if the Woman prove with child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

Tru. Ay Master; but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament-Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony consistent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Case, Sir, both Law and Justice will oblige you.

Tru. Why, if it be the Law of the Land—I found a Letter here.—I think it is for your Worship.

Rich. Ay Sir; how came you by it?

Tru. By a very strange Accident truly.—*Clelia*—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now Sir, I suppose that what is Law for a Petty-Constable, may be Law for a Justice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddest Fellow——

Tru. Here was the t'other Lady that cry'd out so.—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a Woman,—the Gallows wou'd ravish me for't.

Rich. But I did not ravish her.

Tru. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that. [*Aside.*]

Rich. I don't like this Fellow: come Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Business; I have no more to say to you.

Tru. But I have something to say to you. [*Coming up to him.*]

Rich. What!

Tru. Dog. [*Strikes him.*]

Rich. Ha! struck by a Peasant! [*draws.*] Slave, thy death is certain. [*Runs at Trueman.*]

Tr. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night! [*Disarms him.*]

Rich. Rascal, return my Sword, and acquit your Prisoners, else will I prosecute thee to Beggary. I'll give some Pettyfogger a thousand pound to starve thee and thy Family according to Law.

Tru. I'll lay you a thousand pound you won't. [*Discovering himself.*]

Rich. Ghosts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

Tru. Words are needless to upbraid you: my very Looks are sufficient, and if you have the least sense of Shame, this Sword wou'd be less painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

Tru. Think on the Contents of this, [*shewing the Letter.*] Think next on me; reflect upon your villainy to *Aurelia*; then view thy self.

Rich. *Trueman*, canst thou forgive me?

Tru. Forgive thee! [*a long Pause.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing.—I'll beg thy pardon.

Tru. The Blow excuses that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Estate.

Tru. Mercenary.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Rich. I'll make thee my sole Heir.

Tru. I despise it.

Ric. What shall I do?

Tru. You shall——marry *Clelia*.

Ric. How! That's too hard.

Tru. Too hard! why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her your self, I shall believe you intended me no injury; so your Behaviour will be justified, my Resentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

Tru. No, by Heavens, 'tis Justice, and what is just is honourable; if Promises from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman?—their very Weakness is the Charter of their Power, and they shou'd not be injur'd, because they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

Tru. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Justice, and I shou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

Tru. Consider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a distinguishing mark of Honour—promise me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promise nothing, till I have that in my Power.

Tru. Take it.

[Throws him his Sword.]

Rich. I scorn to be compell'd even to Justice, and now that I may resist, I yield——*Truman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have severely wrong'd.

Tru. Wrong'd indeed Sir,—and to aggravate the Crime, the fair afflicted loves you; mark'd you with what Confusion she receiv'd me? she wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a strange reluctance gave consent; her moving softness pierc'd my Heart, tho' I mistook the cause.

Rich. Your youthful Vertue warms my Breast, and melts it into Tenderness.

Tru. Indulge it Sir, Justice is noble in any Form; think of the Joys and Raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me; you the dear Dissembler, the Man she loves, the Man she gave for lost, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich. No new Possession can give equal Joy—it shall be done, the Priest that waits for you shall tie the Knot this moment, in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy.

[Exit.]

Tru. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Blood-shed.

[Exit.]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

SCENE [IV] *changes to an Apartment.*

Constance and Servant.

Ser. He's just a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Constraint upon me as Rudeness wou'd be to his Brother; but I must bear it a little, because our designs require it, [*Enter Y. Wou'dbee*] his Appearance shocks me—My Lord, I wish you Joy.

Y.W. Madam, 'tis only in your Power to give it, and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it shou'd be that of your humblest Servant.

Con. I never admitted any Body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend should command me, if your Lordship will bear with the Slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y.W. Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Husbands, and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put your self in my Power when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y.W. True, Madam, the greatest Empires are in most Danger of Falling, but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that's confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Constitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power or none at all.

Y.W. You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant,——I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand. [*Taking her hand.*]

Con. Not, till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y.W. By Shrines and Altars, [*kneeling*] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this [*taking her hand*] the fairest, and the dearest Vow,—
[*Kissing her hand.*]

Con. Fie my Lord.

Y.W. Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Wou'd not you dispise a Conquest so easily gain'd?

Y.W. Yours will be the Conquest, and I shall dispise all the World but you.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour.

T.W. That's foolish: [*aside.*] Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure—[*aside.*] My Lord I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*]

T.W. Ha, ha, ha,—no Attempts upon her Honour! when I can find the Place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind—Now do I feel ten thousand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows—Where's my Deformity now? I have read somewhere these Lines:

Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold:
Cupid returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,
And tips each Arrow with a Golden Head;
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart. }

Enter Elder Wou'dbee behind him.

E.W. Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,
Stage-Hero struts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and August as ever Man saw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza. [*Slaps him on the Shoulder.*]

T.W. Ha! my Brother!

E.W. No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I disown; the poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy base Designs upon my Love I never can forgive,—my Honour, Birth-right, Riches, all I cou'd more freely spare, than the least Thought of thy prevailing here.

T.W. How! my Hopes deceiv'd! curst be the fair Delusions of her Sex; whilst only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I stood secure, but soon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd hands, and the Divil was immediately on her side,—Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Mistress, and may you love, and live, and starve together. [*Going.*]

E.W. Hold Sir, I was lately your Prisoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you shall be at liberty.

T.W. Ejectment!

E.W. Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's House of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hiv'd together.

T.W. Confusion, Sir, let me pass, I am the elder and will be obey'd. [*Draws.*]

E.W. Dar'st thou dispute the Eldership so nobly?

T.W. I dare, and will, to the last Drop of my inveterate Blood. [*They fight.*]

THE TWIN-RIVALS

Enter Truman and Teague. Truman strikes down their Swords.

Tru. Hold, hold, my Lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the Controversy.

Y.W. If I mistake not, that is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad. [*Runs at Truman, Teague catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.*]

Tea. Ay, be me shoule, thish ish the besht Guard upon the Rules of fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

Tru. My Lord, a Word, [*whispers E. Wou'dbee*] Now, Gentlemen, please to hear this venerable Lady. [*Goes to the Door and brings in Mandrake.*]

E.W. Mandrake in Custody!

Tea. In my Custody, fet.

Tru. Now, Madam, you know what Punishment is destin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia*, if you don't immediately confess the truth.

Man. Then I must own, (Heaven forgive me) [*weeping.*] I must own that *Hermes*, as he was still esteem'd, so he is the first-born.

Tea. A very honesht Woman, be me shoule.

Y.W. That Confession is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no Force.

Tru. Ay Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink scarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of five hundred Pound a year to swear in your behalf.

Tea. Dat was *Teague's* finding out, and I believe *St. Patrick* put it in my Toughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Constance and Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Wou'dbee*, you will make no Attempts upon my Person.

Y.W. Damn your Person.

E.W. But pray Madam where have you been all this Evening?

[*To Aurelia.*]

Aur. Very busy I can assure you Sir; here's an honest Constable that I could find in my Heart to marry, had the greasy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him? [*Looking about.*]

Con. Bless me Cosin, marry a Constable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Constable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

Tru. I take you at your word, Madam, you shall marry him this moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to morrow Morning——

Aur. And was it you Sir?

Tru. Lookee, Madam, don't be asham'd, I found you a little in the *disabillé*, that's the truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you, and tho' you were a little whimsical to day; this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentle-

THE TWIN-RIVALS

man by ill Usage; therefore if my Lord and this Lady will shew us a good Example, I think we must follow our Leaders, Captain.

Tru. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subleman*, whom we have taken care to secure.

E.W. For him the Pillory, for you, Madam—— [To *Mandrake*

Tea. Be me shoule, she shall be married to *Maishter Fuller*.

E.W. For you Brother——

T.W. Poverty and Contempt——

To which I yield as to a milder Fate

Than Obligations from the Man I hate.

[Exit.

E.W. Then take thy Wish—And now I hope all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Punishments.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, *Maishter*?

E.W. What shall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Justice of peacsh, dear Joy.

E.W. Justice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yesh, fet am I—I can take the Oats, and write my Mark—I can be an honesht Man my shelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clark.

E.W. Well, well, you shall be taken care of, and now, Captain, we set out for Happiness,—

{	<p><i>Let none despair what'er their Fortunes be,</i> <i>Fortune must yield, wou'd Men but act like me.</i> <i>Chuse a brave Friend as Partner of your Breast,</i> <i>Be active when your Right is in Contest ;</i> <i>Be true to love, and Fate will do the rest.</i></p>	}
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EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Mrs. Hook.*

OUR Poet open'd with a loud Warlike blast
But now weak Woman is his safest cast
To bring him off with Quarter at the last :
Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,
Or he can Write fine things to help the Play.
The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art ;
And I, you know, had a hard struggling Part :
But then he brought me off with Life and Limb ;
Ah! Wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
Stay, Let me think——Your Favours to excite,
I still must Act the Part I play'd to Night.
For whatsoe'er may be your sly pretence,
You like those best, that make the best Defence :
But this is needless——'Tis in vain to Crave it,
If you have Damn'd the Play, no Power can Save it.
Not all the Wits of Athens, and of Rome ;
Not Shakespear, Johnson, cou'd revoke it's Doom ;
Nay, what is more——If once your Anger rouses,
Not all the courted Beauties of both Houses.
He wou'd have ended here——But I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one safe Retreat,
Protection Sacred, at the Ladies Feet.
To that he answer'd in Submissive Strain,
He pay'd all Homage to this Female Reign,
And therefore turn'd his Satyr, 'gainst the Men.
From your great Queen, this Sovereign right ye draw,
To keep the Wits, as She the World in Awe ;
To her bright Scepter, your bright Eyes they bow,
Such awful Splendour sits on every Brow,
All Scandal on the Sex were Treason now.
The Play can tell with what Poetick care,
He labour'd to redress the injur'd Fair,
And if you wont protect, the Men will Damn him there.
Then save the Muse, that flies to ye for Aid ;
Perhaps my poor Request, may some perswade,
Because it is the first I ever made.

**TEXTUAL
NOTES**

TEXTUAL NOTES

Love and a Bottle

A = First Edition, 1699. *B* = Second Edition, (?)
C = The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar [1707].

The following misprints in *A* have been corrected:

- p. 10. • *Dramatis Personæ*: *Drammatis Personæ A*, *Dramatis Personnæ B*.
- p. 13, l. 31. *thou'rt*: *thou'at A*.
- p. 14, l. 24. *scraping*: *scarping A*.
- p. 16, l. 43. *here*: *hear A*.
- p. 18, l. 8. *Gentleman*: *Gentlemen A*.
- p. 18, l. 16. *Enter*: *Eter A*.
- p. 22, l. 3. *Peripatetick*. *Perigatetick A*.
- p. 22, l. 23. *Lov*. *A vertuous*: *Roeb*. *A vertuous A*.
- p. 23, l. 9. *Fare*: *Fair A*.
- p. 23, l. 25. *Beautiful* *Beatiful A*.
- p. 24, l. 21. *squawling*: *squalawling A*.
- p. 24, l. 29. *blush*: *bush A*.
- p. 25, l. 10. *Flute*. *Flutea A*.
- p. 25, l. 27. *'Squire Mockmode*. *'Squire Mockmode A*.
- p. 25, l. 38. *pronunciation*: *pronunciation A*.
- p. 26, l. 18. *Oh fie*: *Of fie A*.
- p. 29, l. 19. *downfal*: *downful A*.
- p. 30, l. 6. *your*. *you A, B*.
- p. 31, l. 10. *infallibly*: *infallibly A*.
- p. 31, l. 28. *their*: *there A*.
- p. 32, l. 8. *Tagrhime*: *Tagrhine A*.
- p. 32, l. 15. *come*: *came A*.
- p. 33, l. 14. *Mistress*: *Mistristess A*; *Mrs. B*.
- p. 34, l. 28. *with*: *whit A*.
- p. 35, l. 18. *off*: *of A*.
- p. 35, l. 32. *disguise*. *diguise A*.
- p. 37, l. 38. *Poet*: *peot A*.
- p. 38, l. 36. *choak*: *chock A*.
- p. 39, l. 9. *Choice* *Chocie A*.
- p. 42, l. 35. *Solus*: *Solas A*.
- p. 43, l. 8. *beg your pardon*: *beg you pardon A*.
- p. 43, l. 25. *in to rescue*: *into rescue A*.
- p. 44, l. 13. *Secrets to*: *Secreets too A*.
- p. 45, l. 12. *Tyrant*: *Tyant A*.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

- p. 49, l. 25. *We're*: *W're* *A*.
 p. 49, l. 30. *Woman*: *Women* *A*.
 p. 49, l. 31. *ingenuously*: *ingeniously* *A*.
 p. 51, l. 5. *greatest*: *greeting* *A*.
 p. 55, l. 10. *pithy*: *pitty* *A*.
 p. 55, l. 22. *guess*: *geuss* *A*.
 p. 55, l. 29. *shrivel'd*: *shrvel'd* *A*.
 p. 57, l. 14. *meeting*: *meetting* *A*.
 p. 58, l. 9. *extreamly*: *extteamly* *A*.
 p. 60, l. 12. *over her Cloaths*: *over his Cloaths* *A, B*.
 p. 60, l. 13. *Roebuck*: *Reobuck* *A* (and so on p. 70, l. 34).
 p. 61. *The End of the Fourth ACT . . . ACT V: A has Third Act: ACT IV.*
 Act V; l. 1, happy: happily A.
 p. 62, l. 22. *hither*: *hitherto* *A*.
 p. 63, ll. 19, 20. *no Eyes to see*: *no Eyes no to see* *A*.
 p. 64, l. 25. *squawling*: *sqawling* *A*.
 p. 66, l. 4. *Bullfinch's*: *Bullfinches's* *A*; *Bullfinche's* *B*.
 p. 66, l. 15. *fellow*: *follow* *A*.
 p. 66, l. 20. *unbutton'd*: *unbitten'd* *A*.
 p. 66, l. 21. *awaken'd* *B*: *weaken'd* *A*.
 p. 68, l. 12. *ruin'd, trick'd*: *ruin'd trick'd* *A*.
 p. 71, l. 14. *seeing Roebuck*: *seeing Lovewell* *A, B*.
 p. 72, l. 1. *your Plot*: *Plot your* *A*; *the Plot you* *B*.

The spellings in *B* are usually more modern than those of *A*. These discrepancies are for the most part not recorded below. *C* agrees with *B* except where otherwise indicated.

- p. 11, l. 21. *Debenter*: *Debenture* *B*.
 p. 12, l. 9. [*shewing his Crutch*]: *A, B* and *C* have this at the end of the speech.
 p. 12, l. 34. *choose*: *chuse* *B*.
 p. 12, l. 42. *crowded*: *crouded* *B*, and similarly elsewhere, "aukwardly."
 p. 13, l. 35. *Didn't you chide*: so in 1728. *A, B, C* have "Did you chide."
 p. 16, ll. 23, 31. *Virtue . . . Vertue*: *A* and *B* vary between these spellings throughout.
 p. 19, l. 16. *of entertaining* *A, C*. to entertain *B*.
 p. 20, l. 9. *Sirrah* *B*: *Sarrah* *A*.
 p. 20, l. 17. *a Tester and a Mistress* *A, C*: *a Tester and Mistress* *B*.
 p. 20, l. 19. *Billets deux*: an almost constant spelling with *Farquhar*.
 p. 20, l. 22. *my moisture of my hand* *A, C*: *the moisture of my hand* *B*.
 p. 21, l. 17. *strict* *A, C*: *strictest* *B*.
 p. 22, l. 27. *Sweet Powder*: *Sweet-Powder* *B*.
 p. 23, l. 23. *soon be* *A, C*: *be soon* *B*.
 p. 24, l. 8. *thou 't*: *thou'rt* *B*.
 p. 24, l. 18. *tender'st*: *tend'rest* *B*, and so p. 68, l. 21, "tenderst" *A*; "tenderest" *B*.
 p. 25, l. 3. *A, B* and *C* each have "[*Aside*]" incorrectly after "Well, George, you won't communicate your success?"

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 26, l. 20. *Patriarchs*: Patriarchs *B*.
p. 26, l. 41. *Bass-Vial*: Bass-Viol *B*.
p. 27, l. 6. *pushing Master*: Pushing-master *B*.
p. 27, ll. 13, 15. *ya're . . . y're*: *B* has 'y'are' in both places, and so elsewhere.
p. 28, l. 26. *falsify*: falsifie *B*. Hunt and Ewald have 'falsifier.'
p. 32, l. 19. *you had*: you'd *B*.
p. 33, l. 10. *Exit Brush*: *B* inserts this two lines below, between 'her inclinations to' and 'this *Mockmode*.'
p. 34, l. 33. *B* (but not *C*) omits 'Mrs. *Mary*.'
p. 36, l. 14. *You're*: You are *B*.
p. 36, l. 42. *further*: farther *B*.
p. 37, l. 33. *Stranguary*: Strangury *B*.
p. 39, l. 21. *What is*: What's *B*.
p. 40, l. 13. *Snapes*: Snaps *B*.
p. 41, l. 19. *Aside*]. Not in *A*, *B*, *C*.
p. 41, l. 22. *Name's*: Name is *B*.
p. 44, l. 7. *Game at Tables A, C*: Game of Tables *B*.
p. 45, l. 18. *fight it with ye all A, C* fight it with you all *B*.
p. 46, l. 12. *blind, Drunk A, B, C*. Hunt and Ewald have "blind-drunk"
p. 48, l. 7. *sower*: sour *B*.
p. 48, l. 22. *I'll none A, C*. I'll have none *B*.
p. 48, l. 23. *Is it not the taste*: Is not the taste *B*.
p. 51, ll. 23-24. *Beau and 'Squire A, C*: Beau or Squire *B*.
p. 52, l. 11. *chaff*: chafe *B*.
p. 53, l. 26. *Lov. Zoons, her thick Leg*. *A* and *C* omit the speaker's name
p. 54, l. 14. *Circumcission*: Circumcision *B*.
p. 55, l. 8. [*Catches a Masque*. *A, B, C* have this, inappositely, against "I *Mas*. Yes, Sir."
p. 56, l. 4. *engaged?* *Mirmydon C*: engaged *Mirmydon A, B*.
p. 56, ll. 25-26. *I believe her Vertue so sacred A, C*. I believe her Vertue is so sacred *B*.
p. 58, l. 34. *all mischief A, C*: all the mischief *B*.
p. 59, l. 8. *wholly throughly*: wholly and throughly *B*; wholly, throughly *C*.
p. 59, l. 9. *I lent just now A, C*: I lent you just now *B*.
p. 59, l. 31. *Case A, C*. Cause *B*.
p. 63, l. 26. *those shall Conduct A, C*: those that shall Conduct *B*.
p. 64, l. 26. *Rickets and Small-Pox A, C*: Rickets or Small-Pox *B*.
p. 65, ll. 17-20 printed as blank-verse in *B* with new lines at "For I am lost," "On thy tormenting," "Discovering," "Then what on Earth."
p. 66, ll. 25-27. *B* (but not *C*) has:
Club. My Master?—Augh—What a Clock is it, Sir? omitting:
[Stretching and yawning]
Lov. Yes, Sir, your Master.
Club. My Master?—Augh—
- p. 68, Scene III, heading *a Hat, and Sword A, C*: a Hat and a Sword *B*.
p. 68, l. 8. *A Sword and Hat A, C*: A Sword and a Hat *B*.

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p. 68, ll. 29, 30. when her soft, melting, white, and yielding waste within my pressing Arms was folded fast.

Cf. "The Adventures of Covent-Garden," vol. ii, p. 211, ll. 1, 2; and

"The Lovers' Night," vol. ii of this edition, p. 285.

He thought her Naked, soft, and yielding Waste
Within his pressing Arms was folded fast.

p. 70. l. 15. *tow'rds*—— C: tow'rds; A; tow'rds her; B.

p. 70. l. 18. *the dear Circle* A, C: the dearest Circle B.

p. 71, ll. 32, 33. *how is she dispos'd of?* A, C. Omitted in B.

p. 72, l. 26. *You have divorc'd her, and must give her separate maintenance,* A, C.
Omitted in B.

p. 72, l. 38. *your Sisters Nuptials* A, C: our Sisters Nuptials B.

The Constant Couple

A=The First Quarto, 1699.

B=The Third Quarto, 1701.

C=The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar [1707].

A.C.G.=The Adventures of Covent Garden, 1698.

The following misprints in A have been corrected:

p. 85, l. 16. *unprejudiced*: unprejudiced A.

p. 86, l. 27. *Misnomer*: Misnommer A, B, C.

p. 105, l. 20. *Clin. sen.* Because: *Clin jun.* Because A.

p. 112, l. 26. *Room*: Rome A.

p. 138, l. 9. *Larceny*: Lacenary A, Lacency B.

p. 143, l. 40. *Ang.* Remember: *Darl.* Remember A.

p. 144, ll. 22, 25. *Gaoler*: Goaler A, B.

p. 152, l. 2. *Conversion*: Conversation A.

p. 153, l. 23. *say for't*: say fort't A, B.

B italicizes freely throughout, as may be seen from Act V, Scene I, printed from that Quarto. Its incidental italics elsewhere, and its less significant variations in spelling, are not noted below. C agrees with A except where otherwise noted.

p. 86, l. 21. *allow*: also B (misprint).

p. 89 *A New Prologue* appeared first in B.

p. 93, ll. 21-25. This is printed as impossible verse in A, B, C with new lines at
'Rooted,' 'And old zeal,' 'Run,' 'Whether,' 'Her Beauty.'

p. 94, l. 29. *gaz'd*: graz'd B, C.

p. 94, ll. 34, 35. *not we*: we not B. C has 'we not . . . not we.'

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 96, l. 13. *nor stinted*: not stinted *B*.
 p. 97, l. 2. *Watch*: Coach *B, C*.
 p. 97, ll. 29-31. *omitted in B, C*, which run on:

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you!
Wild. Ay, but I know not where, *etc*.

- p. 97, l. 39. *Breast*: Breasts *B, C*.
 p. 98, l. 18. *walk a foot*: walk on foot *B*.
 p. 99, l. 34. to p. 101, l. 2. *A, B*, and *C* print all this as impossible verse.
 p. 99, l. 37. *Travel*: Travail *B*.
 p. 101, l. 15. *hardest*: harder *B*.
 p. 102, ll. 6-9. *A, B*, and *C* print this speech as verse, with new lines at "Here, Parly," "Else," "Sir," "When."
 p. 102, l. 7. [*Exit Parly*] supplied by the Editor.
 p. 102, ll. 20-24. *A, B*, and *C* print as six lines of verse.
 p. 102, l. 25. *You need not*: We need not *B*.
 p. 103, l. 5. *I warrant he*: I warrant you he *B, C*.
 p. 103, l. 12. [*Exit*. Stage direction supplied by the Editor.
 p. 104, l. 21. *A, B*, and *C* begin a new line with "As I'm a Pimp."
 p. 104, ll. 29-32. *A, B*, and *C* print this as verse, with new lines at "And you wear that," "You have cause," "I'm glad."
 p. 106, l. 18. *and pious*: omitted in *B*.
 p. 106, l. 19. *o' my word*: on my word *B*.
 [*Aside*: supplied by the Editor.
 p. 106, l. 31. *hundred*. Hunderd *B*.
 p. 106, ll. 34-37. *A, B*, and *C* print this as four lines of verse.
 p. 107, l. 21. *a dozen*: Twenty *B*.
 p. 107, l. 26. *han't*: have not *B*.
 p. 107, l. 38. *ay, why he's*: ay, he's *B*.
 p. 108, l. 19. *I wou'd*: wou'd I *B*.
 p. 109, ll. 7, 8. *to the lady Lurewell*: three times in *A, C*; once only in *B*.
 p. 109, l. 35. *your most humble*: your humble *B*.
 p. 111, ll. 17, 18. *have a care what you say . . cheat you, Madam!* omitted in *B*.
 p. 112, l. 20. *outside, all Hypocrisy*: outside, Hypocrisy *B*.
 p. 112, l. 40. *Ah! c'est*: Ah! est *A, B, C*.
 p. 113, l. 12. *well and how?* well and how; *A*; well; and how? *B*; well, and how? *C*.
 p. 115, l. 10. [*Strikes him*. Supplied by Editor.
 p. 115, ll. 38-43. *A, B*, and *C* print this as verse
 p. 115, l. 41. *Fear not*: For not *B, C*.
 p. 116, Act III, to p. 117, l. 3, and again p. 117, ll. 11-13, 17-19. *A, B*, and *C* print these passages as verse.
 p. 117, l. 17. *Blêw Posts*. Black-posts *A.C.G.*, p. 204, l. 35.
 p. 117, l. 20. [*Calls*. Supplied by the Editor.
 p. 117, ll. 36-38. *A, B*, and *C* print as verse, with new lines at "Smiles" and "But wanton."

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- p. 118, last line. *Princes in Italy*: Princes of Italy *B*.
- p. 121, l. 24. *have had two*: have two *B*.
- pp. 122-125 may be compared with *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, vol. ii, pp. 204-7. The verbal likenesses are noted below. The page-references are all to vol. ii.
- p. 122, ll. 6-12. Neither *A*, *B*, nor *C* print this as verse, when they so very well might!
- p. 122, l. 13. *Fool*: *A.C.G.*, p. 204, l. 2.
- p. 122, ll. 20-22. O Lord, Sir . . . yonder's my Husband . . . he will Murder me. What shall we do (said the Captain): *ibid.*, ll. 39-42.
- p. 122, ll. 31, 32. Strip, strip, Sir. *Ibid.*, p. 205, l. 1.
- p. 123, l. 1. *slip you . . . down stairs*; slunk down stairs, *ibid.*, l. 4.
- p. 123, l. 7. *all your Artifices*: *ibid.*, p. 204, l. 17.
- p. 123, l. 32. *Ha, ha, ha . . . I'll be hang'd*: *ibid.*, l. 20.
- p. 123, l. 36. *No, no . . . You're dreaming*: *ibid.*, l. 24.
- p. 123, l. 37. *believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open*: cf. *ibid.*, l. 22, "you have not rub'd the Sleep out of your Eyes."
- p. 123, ll. 40, 41 to p. 124, l. 1. *Stand*. This is Illusion . . . *Lure*. Legerdemain: cf. *ibid.*, p. 205, ll. 6-9. "He had the demonstration of his Eyes that it was the Captain . . . and now by the same Evidence it appears that it is not he. *This is all Illusion* (said Peregrine . . .) *Illusion!* (replied Emilia) . . ."
- p. 124, ll. 4-8. *Be gone Sir . . . an unfortunate Woman*. [Weeps. Cf. *ibid.*, ll. 18-22.
- p. 124, l. 12. *unjust . . . ungrateful*. ingratitude . . . injustice, *ibid.*, l. 15.
- p. 124, l. 14. *my firm Resolves*: our strongest Resolves, *ibid.*, l. 25.
- p. 124, ll. 28-30. *How shall we laugh at Husband . . . to make a Colonel a Cuckold*: Laugh at the Cuckold, *ibid.*, p. 206, l. 8.
- p. 124, l. 30. *Aldermen*: Alderman *B*.
- p. 124, ll. 41, 42. Cf. *A.C.G.*, p. 206, l. 15: Sirrah . . . resolve me instantly or I'll break your Head.
- p. 125, l. 27. *sent the Porter down stairs*: *ibid.*, l. 24.
- p. 125, l. 29. *He went out of the Back-door*: he slipt out of the back Door, *ibid.*, l. 26.
- p. 126, l. 12. *Trifling*: Triffling *B*.
- p. 126, l. 37. *Eyes spoke softer*: Eyes softer *B*.
- p. 129, ll. 41, 42. Cf. *A.C.G.*, p. 206, l. 34: crying out, that the Villain had Murder'd her Husband.
- p. 130, l. 33. *so I put*: so I puts *B*.
- p. 131, l. 1. Cf. *A.C.G.*, pp. 206-7: *away with him, away with him before a Magistrate . . . who . . . drew his Mittimus in order for Newgate*.
- p. 131, l. 23. *satisfied that she*: satisfied she *B*.
- p. 132, l. 24. *Clin*. Murther'd: *Clin*. Murder'd *B*.
- p. 135, l. 21. *Plates*: Pleats *B, C*.
- p. 136, l. 26. *these*: those *B*.
- p. 137, l. 23. *too tedious Graces*: two tedious Graces *B*.
- p. 139, l. 7. *without*: with *B*.

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p. 141, l. 5. From this point we give the rest of the scene in full from *A*, as it differs so materially from *B*, *C*.

Wild. Ha! Her Voice bears a commanding Accent! Every Syllable is pointed.—By Heavens I love her:—I feel her piercing Words turn the wild Current of my Blood; and thrill through all my Veins.

Angel. View me well: consider me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that cast a Mist before your Sight; and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eye is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with repelling Rays that look Dishonour dead. [Cf. p. 141, ll. 10–13.]

Wild. I cannot view you, Madam: For when you speak, all the Faculties of my charm'd Soul crowd to my attentive Ears; desert my Eyes, which gaze insensibly.—Whatever Charm inspires your Looks, whether of Innocence or Vice, 'tis lovely, past Expression.

Angel. If my Beauty has power to raise a Flame, be sure it is a virtuous one: if otherwise, 'tis owing to the Foulness of your own Thought, which throwing this mean Affront upon my Honour, has alarm'd my Soul, and fires it with a brave Disdain.

Wild. Where can the Difference lie 'twixt such Hypocrisie and Truth? Madam, whate'er my unruly Passion did at first suggest; I now must own you've turn'd my Love to Veneration, and my unmannerly Demands to a most humble Prayer.—Your surprizing Conduct has quench'd the gross material Flame; but rais'd a subtil piercing Fire, which flies like lambent Lightning, through my Blood, disdaining common Fuel, preys upon the nobler Part, my Soul.

Ang. Grant, Heav'ns, his Words be true! [*aside*] Then, as you hope that Passion shou'd be happy, tell me without Reserve, what Motives have engag'd you thus to affront my Virtue?

Wild. Affront her Vertue! Ah, something I fear.—Your Question, Madam is a Riddle, and cannot be resolv'd; but the most proper Answer the old Gentlewoman can make, who passes for your Mother.

Ang. Passes for my Mother! O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus:—But the mean poor Abuse you cast on me, reflects upon your self: Our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman. [Cf. p. 141, ll. 27–9.]

Wild. Then, Madam, I have a fair Claim to Courage; for, by all Hopes of Happiness, I ne'er was aw'd so much, nor ever felt the Power of Fear before:—But since I can't dissolve this Knot,—I'll cut it at a Strok. *Vizard* (who, I fear is a Villain) told me you were a Prostitute; that he had known you, and sent a Letter, intimating, my Designs to the old Gentlewoman, who, I suppos'd had licens'd my Proceedings by leaving us so oft in private.

Ang. That *Vizard* is a Villain, damn'd beyond the Curses of an

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injur'd Woman, is most true; But, that his Letter signified any dishonourable Proceedings, is as false.

Wild. I appeal to that for Pardon or Condemnation: He read it to me; and the Contents were as I have declar'd, only with this Addition; That I wou'd scruple no price for the Enjoyment of my Pleasure.

Ang. No price! What have I suffer'd? to be made a Prostitute for Sale!—'Tis an unequall'd Curse upon our Sex, That Woman's Vertue shou'd so much depend on lying Fame, and scandalous Tongues of Men.—Read that: Then judge how far I'm injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. reads. [Cf. p. 143, ll. 22–28.]

Out of my earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica, I have sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin.—[The Villain read to me a clear different thing.] *He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune.*—[Damn his Compliment.] *and wou'd make your Daughter very happy in a Husband.*—[O Lord, O Lord, what have I been doing!—] *I hope your Ladyship will entertain him as becomes his Birth and Fortune, and the Friend of, Madam,*

Your Ladyship's most Devoted
and Humble Servant,
V I Z A R D.

Ang. Now, Sir,—I hope you need no Instigation to redress my Wrongs, since Honour points the Way. [Cf. p. 143, ll. 30, 31.]

Wild. Redress your Wrongs! Instruct me, Madam: for all your Injuries ten-fold recoil'd on me. I have abus'd Innocence, murder'd Honour, stabb'd it in the nicest part: A fair Lady's Fame.—Instruct me, Madam: For my Reason's fled, and hides its guilty Face, as conscious of its Master's Shame.

Ang. Think, Sir, that my Blood, for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.—Consider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which, the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.—Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour:—Remember the base Price you offer'd:—then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives. That's all.—Farewel. [Cp. p. 143, ll. 32–43.] [going.]

Wild. Stay, Madam; he's too base an Offering for such Purity: But Justice has inspir'd me with a nobler Thought.—I throw a purer Victim at your Feet, my honourable Love and Fortune: If chastest, purest Passion, with a large and fair Estate, can make amends, they're yours this Moment.—The matrimonial Tye shall bind us Friends this Hour.—Nay, Madam, no Reply, unless you smile.—Let but a pleasing Look fore-run my Sentence: then raise me up to Joy.

Ang. Rise, Sir, [smiling] I'm pleas'd to find my Sentiments of you,

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which were always *Generous*, so generously answer'd: And since I have met a Man above the common Level of your Sex, I think my self disengag'd from the Formality of mine, and shall therefore venture to inform you, that with Joy I receive your honourable Love.

Wild. Beauty without Art! Vertue without Pride! and Love without Ceremony! The Day breaks glorious to my o'erclouded Thought, and darts its smiling Beams into my Soul. My Love is heighten'd by a glad Devotion; and Vertue rarifies the Bliss to feast the purer Mind.

Ang. You must promise me, Sir Harry, to have a care of *Burgundy* henceforth.

Wild. Fear not, sweet Innocence; Your Presence, like a Guardian Angel, shall fright away all Vice.

*In your sweet Eyes and Words there is a Charm
To settle Madness, or a Fiend disarm
Of all his Spite, his Torments and his Gares :
And make him change his Curses into Pray'rs.*

[Exeunt.]

- p. 147, l. 11. *Whither*: Whether *B*, and so at p. 150, l. 25.
- p. 147, l. 28. *knowing*. gnawing *C*.
- p. 149, l. 18. *Sigh*. Sign *B*, *C*.
- p. 150, l. 16. *wander'd*: wonder'd *B*.
- p. 151, l. 13. *as to the*: as the *B*, as of the *C*.
- p. 151, l. 17. *Consequences*: Consequence *B*, *C*.
- p. 151, l. 29. *Merchandizing*: Marchandizing *B*.

Sir Harry Wildair

A=The First Quarto, 1701.

B=The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar [1707].

- p. 161, l. 17. *enumerate*: enumerate *B*.
- p. 163, l. 4. *Harrangues*: Harangues *B*.
- p. 164, l. 7. *Jubile-Beau*: Jubilee-Beau *B*.
B is usually more modern in its spellings than *A*, but let these examples suffice.
- p. 164, l. 11. *Lord Bellamy*: in Act V, Scene [II], he has no name: he is but 'one' and 'My Lord.'
- p. 165, ll. 1-3. *B* gives the title here as "The Second Part of the Constant Couple: or, a Trip to the Jubilee."
- p. 167, l. 34. *Namur*: Namure *B*.
- p. 168, l. 31. *knows is little*: knows its little *B*.
- p. 171, l. 40. *over all the World*: all over the world *B*.

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- p. 175, l. 7. *Crevats*: Cravats *B*.
 p. 175, l. 14. *the Company*: my Company *B*.
 p. 176, l. 9. *Awkwardness*: Awkardness *B*.
 p. 176, l. 27. *Sepulchers*: Sepulcher *B*.
 p. 177, l. 19. *dangerously ill*: dangerous ill *B*.
 p. 182, l. 3. *And then the*: And the *B*.
 p. 183, l. 5. *he never names the thing*: cf. the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (1671) I, i.
 p. 183, l. 33. *can Cuckol*: can Cuckold *B*.
 p. 184, l. 30. *her . . . her*: *B* does not italicize.
 p. 185, l. 8. *Marqui's*: Marquis is *B*, ignoring Captain Fireball's intended French pronunciation.
 p. 186, l. 1. *him*: *B* does not italicize.
 p. 189, l. 19. *Ha, ha, hi*: Ha, ha, ha *B*
 p. 191, l. 10. *I'le*: I'll *B*.
 p. 194, l. 34. *Chatillionte*: probably a misprint or mistake for "Chatouillant"; but *B* does not alter it.
 p. 195, l. 36. *Nature gave her Beauty, Education an Air*: *B* spoils the sentence by reading "Education and Air"
 p. 202, l. 18. *be ver' tendre*: be de ver' tendre *B*.
 p. 203, l. 38. *Banns*: Bans *B*. Farquhar has "Banes" elsewhere.
 p. 208, l. 13. *Abell's*: Abel's *B*
 p. 208, l. 41. *intercepting your Letters*: intercepting all your Letters *B*.
 p. 211, l. 16. *Snuff-Box* misprinted 'Suff-Box' in *A*
 p. 211, l. 21. *Lovere*: Lovre *B*.
 p. 211, l. 28. *ting*: thing *B*

The Inconstant

A=The Quarto, 1702.

B=The Comedies of George Farquhar [1707], octavo

F=Fletcher's "Wild-Goose Chase." The page and line references are to the Cambridge University Press *Beaumont and Fletcher*, Vol. IV.

- p. 221, l. 11. *instruction*: instructions *A, B* (ungrammatically)
 p. 223, l. 25. *Olio*: Oglho *B*
 p. 224. *Dramatis Personæ*. *Lamorce*. Both *A* and *B* have the misspelling "Lamocre."
 p. 225. Act I, Scene 1 corresponds to Act I, Scene 1 of *F*.
 p. 225. s. d. *Enter Dugard, and . . . Petit &c.* Enter Monsieur De Gard, and a Foot-boy. *F*.
 p. 225, l. 7. *run to Rousscau's, and . . . at a Lewis d'Or a head*: step to the Ten-Crown Ordinary. . . . And there bespeak a dinner *F*.
 p. 225, l. 11. *Petit. And I four: Boy.* For my self, I take it, Sir. *F*.

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p. 225, l. 19. *Old Mirabel: La-Castre F.*

p. 225, l. 20 to p. 226, l. 4: cf. *F*, p. 316.

p. 226, l. 28. *I leave you with your Sister: Come, I see You long to enjoy your Sister . . . I'll leave ye: and y'are once more welcome. F*, p. 317, ll. 11, 12, 19.

p. 226, l. 29 to p. 227, l. 7. Cf. *F*, p. 317, l. 20 to end of Scene.

p. 226, l. 34. *I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up: You see I am not bated; Merry, and eat my meat F. p. 317, ll. 23, 24. am very merry: and very merry B.*

p. 226, ll. 36-40. Cf. *F*, p. 317, ll. 26-8, 35-39:

You know, *Oriana*,
Upon my going out at your request,
• I left your Portion in *La-Castre's* hands, . . .
I prethee tell me,
(And tell me true) what end had you, *Oriana*,
In trusting your mony here? He is no Kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a Guardian,
Nor dare I think ye doubt my prodigality.

p. 227, ll. 9-12. Cf. *F*, p. 318, ll. 1-5.

Ori . . . Another private reason.
De G. 'Tis not private,
Nor carryed so: 'tis common (my fair Sister)
Your love to *Mirabel*; your blushes tell it:
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.

p. 227, ll. 16-22. Cf. *F*, p. 318, ll. 15, 16, 19-21, 27, 28:

De G. Hear the people
Oria. Now I say hang the people: . . .
All grounds of truth they build on, is a Tavern,
And their best censure's Sack, Sack in abundance:
For as they drink, they think . . .
And if in *Vino veritas* be an Oracle,
What woman is or has been ever honest?

p. 227, ll. 23-25. Cf. *F*, p. 318, ll. 34-37:

De G. Well, there is something, Sister.
Oria. If there be, Brother,
'Tis none of their things, 'tis not yet so monstrous;
My thing is Marriage . . .

p. 227, l. 26. *Young Mirabel Marry! he'll build Churches sooner:*

He Marry? he'll be hanged first: he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of Love are, . . .
Than I do how to build a Church. *F*, p. 319, ll. 13, 14, 17.

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p. 228, l. 1. [Ori.] *I'll spoil his wandering*: [De G.] His Love's are wanderers.
F, p. 319, l. 19.

Scene [11] to p. 230 "*Enter old Mirabel*," corresponds to *F*, Act I, Sc. II, Duretete's part being divided between Pinac and Bellure. With Mirabel's and Duretete's first speeches, cf. *F*, Mirabel's first speech:

Welcome to *Paris* once more, Gentlemen;
 We have had a merry and a lusty Ordinary,
 And Wine, and good meat, and a bousing Reckoning;
 And let it go for once; 'Tis a good Physick,
 Only the Wenches are not for my diet,
 They are too lean and thin; their embraces brawn-faln.
 Give me the plump *Venetian*, fat, and lusty,
 That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,
 As if a Cup of full Wine leapt to kiss me;
 These slight things I affect not.

p. 228, ll. 24, 25. *I must go put myself*: *B* omits *go*.

p. 229, ll. 4-13. Cf. *F*, p. 320, ll. 14, 16-22, 27-30.

Ye talk of *France*, a slight unseason'd Country, . . .
 We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:
 Men say we are great Courtiers, men abuse us:
 We are wise, and valiant too, *non credo*, *Seignior*:
 Our women the best Linguists, they are Parrats;
 O' this side the *Alpes* they are nothing but meer Drolleries:
 Ha, *Roma la Santa, Italy* for my money,
 Their policies, their customs, their frugalities. . . .

Pin. 'Tis a brave Country.
 Not pester'd with your stubborn precise Puppies,
 That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
 To scabs and scruples.

p. 229, l. 37. *I am so plaguey bashful, so naturally an Ass*: so *F* (p. 320, ll. 32-33), omitting "plaguey."

p. 229, ll. 39-41. Cf. *F*, p. 321, ll. 16-18.

Belvere, you must be bolder: Travel three years,
 And bring home such a Baby to betray ye
 As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a Souldier?

p. 229, l. 42 to p. 230, l. 4. Cf. *F*, p. 320, ll. 33-40.

Belleure. . . . Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
 And very willingly I go to see 'em,
 (There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
 And make a shift—

Mr. But if they chance to flout ye,
 Or say ye are too bold; fie, Sir, remember;
 I pray sit farther off;—

Bel. 'Tis true, I am humbled, . . .

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 230, ll. 5-8. Cf. *F*, p. 321, ll. 3-6.

Pin. Then would I sing and dance.

Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.

Pin. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd first; . . .

p. 230, ll. 14-18. Cf. *F*, p. 321, ll. 31-33.

You must now put on boldness, there's no avoiding it;

And stand all hazards; . . .

They'll say you went out like an Oxe, and return'd like an Ass else.

p. 230, l. 36. *souse*: cf. "sous" rhyming with "house" in Jo Haynes's epilogue to *Love and a Bottle*, p. 75.

p. 232, ll. 1-3. Cf. *F*, p. 325, ll. 17-19:

I love a bounteous Fathers life, a long one,

I am none of those that when they shoot to ripeness,

Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on.

p. 234, ll. 3, 11. Cf. *F*, p. 324, ll. 8, 14.

Ori. Well, if ye do forget— . . .

I am answer'd, Sir:

p. 234, l. 13. *the t'other*: t'other *B*.

p. 235, ll. 6, 7. Cf. *F*, p. 328, ll. 25, 27:

Go thy way good Wife *Bias*; . . .

Here's a starcht piece of austerity;

p. 235, l. 9. *Dialecticks*: Dialects *B*.

p. 235, ll. 16-19. Cf. *F*, p. 331, ll. 17, 18, 20-22.

Mir. Now for thine honour *Pmac*; board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest . . .

. . . above all thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever near?

Mir. At all necessities . . .

p. 235, ll. 23-27 corresponds to Mirabel's speech, in *F*, after the entrance of *Oriana*, pp. 331-332.

p. 235, l. 29. Now, why do you follow me? *F*. p. 332, l. 7.

p. 235, l. 33. If you remember ye, before your Travel

The contract you ty'd to me. *F*. p. 332, ll. 10, 11.

p. 236, ll. 16-20. Cf. *F*. p. 332, l. 37 *et seq*:

. . . as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for

Either constancie, or secrecie, from a woman . . .

Nor to contract with such can be a Tial;

. . . for 'tis a Justice,

And a main point of civil policie,

What e're we say or swear, they being Reprobates,

Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides, . . .

THE INCONSTANT

p. 236, l. 22. *your Travels have improv'd your talent of Talking:*

Cf. *F*, p. 344, ll. 16, 17:

You have travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor Bladder: you talk of Women, . . .

p. 236, ll. 32-34. Cf. *F*, p. 344, ll. 6, 7, 9:

Mir. You wear good Cloaths to this end,
Jewels, love Feasts, and Masques . . .
All this to draw on fools?

p. 236, l. 41 to p. 237, l. 2. Cf. *F*, p. 333, ll. 9, 10, 14-16:

As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and fluxes,
So we are allowed as strange wayes to obtain ye, . . .
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs; . . .

p. 237, l. 31. *make ye fast: make you fast B.*

p. 238, ll. 6, 8. Cf. *F*, p. 335, ll. 32, 33:

I'll . . . Set up a Chamber-maid that shall out-shine her (*sc.* Oriana),
And carry her in my Coach too.

Act II, Scene [II] corresponds to *F*. Act II, Scene II

Enter Duretete and Petit: Enter Pinac, and a Servant. F.

p. 238, ll. 23, 24. Cf. *F*, p. 336, ll. 37-38:

Ser. Can ye sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and when she speaks, speak Oracles;

p. 238, ll. 28-32. Cf. *F*, p. 337, ll. 3-9.

Ser. Can ye smile?

Pt. Yes willingly.

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Ser. She'll ne'r endure ye then; she is never merry;
If she see one laugh, she'll swoond past *Aqua vitæ*:

. . . if ye chance to venture,

And talk not like a Doctor, you are damn'd too.

p. 239, ll. 5, 9, 10. Cf. *F*, p. 338, ll. 3, 4, 11, 24:

Lilia. Come wench be free, and let the Musick warble,
Play me some lusty measure . . .
Quicker time fellows . . .

. . . would we had a man or two.

p. 239, ll. 15-20. Cf. *F*, p. 338, ll. 29-34:

Lil. O ye are welcom,
Ye are very welcom, Sir, we want such a one;
Strike up again: I dare presume ye dance well:
Quick, quick, Sir, quick, the time steals on.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Pi. I would talk with ye.

Lil. Talk as ye dance.

p. 239, ll. 23-29. Cf. *F*, p. 338, ll. 37 *et seq.*:

Lil. Now how do ye, Sir?

Pi. You have given me a shrewd heat.

Lil. I'le give ye a hundred.

Come sing now, sing; for I know ye sing well,

I see ye have a singing face.

Pi. A fine Modesty!

p. 239, ll. 29-35. Cf. *F*, p. 339, ll. 7, 9, 11-14, 16, 17.

Lil. Sit here, and sing now, . . .

Sit close wench, close, begin, begin.

[*Song.*

. . . give me some wine now

Pi. I would fain speak to ye.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me:

Here's to ye a lusty health.

Pi. . . . Would I were off again; I smell my misery;

I was never put to this rack; I shall be drunk too

p. 239, l. 39 to p. 240, l. 29: Cf. *F*, p. 339, l. 23 to p. 340, l. 25:

Lil. Now? how do ye like me, Sir?

Pi. I like ye rarely.

Lil. Ye see, Sir, though sometimes we are grave and silent,

And put on sadder dispositions,

Yet we are compounded of free parts, and sometimes too

Our lighter, airie, and our fierie mettles

Break out, and shew themselves, and what think you of that Sir?

Pi. Good Lady sit, for I am very weary;

And then I'le tell ye.

Lil. Fie, a young man idle?

Up, and walk; be still in action.

The motions of the body are fair beauties,

Besides 'tis cold; ods-me Sir, let's walk faster,

What think ye now of the Lady *Felicia*?

And *Bella-fronte* the Dukes fair Daughter? ha?

Are they not handsom things? ther is *Duarta*,

And brown *Olivia*.

Pi. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, Sir; if young *Lelia*

Had kept her self till this day from a Husband,

Why what a Beauty, Sir! you know *Ismena*

The fair Jem of Saint *Germans*?

Pi. By my troth I do not.

Lil. And then I know you must have heard of *Brisac*,

How unlike a Gentleman—

THE INCONSTANT

Pi. As I live I have heard nothing.

Lil. Strike me another Galliard.

Pi. By this light I cannot;

In troth I have sprain'd my leg, Madam.

Lil. Now sit ye down, Sir,

And tell me why ye came hither, why ye chose me out?

What is your business? your errant? dispatch, dispatch!

'May be ye are some Gentlemans man, and I mistook ye,

That have brought me a Letter, or a haunch of Venison,

Sent me from some friend of mine.

Pi. Do I look like a Carrier?

You might allow me what I am, a Gentleman.

Lil. Cry 'ye mercie, Sir, I saw ye yesterday,

You are new come out of Travel, I mistook ye;

And how do all our impudent friends in *Italie*?

Pi. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesie,

Service, and honour to ye.

Lil. Ye came to jear me:

p. 239, l. 40. *Dur.* (to *Bis.*) *O mighty well, Sir: O mighty well, Madam B; but Fletcher* (p. 334, ll. 11, 12) has this piece of dialogue:

Ori. Are ye not asham'd, Sir?

Mir. No by my troth, Sir.

p. 240, ll. 34-38. Cf. *F.* p. 340, ll. 28, 29, 32-39.

Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, Sir,

Of wantonness, or wildness, I look for it; . . .

But not to have you believ'd; for mark ye, Sir,

I have won a nobler estimation,

A stronger tie by my discretion

Upon opinion (how e're you think I forced it)

Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber,

And when I please I will be what I please, Sir,

So I exceed not Mean; and none shall brand it

Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

p. 240, ll. 39, 40. Cf. *F.* p. 341, l. 4.

If ye be weary, sit till I come again to ye.

[*Exit.*

p. 240, ll. 42-43. Cf. *F.*

Pin. I confess I never was so blurted, Nor ever so abus'd (p. 341, ll. 8, 9).

and *Bel.* I am founder'd, And some shall rue the setting of me on (p. 343, ll. 34, 35).

p. 245, l. 14. *to their Master:* to its Master *B.*

pp. 247-250 [Scene II]. This corresponds to *F.* Act III, Scene 1, latter half, pp. 356-360.

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 247, ll. 24-30. Cf. *F*, p. 357, ll. 6-12, 15, 16.

Mir. A Lord, Sir?

Lev. Yes, and a noble Lord.

Mir. 'Send her good fortune,
This will not stir her Lord; a Barronness,
Say ye so; say ye so? by'r Lady, a brave title;
Top, and top gallant now; 'save her great Ladship.
I was a poor servant of hers, . . .

I know my rules and distance;

Yet, if she want an Usher; . . .

p. 247, ll. 38, 39. Cf. *F*, pp. 356-357:

Lev. take heed, Sir,

. . . this Lord, Sir,

Is of that fiery, and that poynant metal . . .

That 'twill be hard: . . .

p. 248, ll. 1-18. Cf. *F*, p. 358, ll. 5-40.

Ori. Good my Lord, chuse a nobler: for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what ye can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget your self sport: Alas, Sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your Affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common Railers,
Of such injurious things, that when they cannot
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation:
I am poor besides.

de-Gard. Ye are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The Ulcers of an honest state; Spight-weavers,
That live on poyson only, like swoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

de-Ga. Name but the men, Lady;
Let me but know these poor, and base depravers;
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully
I'll handle their despights. Is this thing one?
Be what he will.

Mir. Sir.

de-Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, Sir?

Mir. I know you not; nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my Lord.

de-Ga. If he, or any he.

THE INCONSTANT

Ori. I beseech your honour.
This Gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge,
And no doubt, Sir, a worthy man.

de-Ga. Your mercy;
But had he been a tainter of your honour;
A blaster of those beauties reign within ye;
But we shall find a fitter time: dear Lady, . . .

p. 250. ll. 25-29

Cf. F, p. 344, ll. 37 et seq.

Bel. Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fie.

Bel. I can, Sir.

And I will fight . . .

And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me.

p. 250, ll. 36 et seq. *Cf. F, p. 354, ll. 30 et seq:*

Enter Belleur, and two Gentlemen. . . .

Bel. You did laugh at me,
And I know why ye laughed.

1 Gent. I pray ye be satisfied;
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2 Gent. Alas, we know you not, Sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me; set your faces soberly;
Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no May-game;
Sadder; demurer yet . . .

Go off now backward, that I may behold ye;
And not a simp on your lives.

p. 251, l. 17. Neither *A* nor *B* mark any exit for Duretete. It might well come after *Victoria, Victoria*, leaving the rest of Mirabel's speech as a soliloquy.

p. 251, l. 19. *splenatick*: splenetick *B*.

p. 253, l. 33. *Femality*: Feminality *B* (*O.E.D.* gives Farquhar as its second instance of "Feminality," but does not quote him under "Femality.")

p. 256, l. 18. *Unexorable woman B*: Unexorable women *A*.

p. 257, Scene [III] corresponds to *F*, Act IV, Scene II from the entrance of Belleur.

p. 258, ll. 7, 13, 21, 22. "Confirm," "now, confess," "Puppy," "we are alone" are verbal coincidences with *F*, pp. 366-377.

p. 258, l. 26-p. 259, l. 5 *Cf. F, p. 368, ll. 10 et seq.*

Bel. Cry.

Ros. It will be hard to do, Sir.

Bel. Cry instantly;

Cry monstrously, that all the Town may hear thee;

Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy Monkey;

And as I like thy tears.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Enter Lilia, and four Women laughing.

Ros. Now.

Bel. How? how? do ye jear me?
Have ye broke your bounds again, Dame?

Ros. Yes, and laugh at ye,
And laugh most heartily.

Bel. What are these, Whirl-winds?
Is Hell broke loose, and all the Furies flutter'd?
Am I greas'd once again?

Ros. Yes indeed are ye; . . .
Do you come to vent your fury on a Virgin?
Is this your Manhood, Sir?

1 Wom. Let him do his best, . . .
I long to see him angry; Come, proceed, Sir.
Hang him, he dares not stir, a man of Timber.

2 Wom. Come hither to fright maids with thy Bul-faces?
To threaten Gentlewomen? Thou a man? A May-pole, . .

Bel. The Lord deliver me!

4 Wom. . . . we are all mistaken,
This is some mighty Dairy-maid in Mans Cloaths. . . .

Bel. What will they do to me!

Lil. . . . a man has manners;
A Gentleman, Civility, and Breeding:
Some Tinkers Trull, with a Beard glew'd on.

1 Wom. Let's search him;
And as we find him.

Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian-women. . .
If e'r I talk again of beating Women .
I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently,
I will do any thing.

p. 259, from re-entrance of Bizarre. Cf. *F*, Act IV, Scene III.

p. 260, l. 25—p. 262, l. 8. Cf. *F*, p. 372, ll. 8 *et seq.*

La-C. Alas poor Gentlewoman! do you know me, Lady?

Ori. I know ye very well; . . .

De-Gar. And who am I?

Ori. You are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir.

Oh oh, my heart! were ye never in love, sweet Lady?
And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens?
I dream of walking Fires; take heed, it comes now;
Who's that? pray stand away; I have seen that face sure;
How light my head is!

Ros. Take some rest.

Ori. I cannot,
For I must be up to morrow to go to Church,

THE INCONSTANT

And I must dress me, put my new Gown on,
And be as fine to meet my Love: Heigh ho!
Will not you tell me where my Love lies buried?

Mir. He is not dead: beshrew my heart, she stirs me. . . .
Give me your hand.

Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares on me!

Or. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred Sweet-hearts;
Will ye pray for me? I shall dye to morrow,
And will ye ring the Bells?

Mir. . . . do you know me?

Ori. I would I did.

Mir. Oh fair tears, how ye take me!

Ori. Do you weep too? you have not lost your Lover;
You mock me; I'll go home, and pray . . .

Mir. 'Pray ye pardon me: . . .

Lil. Let her alone, she trembles;
Her fits will grow more strong if ye provoke her.

La Cas. Certain she knows you not, yet loves to see ye: . . .

[Enter Belleur.]

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why do [not] you laugh? come, laugh at
me;

What a Devil! art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject as I am
Before thy face?

Mir. Prithee put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have us'd too much on't:
I have undone my self, and a sweet Lady, . . .
Which truly I repent; look here.

Bel. What ails she?

Mir. Alas, she's mad . . .

Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? by this [good] light they are all so;
They are coz'ning mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud mad:
They are all, all mad; I came from a World of mad Women . . .
Is she dead dost' think.

Mir. Dead! Heaven forbid.

Bel. Heaven further it;
For till they be key cold dead, there's no trusting of 'em,
Whate'r they seem, or howso'r they carry it,
Till they be chap-faln, and their Tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their Coffins sure, I'll ne'r believe 'em,
Shall I talk with her? . . .

Mir. Away, wild Fool: how vile this shews in him now! . . .
Now take my faith, before ye all I speak it . . .

TEXTUAL NOTES

Were but this Lady clear again . . .

. . . were she but perfect . . .

. . . I would take her

As she is now, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

De-Gar. This makes some small amends.

Ros. She beckons to ye,

To us too, to go off.

Nantolet. Let's draw aside all.

Ori. Oh my best friend; I would fain.

Mir. What? she speaks well,

And with another voice.

p. 261, l. 35. *further*: farther *B.*

p. 261, l. 42. *and she perfect now*: and she was perfect now *B.*

p. 262, ll. 23-31. Cf. *F.* p. 375, ll. 2-4, 17, 18, 22-3.

Ori. Will ye shame me?

Mir. Yes, marry will I: Come near, come near, a miracle;

The Woman's well; she was only mad for Marriage . . .

And am not I a rare Physician, Gentlemen,

That can cure desperate mad minds? . . .

. . . pray have a care of her,

For fear she fall into Relapse

p. 263, ll. 8, 12, 13. Cf. *F.* p. 375, ll. 13, 14; p. 377, ll. 27-29.

Bel. Did not I tell ye? Let 'em be what can be;

Saints, Devils, any thing, they will abuse us;

Mir. . . . I will out again.

Pm. We are for ye, Sir; we are your servants once more;

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange Countries, . . .

p. 264, ll. 22, 24 Cf. *F.* p. 381, ll. 16, 18, 19.

Bel. . . . new enticements to put off your journey . . .

Mir. No, no, never fear it:

I must needs see her, to receive my Legacy.

p. 265, ll. 7-9. Cf. *F.* p. 379, ll. 14-16:

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monsieur *Mirabel*, I take it?

Mir. Y'are i' th' right, Sir.

p. 265, l. 30. *loosing*: losing *B.*

p. 266, l. 24. *Page*: Tages *A, B, Leigh Hunt, Ewald.*

p. 268, l. 22. *do'e*: d'ye *B*; and so p. 269, l. 1.

p. 271, ll. 11-18. Cf. *F.* p. 387, ll. 26-32.

• *Lil.* . . . This Lady

We mean to wait upon as far as *Italy.*

Bel. I'll travel into *Wales*, amongst the mountains,

I hope they cannot find me.

TWIN RIVALS

Ros. If you go further;
So good, and free society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too

p. 271, l. 18. *but as it will*: but be't as it will *B*.

p. 271, l. 18. jog *B*, *F*. Joy *A*.

p. 271, ll. 22-25, 29-31. Cf. *F*, p. 388, ll. 10, 11, 24-28:

Bel. . . . But say we pass through *Germany*, and drink hard?

Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too . . .

Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.

Ros. I dare come to ye.

Bel. Say, I am dispos'd to hang my self?

Ros. There I'll leave ye.

Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid ye.

p. 272, l. 34. *a Ruffian, tho by*: a Ruffian, too by *A*, a Ruffian too; by *B*.

p. 274, l. 30. *before ye all*: before you all *B*.

p. 275, l. 5. *providential*: providential *B*.

Twin Rivals

A=The First Quarto, 1703.

B=The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar [1707].

The following misprints have been corrected:

p. 286, l. 21. *Splenetick*: Splentaick *A*.

p. 287, l. 21. *Constitution*: Constion *A*.

p. 287, l. 31. *Objections*: Objecteons *A*.

p. 295, l. 26. *Eye-Sores*: Eye-Pores *A*.

p. 297, l. 8. *bottom of my Heart*: bottom my Heart *A*.

p. 300, l. 22. *I think she has*: I think she's has *A*.

p. 303, l. 13. *t'other*: to' other *A*.

p. 305, l. 22. *the best*: the the *A*.

p. 305, ll. 33-34. *Is there a Will*: Is there is a Will *A*.

p. 306, l. 28. Man. *This must be done*: *A* gives this speech to Young Wou'dbee.

p. 307, l. 10. *our . . . yours*: your . . . ours *A*. Mandrake's following speech shows the correction (as in *B*) to be necessary.

p. 308, l. 29. *Good Noble Sir*: Good Noble, Sir *A*.

p. 316, l. 2. *Mr. Alderman*: Mr. Aldermen *A*.

p. 330, l. 23. *Precedent*: President *A*, *B*.

p. 332, ll. 6, 7. *You . . . are*: You . . . art *A*.

p. 334, l. 5. *bail*: fail *A*.

p. 335, l. 19. Const. *Indian Pieces*: no speaker's name in *A*.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 339, l. 40. *gilt*: guilt *A*.
 p. 341, l. 25. *already*: alrerdy *A*.
 p. 342, l. 8. *Hold, hold*: Hol, hold *A*.
 p. 343, ll. 32, 33. [*Looks over the Letters*]*—For Mr. Richmore*.
 [*Looks over the Letters for Mr. Richmore*] *A*;
 (*Looks over the Letters—For Mr. Richmore*) *B*.
 Obviously the words "For Mr. Richmore" must be spoken aloud.
- p. 348, l. 17. }
 p. 349, l. 8. } *Wou'dbee*: Woodbee *A*.
 p. 350, l. 18. *Yesh*: Yest *A, B*.
- p. 287, l. 8. *that*: those *B*.
 p. 294, l. 34. 'um . . . 'um: 'em . . . 'em *B*.
 p. 296, l. 10. *heighth*: height *B*.
 p. 297, l. 33. *Unconvenience*: inconvenience *B*.
 p. 298, l. 21. *to the Sin*: to sin *B*.
 p. 302, l. 1. *lk't*: like *B*.
 p. 303, l. 9. *easily*: easy *B*.
 p. 304, l. 16. *loosing*: losing *B*.
 p. 306, l. 9. *Mother*: Mothers *B*.
 p. 309, l. 13. *Brother*: Brother's *B*.
 p. 310, l. 24. *this Will*: his Will *B*.
 p. 321, l. 28. *whilst I am just*: Willam Archer says that down to this point the
 speech is evidently intended to be in blank verse, as Farquhar under-
 stood it.
- p. 322, l. 8. *Human*. Humane *B*.
 p. 322, l. 24. *unguarded*: unregarded *B*.
 p. 326, l. 6. *last Post*. the last Post *B*.
 p. 331, l. 15. *maake*: make *B*.
 p. 332, l. 8. *Omnes*. Om. *A*.
 p. 332, l. 29. *Mrs* · Mistress *B*.
 p. 341, l. 33. *was borned*: was borned *B*.
 p. 342, l. 20. *mine nown*: my nown *B*.
 p. 342, l. 32. *de Constable*: the Constable *B*.
 p. 343, l. 30. *nothing*: noting *B*.
 p. 348, l. 30. *much good may do you*: Willam Archer says surely a misprint for "you
 do"; but the expression is idiomatic for "may it do you," and
 occurs elsewhere in Farquhar.
- p. 349, l. 10. *E. W. Mandrake in Custody*: Willam Archer says: "Q1 and later
 editions give this speech to 'Elder Wouldbe,' but it ought surely
 to be assigned to the younger, Benjamin."

**EXPLANATORY
NOTES**

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Love and a Bottle

- p. 7, ll. 2, 3. *Peregrine, Lord Marquis of Carmarthen*. Peregrine Osborne (1658–1729) was the third son of Thomas Osborne (1631–1712). He became Viscount Osborne in 1674; Earl of Danby in 1689; and succeeded to the title by which he is here referred to, in 1694. In 1712, he succeeded his father (his brothers having died), and became second Duke of Leeds.
- p. 7, ll. 31, 32. *One of the greatest Emperors in the World*. Peter the Great, who, when he visited England in 1698, made no attempt to disguise the favour in which he held the Marquis of Carmarthen, to whom he offered a high command.
- p. 11, l. 4. *Thus far our arms*. Cf. Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*, Act I, Sc. 1.
 l. 29. *Times are very hard*. Much hardship and many beggars were the result of disbanding the army after the Peace of Ryswick, Sept. 20th, 1697. Farquhar makes several references to this event; cf. *The Constant Couple*, *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, and *Sir Harry Wildair*.
- p. 13, l. 1. *Pushing-Master*: fencing-master.
 l. 23. *Masks*. Masks were worn out of doors in place of veils when an attempt at disguise was made. *Masks* were usually women, whether amateur or professional, in search of a liaison.
 l. 30. *French Ware under Hatches*. French privateers were smugglers and therefore lawful prize. Another form of "French ware" prevalent at the time was the "French disease."
- p. 14, l. 5. *You had best send out your Pinnacle*. A double-entente. In addition to "small scout ship," *pinnacle* was colloquially used as *pimp* or *procuress*.
 l. 29. *High Topknots*. The fashion was to wear the hair rolled over wires and mounted high over the head. Cf. *High-Head* used in the same sense at p. 16, l. 6.
 l. 34. *Every thing . . . but Toads and Adders*. Because toads and adders had been driven out of Ireland by St. Patrick, as said below, p. 15, ll. 1, 2.
- p. 17, l. 19. *I never understand one that comes in formâ pauperis*. Cf. Wycherley, *The Plain Dealer*, III, 1, where Manly rids himself of the lawyer by the use of this phrase. Those who sue *in formâ pauperis* are entitled to be represented by any barrister who happens to be in court.
- p. 18, l. 42. *Spit out of his mouth*. Thus also Mrs. Day, in Howard's *The Committee*, I, 1: "As like the father as if it has been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him."
- p. 19, l. 2. *Pigsnye*: 'pig's eye': 'an endearing form of address . . . probably originating in children's talk and the fond prattle of nurses,' *O.E.D.*, with quotations (including this) from Chaucer onwards.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

p. 20, l. 17. *Tester*. A sixpence.

l. 22. *I've sweat out all my moisture of my hand*. Cf. Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, I, where the amorous Antonio says, "I've a moist sweaty palm; the more's my sin."

p. 21, l. 35. *well pleased with his natural parts*. Cf. Wycherley, *The Plain Dealer*, V, iii:

Oldfox: 'You shall be acquainted with my parts.'

Widow: 'Acquainted with your parts! A rape! A rape!'

p. 22, l. 27. *Sweet Powder*. Pulvil, a perfume, the chief ingredient in which was spirit of musk.

p. 23, l. 38. *Orpheus's fate*. Virgil, *Georgics*, IV, 520-522.

p. 25, l. 11. *A Case of Toyes*: i knick-knacks, trinkets.

l. 15. *Coupé*: a dance step. The dancer rests on one foot, and passes the other forward or backward, making a sort of salutation; hence, sometimes used for a bow made while advancing.

p. 26, l. 6. *Snush*. Snuff. The O.E.D. notes that this form was frequent c. 1680-1700, and was perhaps imitative of a sneezing sound. The practice of taking snuff became common in England during the 17th century. At first, every pinch taken was freshly grated (French, *Raper*, whence the coarser kinds were known as *rappee*). The plain Spanish was the cheapest, while *Orangerie* and *Bergamot* were expensive. Cf. Etheredge, *The Man of Mode*, III, ii: "Orangerie; you know the smell, Ladies." Also, Baker's *Tunbridge Walks*, IV, i: "A nice snuff-box, with the best orangerie." In the *London Gazette*, No. 5394/4 (1715), are advertised "Fine Portugal . . ., Burgemott, and Orangerie Snuffs."

l. 24. *A sort of Indians . . . they worship the first thing they see in the morning*, that is, their own image in the glass. In Cibber's *Double Gallant*, there is a slightly similar turn to this phrase (III, 1):

"*China-woman*: These are Pagods, Madam, that the Indians worship.

Lady Dainty: So far I am an Indian."

l. 33. *Alamire, Bifabemi*. . . . The notes of Guido Aretino's scale. *Alamire* is formed from a, la, mi, re,—names of notes of the musical scale.

p. 27, l. 36. *Peace broke out*. Ryswick, Sept. 20th, 1697.

l. 38. *I live still by dying, as the song goes*: Not identified.

p. 28, l. 7. *A very palpable crack*. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 295. Farquhar's Shakespearian references are largely from *Hamlet*.

l. 10. *Teach me my Honours*. An honour was a bow or obeisance. Cf. Wycherley, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, V, i; "They, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Courant." In D'Urfey, *Love for Money*, II, ii, the dancing-master "*sings a song to the Minuet as he dances with Miss Jenny*—

'Make your Honours, Misse, tholl, loll, loll,
Now to me childe, tholl, loll, loll'."

l. 35. *Corante*. A dance consisting of a time, a step, a balance and
'a coupé'. (See note on p. 25, l. 15.)

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 29, l. 39. *Beverage of your fine Gloaths.* *Beverage* is here used by Bullfinch to mean a "treat," (cp. drink-money, trinkgeld, pourboire). Mockmode misunderstands her, and Bullfinch alters her tone.
- p. 30, l. 1. *Champagne*, as an effervescent wine, seems to have been discovered some time after 1670 in consequence of Dom Pérignon's invention of cork to stopper bottles.
- l. 4. *Campaigne*: 'A Campaigne Wig hath knots or Bobs (or a Dildo on each side) with a Curled Forehead, a Travelling Wig.'
- R. Holme, *Armoury*, 1688.
- l. 32. *Butter'd Ale*: a beverage composed of sugar, cinnamon, butter, and beer brewed without hops.
- p. 31, ll. 17-18. *I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smoke*, i.e. born with a caul, like David Copperfield, and like him, lucky, in not being born to be drowned.
- p. 32, ll. 6, 7. *Will's Coffee House*: on the west side of Bow Street and at corner of Russell Street. It was named after Will Unwin, the landlord, and was much resorted to by literary men. Here Dryden had his chair reserved.
- l. 11. *Bedlam*: "I went to see new Bedlam Hospital . . . most sweetly placed in Moorfields, since the dreadful fire." Evelyn, 1678; and in *Love and Business* (ll. 303) Farquhar "went yesterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Assignment" as one might now go to the Zoo.
- l. 20. *Groaning Cheese* *Groaning*, i.e. lying in. The terms *groaning-chair*, *groaning-cake*, and *groaning-cheese* explain themselves as provided for that occasion. Halliwell.
- l. 32. *a Dog in the Well* I have no explanation to offer.
- p. 33, l. 4, and p. 39, l. 8. *The Sun Tavern* behind the Royal Exchange was built soon after the Great Fire in 1666 by John Wadlow, son of old Simon Wadloe, and his successor as landlord of the Devil Tavern. This latter stood between Temple Bar and Middle Gate, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church. It was also known as St. Dunstan's Tavern. Ben Jonson mentions it in *The Staple of News*. The sign depicted St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose. Reference also in Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*, and in Sedley, Pepys, Dryden, Montagu, and Prior.
- p. 35, l. 18. *Do you never pull off your Lades Shoes?* Cf. Otway's *Orphan*, IV, 1, where the Page says: "I told you what colour my Lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she garter'd them above the knee."
- l. 31. *Mr. Richardson*. Vaughan Richardson (1670 ? 1729), organist and composer. In June, 1693, he was appointed organist at Winchester Cathedral. In 1697, Richardson composed *An Entertainment of New Music on the Peace of Ryswick*, and in 1701 he published his *Collection of New Songs*, etc
- p. 37, l. 34. *Paper moths*: of which the larvæ devour paper; and so figuratively, by analogy, "bookworms."
- p. 39, l. 10 and p. 48, ll. 9, 10. *Play-things*: cf. Otway, *Caius Marius* (1680): "Sylla, too, a Boy, a woman's Play-thing."
- l. 34. *says Mr. Lee*: Nathaniel Lee (1653?-1692) in his *Sophonisba*.

LOVE AND A BOTTLE

- p. 41, l. 1. *Thalia*. . . *Melpomene*. The muses of Comedy and Tragedy, respectively. These classical allusions seem out of place in the mouth of Widow Bullfinch.
- l. 3. a *Stone-doublet* : slang for "prison."
- ll. 34-5, 39-41. *Conquest with Lawrels* : the five opening lines of *Sophonisba*.
- p. 42, l. 5. *Hurl'd dreadful fire*, etc: Lee's *Sophonisba*, I, i, 8.
- p. 43, l. 4. *And furious Lightnings*, etc.: Not identified.
- l. 10. *About Paul's*. Bookselling and publishing was concentrated near St. Paul's Cathedral, at this time.
- l. 30. *The English Rogue* described in the life of Meriton Latroon, by Richard Head, assisted by F. Kirkman, 1665
- l. 39. *Bull-Dogs*. Assistant sheriffs or proctors, as at Oxford and Cambridge.
- p. 44, l. 7. *A Game at Tables*: backgammon or tric-trac.
- l. 17. *But know, that I alone am king of me*. Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* : First Part; Almanzor, in his fourth speech.
- p. 45, l. 8. *Essex, a blow!* Cf. Banks' *Unhappy Favourite*, III:
- Essex*: Ha! Furies, Death and Hell! a Blow!
Has *Essex* had a Blow!—Hold, stop my Arm
Some God.
- p. 46, l. 15. *Hanging-sleeves*. The scholars' gown at the University.
- l. 17. *This fellow's an Atheist* : cf. Introduction, p. xii.
- p. 48, l. 29. *Hungary-bottle* : a distilled water, named after a Queen of Hungary, for whose use it was first prepared, made of rosemary flowers, infused in rectified spirit of wine, and distilled. Cf. Vanbrugh, *Provoked Wife*, V, vi: *Belinda*, "Your Ladyship seems disorder'd. A Breeding Qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree* : Your Bottle of Hungary water to your Lady."
- p. 52, l. 29. *Rochester*: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-80). "His songs have no particular character, they tell, like other songs, in smooth and easy language, of scorn and kindness, dismission and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the commonplaces of artificial courtship." Johnson.
- p. 54, l. 31 *Blowze*. A ruddy fat woman. "I had rather marry a faire one, and put it to the hazard, than to be troubled with a blowze." Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.
- l. 38. *the last Miscellanies*: I have not been able to identify this.
- p. 55, l. 3 *Coney-burrough*. Rabbit warren
- l. 41. *Cook upon Littleton* : A Latin treatise on Tenures by Sir Thomas Littleton (1422-81) with a translation and commentary by Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634): for long the principal authority on English real property law.
- p. 56, l. 2. *In sheets*. A delightful bon-mot. *In sheets* (need it be said?) is the term for a printed book before it is bound.
- l. 4. *Mirmydon*. The *Myrmidons*, or *Myrmekes*, were created out of ants to people the island of Ægina.

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- p. 58, l. 13. *Moorfields*. The popular resort of tradesmen and petty merchants "I warrant, you think you are in Moor-fields, seeing haberdashers walking with their whole fireside." Shadwell, *The Scourers*.
- p. 59, l. 17. *the Third Night*: the author's benefit.
- p. 62, l. 19. *Flanders lace*: this seems to have been one of the most frequent 'souvenirs' brought home by officers. Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, Vol. ii, p. 72, l. 13.
- p. 63, l. 3. *Hair of the same*, "Dog's hair heals dog's bite." Quoted *Edda Havamal*. 4to. 1665. Originally taken literally. Sir John Harington's *Englishman's Doctor*, 1608-9.

Si nocturna tibi noccat potatis uini
Hoc tu mane bibas iterum, fuerit medicina.

- p. 65, l. 37. *Green Gown*. To give a woman a green gown was to roll her upon the grass until her clothing was stained. Cf. Robert Greene's *George-a-Greene* (1599), when Jenkin says, "Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate-close. And first I saluted her with a greene gowne, and after fell as hard a wooing as if the Priest had bin at our backs to have married us." Cf. also Wycherley's *A Song to Phillis*; *who was angry that her Lover gave her a Green-gown*, calling him Rude and Ill-mannered for it. This begins:

Why *Phillis* shou'd you Rudeness call
My throwing you so gently down?
Had I not given thee the Fall,
Thou Reason hadst to call me Clown;
Since though I fell on top of Thee,
My Fall, not thine, it term'd should be.

- p. 66, l. 34. *Stone-horse*. an uncastrated or entire horse; a stallion.
- p. 67, l. 42. *Synaloepha*: the elision of a final vowel before an initial vowel as, *th'enemy* for *the enemy*.
- p. 71, ll. 29 30. *breath a Vein*: to open a vein; a favourite phrase of Dryden's: he uses it in the *Stanzas on Cromwell*, in *Palamon and Arcite*, in the *Spanish Friar* and in translating both Virgil and Juvenal.
- p. 72, l. 42. *the Fingallion fashion*: the *O.E.D.* does not explain this.
- p. 74, l. 9. *Edax Rerum*. "Tempus edax rerum," Ovid, *Met.* XV, 234. "O Time, thou that devourest things."
l. 10. *Vivitur Ingenio*: 'Let Wit flourish.'
- p. 75, l. 1. *Miss C*—s. Mrs. Cross, when a girl, spoke the prologue to the Third Part of "Don Quixote" with Horden at Drury Lane, in 1696. In 1699, she left the stage and eloped to France with a Baronet, and did not return for five or six years.
l. 15. *Comings in*. Dr. Schmidt was very much mystified by this obscene pun.

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

The Constant Couple

p. 85. *Sir Roger Mostyn*, (1675-1739), the third Baronet, was born at Leighton, Cheshire. Educated at Jesus Coll., Oxon, became Member of Parliament for Flintshire in 1701. It is interesting to note that there was no copy of "The Constant Couple" in the sale of Lord Mostyn's English Plays, Sotheby's, March 20th and 21st, 1919.

p. 86, l. 6. *third night*: the author's benefit.

l. 23. Steele also singled out Wilks' performance of this part for special commendation.

l. 26. *The Jubilee* The great celebration at Rome, which began on Christmas Eve, 1699.

p. 87, ll. 10, 11. *Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the Many.*

Farquhar frequently reiterated this principle; see Prologue to *Sir Harry Wildair*, and in *The Adventures of Covent Garden* and the correspondence.

l. 31. *Mounted friends*, i.e. in the gallery; the footmen, etc.

l. 33. *pay us—with your love*; referring to the practice of seeing a part of the performance without paying: see *The Beaux Stratagem*, IV. 11, where Archer says, "or be obliged to sneak into a side-box and steal two acts of a play." Cf. also Shadwell's *The Humours of the Army* for another such scene.

l. 34. *Dorset*. The Duke's Theatre (founded 1671), in Dorset Gardens, Fleet Street. On the accession of James II, its name was changed to "Queen's." In 1699, Rich let the theatre to "that strong dog Samson," one William Joy, a Kentish strong man, a portrait of whom is preserved in the special Theatre section of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. For a period in 1706, the Drury Lane Company acted at Dorset Gardens, and there played, among other pieces, Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer." But in 1709, the theatre was demolished, and "The Daily Courant" for June 1st advertised that fire wood might be had cheap.

p. 89. *A New Prologue*. See *Introduction*, p. xix.

l. 10. *B . . . re*. Perhaps Sir Richard Blackmore.

l. 12. *Bankrupt Brisco's fate*. Sam Briscoe, the publisher. See *Introduction*, p. xx.

l. 14. *T'other house*. Dorset Gardens.

l. 32. *Shakespeare's ghost*. Betterton began his Shakespeare revivals at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1699. Oldmixon wrote an Epilogue to a revised version of *Measure for Measure*, which was spoken by Verbruggen in the character of Shakespeare's ghost. Malone supposes this

EXPLANATORY NOTES

performance to have been in February, 1699-1700, which does not conflict with the date of the New Prologue. Gildon's adaptation was certainly a bad one; the whole of the first act was omitted, except the scene between the Duke and Friar, part of which was transposed. The whole is garbled, and musical entertainments were introduced at odd moments.

p. 94, l. 1. *Hobbs*: Thomas Hobbes, whose "*Leviathan*" was a standard example of atheism and materialism in philosophy

ll. 15, 16. *French wines in Spanish casks*. The importation of all French goods was strictly prohibited. Smuggling French products under the guise of another nationality was very prevalent.

l. 21. *A red coat and feather*. Since the Peace of Ryswick, the struggle between King William and his Parliament over disbanding the army had been a topic which aroused much popular partisanship. Gallants were often called *Plumeys* on account of the plume in their hats. Cf. also Dryden, *An Evening's Love*, l. 1, "I guess them to be Feathers in the English Ambassador's train."

p. 95, l. 6. *The Rummer*. The famous Rummer Tavern, two doors from Locket's between Whitehall and Charing Cross; the site is to-day occupied by The Ship Restaurant, 45 Charing Cross. It was long kept by one Samuel Prior, uncle of the poet; the connection of the Prior family with the tavern did not cease until 1702. Matthew Prior wrote to Fleetwood Shephard,

*"My Uncle, rest his soul ' when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving:
Taught me with cider to replenish
My wats, or ebbing tide of Rhemsh.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine"*

There were, at various dates, several taverns of the same name, but this is the one which Hogarth introduced in his picture, *Night*, and where Jack Sheppard committed his first robbery by stealing two silver spoons

l. 7. *Hungary*; at this time allied to England in fighting the Turks, who sided with France. It was not uncommon for disbanded officers to join the Hungarian forces.

p. 96, l. 39. *Groomporter*. This post, which was the gift of the Lord Chamberlain, was then held by Thomas Neale. A prerogative of the office was to carry on a high-class gambling establishment in the officials' quarters in St James's Palace. Pepys complained, in 1688, that the frequenters were of low character; but at this date the play was high, and the King himself sometimes patronized the tables. The Groom-porter's privileges were abolished at the accession of George III.

l. 41. *Doctor's Commons*: the common table and dining-hall of the Association or College of Doctors of Civil Law in London, to the south of St. Paul's Cathedral. The business included all matters of ecclesiastical

THE CONSTANT COUPLE

law, prosecutions for heresy, divorce suits, licences for marriage, etc. Literary references are usually to the registration or probate of wills, to marriage licences, or to proceedings for divorce.

- p. 97, l. 2. *The Ring*; a circle in Hyde Park, surrounded by trees and forming, in the height of the season, a fashionable ride and promenade. According to an old poem entitled *The Circus; or British Olympicks; a Satyr on the Ring in Hyde Park*, nearly a thousand coaches could be seen there of an evening.

Pope tells the following anecdote concerning Wycherley and the Ring: "Wycherley was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleveland began oddly enough. One day as he was passing that Duchess's coach in the Ring, she leaned out of the window and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, 'Sir, you are a rascal; you're a villain!' (Alluding to a song in *Love in a Wood*.) Wycherley, from that instant", Pope comments, "entertained hopes" Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer.

"To scandal next—what awkward thing
Was that, last Sunday, in the Ring."

Swift, "Cadenus and Vanessa."

l. 6. *Stivers*: the stiver was a small coin (originally silver) of the Low Countries, and the word was afterwards used as a type of a coin of small value, or of a small amount of money.

l. 7. *Landen*. Fought July 19th, 1693, between the Allies under William II of England and the French, when the latter were victorious. It was in this battle that Corporal Trim was wounded in the left knee.

l. 16. *Ruelle*. The space in a bedchamber between the wall and the bedside, where visitors sat who called in the morning.

- p. 100, l. 11. *Pulvil*: a perfume, the chief ingredient of which was spirit of musk.

l. 13. *Thames Street*. Then, as now, occupied by the Customs House and the adjacent warehouses. "Foh! I hate a lover that smells of Thames Street." Wycherley, *The Plain Dealer*, II. 1

l. 14. *Princesse's*. A small coffee-house near the New Exchange in the Strand.

l. 33. *The Practice of Piety*. William Archer suggested that this refers to *Of the Daily Practice of Piety; also Devotions and Prayers in Time of Captivity*, London, 1660. But it seems more likely that the book should have been Bishop Lewis Bayly's *The Practice of Piety, directing a Christian how to Walke, that he may please God, amplified by the Author*. There were many editions of this work, the third in 1613, the thirty-fifth in 1635: new editions appeared until 1821. "Foh! What a smell of sin is here! Let me look about; if there be a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the room, I am sure I have guessed right." Otway, *The Souldiers Fortune*, V. i. Ben Jonson refers to the same book in *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*, 1621.

- l. 34. *Orangery*. An expensive snuff. See note to *Love and a Bottle*, p. 26, l. 6.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 105, ll. 30, 31. *Like light and heat incorporate we lay.* From Lee's *Sophonisba*, I. l. 33. *Bordel*: brothel.
- p. 107, l. 9. *Goldfinches*: "the vulgar still call our gold coins, goldfinches." Steevens, *Shakespeare Plays*, 1780.
l. 42. *Exeunt, as into the house*, i.e. into the back rooms, or private apartments.
- p. 108, ll. 11, 12. *Act of Parliament against wenching*, as in the days of Cromwell.
- p. 111, l. 32. *Cut and Long-Tail*: of all sorts and conditions, as in a stable of horses or kennel of dogs.
- p. 113, l. 18. *Namur*; taken by the French in 1692, and recaptured by the English and Dutch in 1695.
- p. 114, l. 22. *Tide-waiter*: a Customs House officer
- p. 117, l. 17. *Tom Errand*: his wife calls him Timothy, p. 129, l. 42, but 'Tom Errand' would be his professional name, see l. 30 below.
l. 17. *Blue Posts*. There were several taverns of this name, including one in the Haymarket, noted for its excellent table: and another in Spring Gardens, a famous Jacobite resort, near the Rummer Tavern (See note to p. 95, l. 6.) But in *The Adventures of Covent Garden* the tavern is called the Black Posts.
- p. 118, l. 25 *Bona Roba*: courtesan.
- p. 125, l. 7. *d'ye banter*. *Banter* was a new and fashionable word, of uncertain origin, over which there was much controversy. Locke (*Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, 1690, III. ix., 7) said, "He that first brought the word . . . banter in use, put together as he saw fit, those Ideas he made it stand for." Swift, in the *Apology for the Tale of a Tub* (1710), says that *banter* "was first borrowed from bullies in White Friars, then fell to the footmen, and at last retired to the pedant." "I have done my utmost for some years to stop the progress of *Mobb* and *Banter*," he adds in the *Tatler*, 230 (1710).
- p. 126, l. 42. *Cassandra*, Calprenède's "far-famed romance," was translated into English in 1652, and again, by Cotterell, in 1661, and was often reprinted.
- p. 128, l. 7. *Hansel*: to inaugurate with a ceremony. Cf. Brome's *Court Beggar*, II. 1., "Take heede I begin not now to handsell your Ladies house . . . and your gentlewoman's presence here with a fist around your ears."
- p. 131, l. 8. *sa, sa*: the French exclamation *ça, ça*, formerly used by fencers when delivering a thrust, and so attributively as a nickname for a fencing-master.
l. 9. *coupé*: "coupee," a dance step . . . the dancer rests on one foot and passes the other forward or backward, making a sort of salutation; hence, sometimes used for a bow made while advancing.
l. 29 *Rummer*. See note to p. 95, l. 6.
- p. 137, l. 38. *Cunning-man*: conjurer, astrologer, wizard, clairvoyant.
- p. 138, l. 23. *Succubus*. A demon in female form who has intercourse with sleeping men.
- p. 140, l. 4. *Loches*: a small freshwater fish; from this passage and one in *The Inconstant* (p. 227, l. 21), we may suppose they were eaten to provoke thirst.

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- p. 141, l. 7. *The Rival Queens* : by Nathaniel Lee, first acted in 1677.
 l. 8. *O my Statira* : from Lee's *The Rival Queens*, III, i.
 p. 143, l. 6. *Roxana and Statira*, the rival queens in the above play.
 p. 145, l. 12. *an honest Gentleman* : Jeremy Collier.
 p. 146, l. 11. *Enter Standard*. Certain translators have seen fit to add here some sort of introductory speech to give Standard a reason for arriving, e.g. the Danish version adapted by Schroder, Copenhagen, 1868, and the Hungarian version by Rajza, 1850.
 p. 147, l. 28. *Eating chalk*. Cf. *Gallantry A-la Mode, a Satirical Poem* (1674):

We Matrons it Green-sickness call
 Or Fits of th' Mother, that befall
 Young Virgins, 'cause they Charcoale eate,
 Or Chalk, and nauceate wholesome meat.

Gnawing the sheets. Cf. Ben's Ballad in *Love for Love*, III:

For now the Time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
 And gnaw the Sheets in Vain, Sir,
 And lie o' Nights alone.

Cf. also Shadwell's *The Miser*, Cheatly's Song, Act II

I revenge my selfe upon the innocent sheet,
 Where in rage I have oftentimes made my Teeth meet.

I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
 And nothing but *Chalk, Lime, or Oatmeal* can eat.

- l. 34. *Send for the Dean and Chapter*, to lay the spirit
 p. 150, l. 6. *Manly*. Mrs Manley's father was Sir Roger Manley
 p. 153, l. 5. *Hippolito's*, in Covent Garden was a sort of divan and tavern.
 l. 6. *The Rose*: The Rose Tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden, adjoined Drury Lane Theatre. It was kept by the widow of a man named Long Here Pepys "got half a mutton off the spit and dined alone;" and here opens Prior's *The Hind and the Panther*. here the notorious George Powell spent much of his time and drank himself into insensibility, and Col. Burgess killed Hildebrand, the actor. Many of the dramatists of the period refer to the Rose. Swift commemorated it with the lines:

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A Club assembled at the Rose,
 Where from discourse of this and that
 I grow the subject of their chat.

- l. 12. *Locket's*, a famous ordinary two doors from the Rummer, on the site of Drummond's Bank, Charing Cross.

For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
 And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing.

Dr. William King, *The Art of Cookery*.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

p. 153, l. 16. *Monteth*: "This year (1683) . . . came up a vessel or bason notched at the brims to let drinking glasses hang there by the foot so that the body or drinking place might hang in the water to coole them. Such a bason was called a 'Monteigh,' from a fantastical Scot called 'Monsieur Monteigh,' who at that time or a little before wore the bottom of his cloake or coate so notched — — — —." Wood, *Life*.

l. 28. *Cornhill and Cheapside*: these places were then much the same as in the days of John Gilpin. Swift wrote to Gay, 10th Sept., 1731, "You are as arrant a Cockney as any hosier in Cheapside."

Sir Harry Wildair

p. 161. *The Earl of Albemarle*. Arnold Joost Van Keppel, first Earl of Albemarle (1669–1718), military leader and confidant of the King. In 1701 he was appointed Colonel of the first regiment of Swiss in Dutch Service. It was probably in Holland that Farquhar made his acquaintance some months before the production of *Sir Harry Wildair*.

p. 163, l. 3. *Prologu'd their own by damning other plays*. Oldmixon. See Introduction, p. xix

l. 11. *Vossius*, Gerard Johann Voss (1577–1649), German classical scholar and theologian. Professor of rhetoric and Greek at Leiden.

Scaliger. Joseph Justus Scaliger (1540–1609), 'the greatest scholar of modern times' (*Encyclopædia Britannica*).

Hédelin. François Hédelin, Abbé d'Aubignac (1664–76). Poet.

Rapin. René Rapin (1621–87). French Jesuit and Latin poet

l. 17. *Footmen*. The footmen occupied the upper gallery, free of charge, when attending their masters. Their conduct was often obnoxious and loud.

l. 29. *Number Three*: the third night, the author's benefit.

l. 30. *Masques*. Once worn as veils, but at this date were only worn by prostitutes or courtesans.

p. 165, l. 10. *Baltick*. England had sent a fleet to help the Swedes under Charles XII against the Russians in June 1700.

p. 166, l. 16. *White's Club*, 37–38 St. James's Street, was established about 1698 as a Chocolate-House. As the most fashionable of the chocolate-houses (see *Tatler*, No. 1) it would hardly have been the resort of Fireball

l. 18. *Ratelia*: a liqueur flavoured with peach, apricot or cherry kernels.

p. 167, l. 34. *Namur*: retaken by the English under William III, in 1695. It was here that Uncle Toby received his wound in the groin.

l. 40 and often elsewhere. *with a witness*: with clear evidence, without a doubt, "with a vengeance," "and no mistake" •

SIR HARRY WILDAIR

- p. 168, l. 18. *Burgundy*: a new head-dress. *O.E.D.* has no other illustration than "The Constant Couple, II, 1. i.," i.e. this very reference.
- l. 22. *Pinners*: a coif with two long flaps, one on each side, pinned on and hanging down, and sometimes fastened at the breast.
- l. 24. *the Favourites*: a curl or lock of hair hanging loose on the temples (cf. French *favoris*, whiskers).
- l. 25. *the Caul*: a close-fitting cap, worn by women.
- p. 170, l. 26. *Gray's Inn pieces*: A gang of coiners had been lately arrested whose headquarters were at Lincoln's Inn. (Ewald.)
- l. 35. *The Ring*: cf. note to *The Constant Couple*, p. 97, l. 2.
- p. 171, l. 18. *Taillés*: deals the cards.
- l. 20. *Basset*: an obsolete game of cards, resembling Faro. Evelyn encountered it at 1645 in Venice.
- l. 22. *Sufferers for their religion* The revocation of the Edict of Nantes caused an influx of French Protestant refugees into England.
- l. 29. *Comings-in*, i.e. income.
- l. 41. *Pattins*: clogs with bars across the soles to raise the feet from the pavement.
- The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.
Gay's *Trivia*.
- "Men are desired to scrape their shoes and the Women their Pattens before they enter this Church." Inscription at Stoke Albany Church.
- p. 172, l. 3. *Fleet-ditch*. The Fleet which runs into the Thames was at Blackfriars at this time little better than an open sewer.
- p. 173, l. 19. *Hot-cockles*. A game in which one covers his eyes and guesses who strikes him. The ancient equivalent of the modern American game of Hot-hand.
- p. 174, l. 23. *Smyrna*. The Smyrna Coffee-house, on the north side of Pall Mall, at the corner of Crown Court Swift wrote to Stella, "Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance." Beau Nash used to wait all day at the window to receive a bow from the Prince or the Duchess of Marlborough as they passed.
- p. 175, l. 5. *Disbanded officers*. see note to *Love and a Bottle*, p. 11, l. 29.
- l. 38. *the Birth-night*. Anne had miscarried in February 1696, December 1697, September 1698, and January 1700. She had given birth to a daughter in October 1690, and to a son in April 1692; both died almost immediately.
- p. 177, l. 30. *Locket's*: a famous ordinary, on the site of Drummond's Bank, Charing Cross.
- p. 178, l. 31. *Paroli*: In faro and similar card-games, the leaving of the money staked and the money won as a further stake; the staking of double the sum previously staked.
- p. 180, l. 22. *Pistols*: a name formerly applied to certain foreign gold coins, and in Farquhar's time to the Scottish twelve-pound piece of William III, 1701, = £1 English.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 181, l. 15. *The King of Spain*: Charles II, the last of the Austrian line, whose death led to the accession of the Duc d'Anjou, and the War of Succession.
- l. 22. *Thatched House Tavern*, St. James's Street, was made by Gildon the scene of his *Comparison of the Two Stages* (1702). At a somewhat later date, it was the headquarters of *The Society of the Dillettanti*.
- l. 43. *Knave more pow'rful than a King*. The knave of Clubs at Lanterloo, was the highest card. Cf. Crowne, *Sir Courtly Nice*, III: "Thou art the only Court card that women love to play with; the very Pam at Lanterloo, the knave that picks up all."
- p. 182, l. 4. *Capot at piquet, paroli at basset*. "Which of them soever wins all the cards . . . he shall reckon Fourty; and this is called a Capot." *Royal Game of Piquet*, 1651. For *Paroli at Basset*, cf. note to p. 178, l. 31.
- l. 5. *Ombre . . . Mattadors*. "The Matadors (or killing Cards) in Ombre which are the *Spadillo*, *Mallillo*, and *Basto* are the chief cards." Cotton, *Compleat Gamester*, 1680.
- l. 9. *Comet*, also called *Manille*, was among the popular card games. Cf. Shadwell's *Bury Fair*, I. 1: "Conversation mixed now and then with ombre, trump, comet or Incertain." Cf. also, Southerne's *Maid's Last Prayer*, III. iii; "You have won above £600 of her at Comet."
- l. 27. *the Singing Birds*: i.e. "Goldfinches," gold coins, guineas or sovereigns. See note on p. 107, l. 9.
- p. 186, ll. 9, 10. *the new Revolution in Europe*, consequent upon the death of Charles II of Spain, and the disputed succession.
- l. 32. *you mau'd Copenhagen*: on 4 August, 1700.
- l. 33. *King of Sweden* Charles XII.
- p. 187, l. 30. *a Flying-post* a post travelling by relays of horses.
- p. 189, ll. 9, 10. *Dr. Swan*, of whom Dennis said, "For the management of quibbles and dice there is no man comes near him." In *Joe Miller's Jests* (1739) —we have, "Swan, the famous Punster of Cambridge, being a Non-juror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the *Strand*, in the beginning of King William's Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney-Coachman called to him; Sir, won't you please take Coach, it rains hard? Ay, Friend, said he, but this is no Reign for me to take Coach in."
- In the Prologue to Ravenscroft's *The Italian Husband* (1697) are the lines,
- With Swanish Puns you may regale the Cit
Their swinish taste delights in husks of Wit.
(Summers)
- l. 11. *Bank of England*, founded July 27th, 1694.
- l. 15. *Slashed doublets* which were mentioned by Shirley (in 1633) and Quarles (in 1649) as the height of fashion.
- l. 28. *a Repose*: a couch or sofa. The *O.E.D.* has no other instance than this.
- l. 32. *The naked statue* was celebrated by several poetical lampoons.
- p. 191, l. 3. *Mutton-Commons*. *Mutton* was colloquially used to signify a whore.

THE INCONSTANT

- p. 192, l. 39. *Press this fellow.* Farquhar protests more than once about the pressing of men for service. Cf. note to *The Recruiting Officer*, Vol. ii, p. 101.
- p. 197, l. 33. *Locks about St. James's.* Most of the houses backing on the Park had doors opening into it. A special licence from the Lord Chamberlain was necessary to have a key.
- p. 199, ll. 41, 42. *Drunk as a drum* was a common expression. "Faith I am drunk as a Drum," says Timothy in *The Miser*, IV. i (1672).
- p. 202, l. 32. *Fient a la tate.* See note to p. 205, l. 27.
- p. 204, l. 22. *Quint and quatorze:* in basset.
- p. 205, l. 13. *White, etc.* Proprietors of Taverns and Coffee-houses.
 l. 27. *Sa, sa, sa, &c:* See note on p. 131, l. 8.
Fient a la Tate, feint at the head, in fencing.
Embaracade: this word is unknown to English and French dictionaries, and to Sir William Hope.
Quart sur redouble: to redouble in fencing is to repeat a thrust or stroke. 'When a Main holdeth the Nails of his Sword-hand quite upward, he is said to hold his hand in Quart.' Sir W. Hope, *Fencing-Master*, 1692.
- p. 208, l. 10. *Oronooko*, or, *The Royal Slave* (1696), by Thomas Southerne (1660-1746).
The Mourning Bride (1697), by William Congreve (1670-1729).
 l. 13. *Abell.* John Abell (c. 1660-c. 1774), alto singer, lutanist, songwriter and collector. He fled to the Continent during the Revolution of 1688, and returned to England in 1700
- p. 209, l. 26. *Pit-Masque.* Cf. notes to p. 13, l. 23, and p. 163, l. 30
- p. 211, l. 31. *Tre Tousand Refugee.* Cf. note to p. 171, l. 22

The Inconstant

- p. 219 *Richard Tighe.* It is apparent from the dedication itself, that he was a contemporary of Farquhar's at Trinity College, Dublin.
- p. 221, l. 4. *Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase* presented at court in 1621, but not published till 1652. It had therefore only been known in printed form for fifty years, when Farquhar adapted it.
 l. 6. *a kind of Cremona business:* on February 1st, 1702, Prince Eugene surprised the Duc de Villeroi at Cremona, just at daybreak, and took him prisoner. See also note to p. 230, l. 42 below.
 l. 12. *Pliny tells us in his Natural History*, lib. VIII, 2.
 l. 14. *the great Mogul out of Fleet-street:* 'During Queen Anne's reign, the wonders of Fleet Street were at their height. In 1702 (among many other monstrosities) "a great Lincolnshire ox, nineteen hands high, four yards long . . . was on view at the White Horse, where the great elephant was seen"' (*Old and New London*, i. 34) and this great elephant was, I believe, "the great Mogul."
 l. 16. *about two years ago, I had a Gentleman from France.* The Marquis, in *Sir Harry Wildair* (1701).
 • ll. 38, 39. *my sixth night:* his second benefit.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 222, l. 17. *Chevalier de Chastillon*: probably Alexis-Henri, Chevalier (afterwards Marquis) de Châtillon, 1650-1737, 'capitaine des gardes du corps de Monsieur en 1674, puis premier gentilhomme de sa chambre et chevalier l'Ordre. . . . Il n'avoit ni pain, ni sens, ni esprit . . . il avoit fait sa fortune par sa figure . . . qui étoit singulièrement belle.' There are some references to him in Saint-Simon's *Memoires* and Madame de Sevigné's letters, but not this story.
- p. 223, l. 4. *Mr. Motteux*. Peter Anthony Motteux, the dramatist and translator, who collaborated with Farquhar in translating *The Stage-Coach*. He also wrote the Prologue to *The Twin Rivals*.
- l. 22. *Italian Capon*: Italian sopranos or castrati.
- ll. 23, 24. *French Virgin-Pullet . . . four hundred pound*. This is not the only protest against the importation of foreign, and in particular French and Italian performers, at salaries far exceeding anything paid to an English actor. Cf. Introduction,
- p. 225, l. 37. *the Bagneurs*: say 'the Turkish bath.'
- p. 226, l. 33. *Green Sickness*: 'an anæmic disease which most affects young women about the age of puberty and gives a pale or greenish tinge to the complexion: chlorosis' *O.E.D.*
- l. 38. *Prester John*. Many are the legends which collected about the mythical Eastern priest and King. The first authentic mention of Prester John is to be found in the *Chronicle* of Otto, Bishop of Freising, in 1145. Already the most extravagant stories had gathered, and they increased apace during the centuries. Even the country ruled over by this Presbyter-King was uncertain. The oldest map on which America is mentioned, 1507, places this realm in Tibet: "This is the land of the good King and Lord, known as Prester John, lord of all Eastern and Southern India, lord of all the Kings of India, in whose mountains are to be found all kinds of precious stones." In later times general opinion had it that Abyssinia was the Presbyter's territory. On the *Carte Marina* (1516) it is placed in Africa. "Regnum Habesch et Habacci Presbiteri Ioh sive India Maior Ethiopie." (Summers)
- p. 227, l. 21. *Loches*: 'a small European fish inhabiting small clear streams, and highly prized for food; . . . any fish of the family *Cobitidae*.'—*O.E.D.* See note on p. 140, l. 4.
- p. 228, l. 17. *hatching . . . over a Tub of Ice*: in which was their champagne.
- l. 24. *a Puff Wig*, 'a puffed or full wig.' *O.E.D.*
- p. 230, l. 20. *A Side-box Face* cf. Congreve, *Love for Love*, V, 11, 'Hang your side-box beaux.'
- l. 42. *Chiari*. Chiara, a victory of Prince Eugene, who severely defeated, on September 1st, 1701, François de Neufville, Duc de Villeroy, favourite of Madam de Maintenon.
- p. 231, l. 17. *Charmer*: The point of this is lost. The *N.E.D.* knows the dance only by this very reference.

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p. 235, l. 10. *Barbara, etc.* The scholastic mnemonic lines for figures and moods of the syllogism.

l. 17. *a Conquest above the Alps*: Hannibal's, 218 B.C.

l. 22. *Categorimaticæ*: 'Categorematic. Of a word: capable of being used by itself, as a term. Categorematical = Categorical.' *O.E.D.*

p. 239, l. 37. *can you drink a health under your Leg*: no doubt passing the glass under the lifted leg without mishap.

p. 244, l. 20. *Crambo*, in which one person gives a line to which another gives a rhyme. Cf. Congreve's *Love for Love*, I, i. 'Get the Maids to Crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of Rhiming.'

Dumb-Crambo survives, and on this *The Week-End Book* may be consulted.

p. 245, l. 25. *At Regina dolos, &c.* This and the following quotations are from the fourth book of the *Æneid* (with line-numbers as below). The translations are Dryden's.

and thus [The Queen] began.

Base and ungrateful, cou'd you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd scape a Lover's Eye!

[V. 296-8; D. 440-2.]

ll. 39, 40. *Nec te noster amor, etc.*

Nor cou'd my Kindness your Compassion move,
Nor plighted Vows, nor dearer bands of Love!
Or is the Death of a despairing Queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?

[V. 307-8; D. 443-6.]

p. 246, l. 5. *Quæ quibus antiferam, etc.*

Nor Juno views my Wrongs with equal eyes.

[V. 371; D. 534.]

ll. 12, 13. *Perfide, sed duris, etc.*

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from Noble Blood, nor Goddess-born,
But hewn from hardned Entrails of a Rock;
And rough Hyrcanian Tygers gave thee suck.

[V. 366-7; D. 522-5.]

ll. 16, 17. *I, sequare Italiam, etc.*

Go seek thy promis'd Kingdom through the Main:
Yet if the Heav'ns will hear my Pious Vow,
The faithless Waves, not half so false as thou;
Or secret Sands, shall Sepulchers afford,
To thy proud Vessels, and their perjurd Lord.

[V. 381-2; ll. 549-53.]

p. 247, l. 8. *the Puss*: a hare. Cf. Etheredge, *She would if she could*, IV, ii.

'If a leveret be better meat than an old puss.'

p. 249, l. 39.* *the Mother*: hysteria.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 253, l. 6. *Filles Repenties*: probably a convent of reformed magdalens.
- p. 254, l. 32. *To draw him on, keep him off, to be sure*. Did this suggest the song in "The Beggar's Opera" which begins: "Polly, you might have toyed and kissed"?
- p. 256, l. 31. *Ex Inferis*: from the nether regions.
- p. 258, l. 41. *Trull*: 'a low prostitute or concubine; drab, strumpet, trollop.'
O.E.D.
- p. 259, l. 35. *con Pompos*: i.e. *non compos*.
- p. 264, l. 12. *did Phillis inspire you with all this?* one must suppose Phillis to have been the heroine of the Play they have just witnessed; but I cannot identify it. See note on p. 267, l. 43.
- p. 265, ll. 11, 12. *a Protestant Gentleman, flying for his Religion*: after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685
- p. 267, l. 20. *Mustapha*: Farquhar may have taken the name from Lord Orrery's *Mustapha*, 1665
l. 30. *Tour*. 'manner or mode of being,' O.E.D., with this quotation.
l. 43. *The new Song—Prethee Phillis*: In *Westminster Drollery*, II, 1672 is a song, "Prithee, tell me, Phillis, why so pensive now," which would not be inappropriate here. It is to be found in Arber's *British Anthologies*, vi, 289.
- p. 268, l. 27. *In a Western Barge, Sir*. I cannot pretend to see the point of this.
l. 40. *Tompion*. Thomas Tompion, 1639-1713, was "the father of English watch-making". He was made free of the Clockmakers' Company in 1671, and gained for himself an international reputation. His portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, hangs in the Horological Institute.
- p. 274, l. 14. *Treat you with a Cart*. Referring to the practice of carting criminals and bawds through the streets.
- p. 276, l. 2. *Mr. O——r*. I have not been able to identify this lyricist.
l. 3. *Daniel Purcell* (1660'-1717), younger brother of the great Henry Purcell.
- p. 277, l. 2. *Nathaniel Rowe*. Although this appears in all editions, this is undoubtedly Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist.
l. 17. *Villeroy*. See notes to p. 221, l. 6, and p. 230, l. 42.

The Twin-Rivals

- p. 285. *Henry Brett* (d. 1724). An intimate friend of Colley Cibber, was thrice M.P. for Bishop's Castle, Salop, between 1701 and 1708. A colonel in the army, and companion of Addison, he is said to be *Colonel Rambler*, of the *Tatler*, No. 7. At one time Brett had a share in the patent of the Drury Lane Theatre.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

p. 286, l. 5. *Mr. Collier's "Short View"*: Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, first published 1698.

p. 287, l. 6. *Long Lane clothes*: i.e. second hand. Long Lane, which runs from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street, was a street very popular among dealers in second-hand clothes.

l. 37. *Mr. Longueville*. The *Dictionary of National Biography* identifies this as William Longueville (1639–1721), lawyer, and friend of 'Hudibras' Butler, whose executor he was, and whom he buried at his own expense. Roger North spoke of him as "one of his most esteemed friends and companions. His discourse was fluent, witty, literate, copious, and instructive." He had the best Latin sentences at his tongue's end, but was accused by some critics of talking too much. As this gentleman lived on the east side of Bow Street, Covent Garden, he may well have been a companion of Farquhar

A marginal note in the *Biographia Britannica* (ed. 1793, Vol. V) says that Longueville was "as we are told, our author's countryman, and a fencing master, as was also his son James; and that he laboured to produce a comedy, but without success." It does seem unlikely that any one but an Irishman could have given help in composing the lines of Teague.

p. 289, l. 2. *Mr. Motteux*. Peter Anthony Motteux, dramatist and translator, who collaborated with Farquhar in translating *The Stage-Coach*. He also wrote the Prologue to *The Inconstant*.

l. 32. *Venloo* was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, September 23rd, 1702, and Liège on October 29th of the same year.

p. 290, l. 10. *Thurd . . . Sixth*. The author's nights.

p. 293, l. 27. *break her windows*. A frequent revenge upon whores by their victims. Cf. note on *The Recruiting Officer*, vol II, p 65.

p. 294, l. 4. *The Flying Post*. A newspaper, issued three times a week; founded in 1615 by George Ridpath.

l. 6. *Pit-Masks*, cf *Love and a Bottle*, p. 13, l. 27 and note.

l. 7. *The Ring*. See note to *The Constant Couple*, p. 97, l. 2.

l. 7. *Pawlet's* Pawlet or Powlet House, the correct name of which was Winchester House, Austin Friars, Old Broad Street. It was once owned by the Augustine Friars, but given to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester, by Henry the Eighth. In 1602, it was sold to John Swinnerton, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. Or, as William Archer suggested, Pawlett's Great Dancing-Room, near Dowgate, where, under date of June 30th, 1702, was announced a concert, with singing by Mr. Hughes. It is just questionable whether this would have been mentioned in the same breath with the Ring, the Court, and the Park.

l. 22. *Doctor Chamberlain*. Hugh Chamberlen, probably the younger (1664–1728), as his father was at this date busy with politics. He was famous for his skill in midwifery. Chamberlen studied at Leyden and graduated from Cambridge; was a friend of Swift's and many distinguished men.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 296, l. 8. *the Pad*: footpad, robber.
- l. 21. *pay your Club of Friendship*: stand your share of the expenses.
 - l. 30. *Balderdash*: (etymology unknown). Froth or frothy liquid, or a jumbled mixture of liquors.
 - l. 36. Balderdash must have brought more than one glass, for he too drinks. 'Glass' is not singular, but collective = glassware.
- p. 298, l. 8. *a Covey of Pit-Partridges*: cf. *Love and Business*, Vol. ii, p. 304, ll. 22-24.
- "If I must cater for myself, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my choice of a whole Covy."
- l. 29. *What 'is Broad below*. "Doubtless a reference to Jacob Broad, a celebrated bailiff. See 'The Comical and Tragical History of the Lives and Adventures of the most noted Bayliffs in and about London and Westminster . . . and particularly the Life of Jacob Broad of Merry Memory,' by Captain Alexander Smith, 1723." (Archer.)
- p. 300, l. 16 *Pith*: the tenderest part.
- p. 304, ll. 27, 28. *the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park*: 'It was considered a grave breach of propriety to draw a sword in St. James's Park. "If we were not in the Park," says Booth in Chap. V, Bk. 5, of Fielding's *Amelia* (1751) to Colonel Bath, who had called him a scoundrel, "I would thank you very properly for that compliment."—Austin Dobson, *Side-Walk Studies*.
- l. 29 *Vigo business*. October 12th, 1702, the English and Dutch fleets, under the Duke of Ormonde and Admiral Rooke, broke the boom which protected the Harbour of Vigo Bay, and destroyed the Spanish "Plate Fleet," carrying off a prize worth about £1,000,000.
- p. 305, l. 21. *Rosa Solis*: a cordial or liqueur originally made from or flavoured with the juice of the plant sundew (*rosa solis*), but subsequently composed of spirits (especially brandy), with various essences or spices, sugar, etc.
- p. 307, l. 5. *the Chocolate-House*. a comparatively new institution. The first instance in *O.E.D.* is 1694, and the second is from Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), I, 1: "a chocolate-house lampoon."
- l. 37. *Point-Heads*: head-dresses of point-lace.
- p. 310, l. 26. *a Cargoe of witnesses*: obviously witnesses were a commodity, for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu notes that in Turkey in 1718 "False witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom," and Richard Savage writes to "the Right Honourable Brute and Booby": "The publick shall soon judge whether you are not fitter to be an Irish Evidence than an Irish Peer." (Boswell)
- l. 27. *Usquebaugh*: Irish. 'Water of life,' cf. Aqua-Vitæ. As that is brandy, so this is whisky.
- p. 311, l. 39. *Mareschal Louis-François de Boufflers*, 1644-1711, whose reputation as a soldier was untarnished until he surrendered at Namur to William III, and his allies.
- p. 312, l. 12. *Basset-Bank* either the pool at basset, or a gaming-house where basset is played.

THE TWIN-RIVALS

- p. 315, l. 13. *in utrumque paratus*: 'prepared for either.'
- l. 18. *Rehearsing these three years and a half*: William Archer suggested that this might be a hit at Oldmixon. See Introduction.
- p. 316, l. 16. *the Train-Bands*: trained companies of citizen soldiery, organized in London, and other parts in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Cf. Cowper's *John Gilpin*: 'a train-band captain eke was he, Of famous London Town.'
- l. 30. *the Round-House*: cf. Cibber, *Double Gallant*: 'I sit up every night at the Tavern: and in the morning lie rough in the Round House.' The Alderman uses it equivocally for the guard-room and the lock-up. "What a coalition! (said Garrick when he heard of Johnson's friendship with Topham Beauclerk;) I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Round-house." (Boswell)
- p. 318, l. 20. *White's*: in St. James's Street; established as a Tory club in 1698, and still existing as a non-political club.
- p. 319, l. 1. *Teague*. The common appellation of an Irishman until supplanted by "Paddy." This character was first popularised by Howard in his *Committee*, produced 1663
- p. 320, l. 24. *the Friars*: Whitefriars or Alsatia.
- p. 322, l. 26. *Scandalum Magnatum*. The utterance or publication of a malicious report against any person holding a position of dignity. "The statute of *scandalum magnatum* is the oldest that I know." Burke (1771). It dates from 1378.
- p. 328, l. 20. *the Weekly Preparation* (either for the Sabbath generally or for Holy Communion specially) obviously a devotional manual; not identified.
- p. 333, l. 10. *vi et armis*: 'by force and arms.'
- p. 334. *Scene III* takes places in a Sponging-house, i.e. a house or tavern where persons arrested for debt were kept by a bailiff for twenty-four hours before being sent to prison, that their friends might have an opportunity of settling the debt. The charge for such keeping was extortionate.
- p. 339, l. 12. *Rosamond's Pond* was a small sheet of water in the south-west corner of St. James's Park, the scene of many an assignation; "long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry" (Warburton to Hurd). Southerne alludes to it in *The Wives' Excuse*, and *The Maid's Last Prayer*; Cibber in *Love's Last Shift*, Congreve in *The Way of the World*, etc.
- This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's Lake.
- Rape of the Lock*, v. 135-6.
- The lake was drained and filled in in 1770.
- l. 13. *Chequer Ale-house in Holborn*: an unfashionable posting-house.
- l. 16. *the Swiss*: even so early were they taking service abroad!
- l. 33. *Coup de Grace, Ciel Gramercy*: "the finishing stroke [by which the victim is 'graciously' put out of his misery], thank Heaven."
- p. 340, l. 8. *Le Coup d'éclat*: a stroke which makes a sensation. "To put the watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'éclat*." Steele in *The Spectator*, No. 324, 1712.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- p. 342, l. 1. *St. Alban's Tavern*, in St. Alban's Street, Pall Mall. The Roxburghe Club was founded here in 1812, after the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library.
- p. 345, l. 26. *Don John*. An allusion to Shadwell's *Libertine*, 1776, in which Don Juan's name was anglicised to Don John.
- p. 349, l. 10. William Archer pointed out, with justice, that the speech *Mandrake in custody!* must have come from the lips of Benjamin and not Hermes Wouldbe.
- p. 350, l. 7. *Fuller*: William Fuller (1670-1717?), the notorious spy and informer, "impostor, cheat and false accuser," who had stood recently three times in the pillory, and was at this moment actually in prison. His writings are very much in the spirit of Mrs. Mandrake; cf. *Narrative . . . proving the pretended Prince of Wales to be a grand Cheat upon the Nation*.
- p. 351, l. 28. *Your great Queen*: Queen Anne had ascended the throne 8th March, 1702. This epilogue was spoken on 14th December.

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